July 27, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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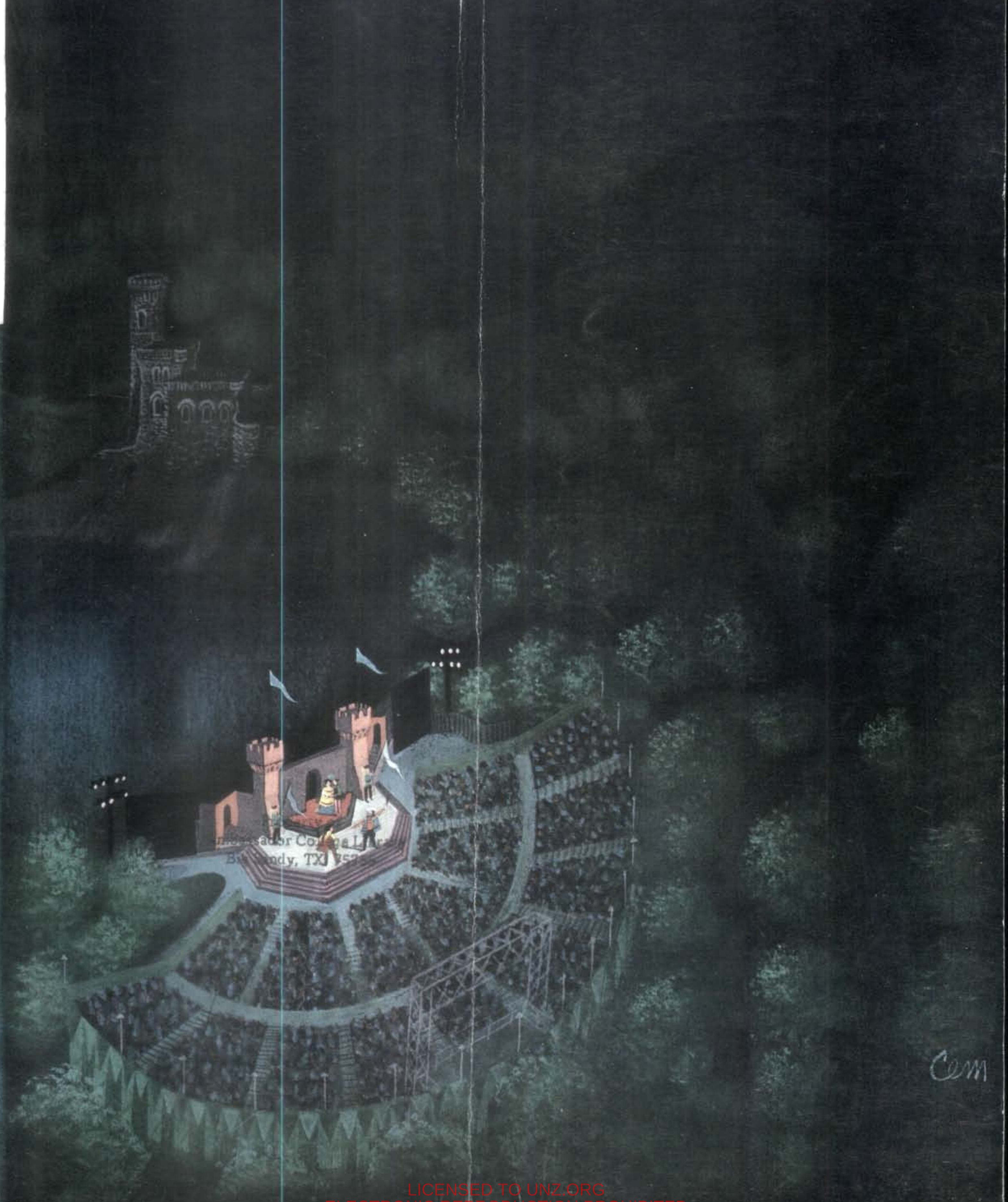

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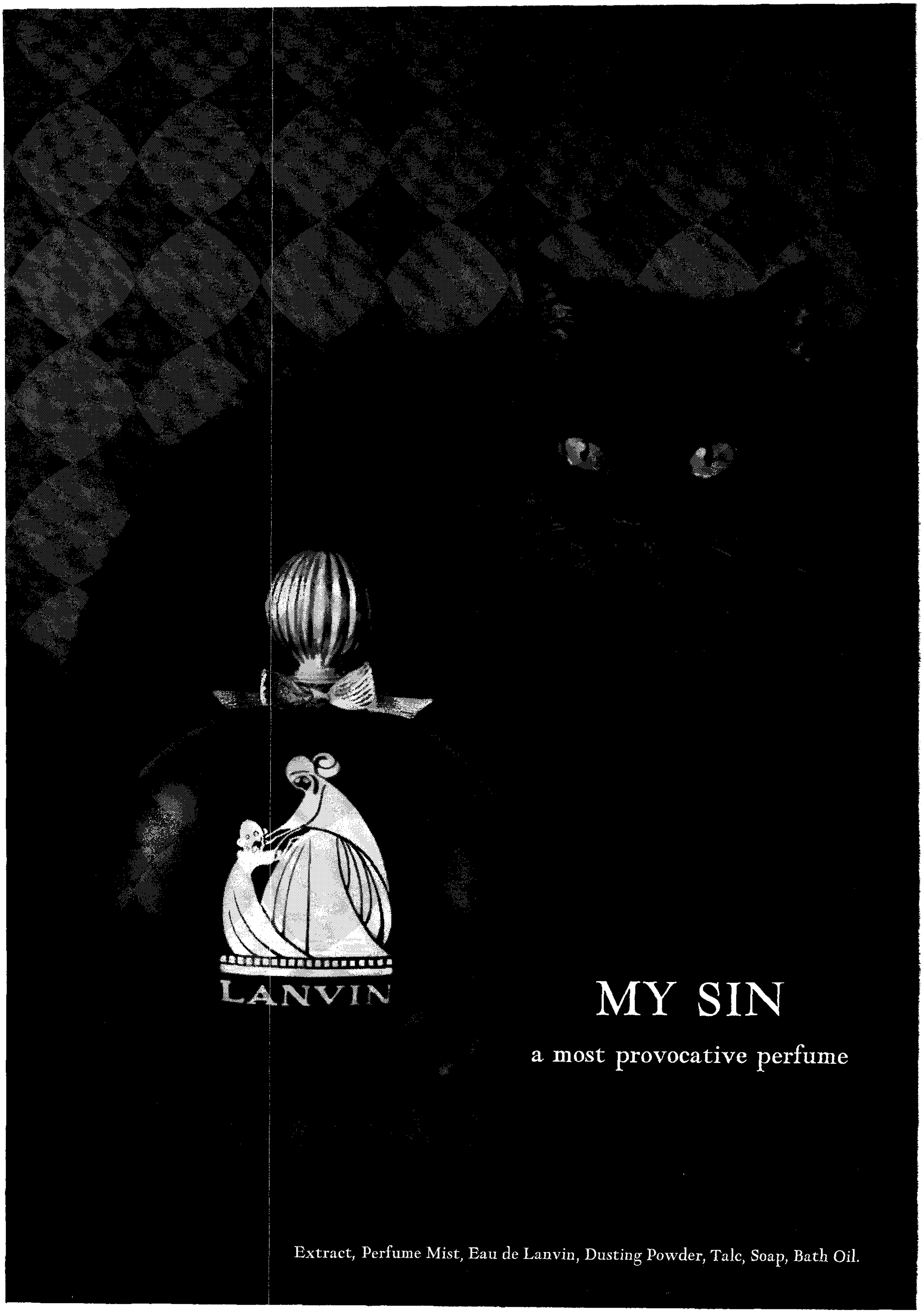
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—This comedy about a Jewish matron who keeps poking her nose into other people's affairs is closed for the moment but will reopen on Monday, July 29. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Enter Laughing—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

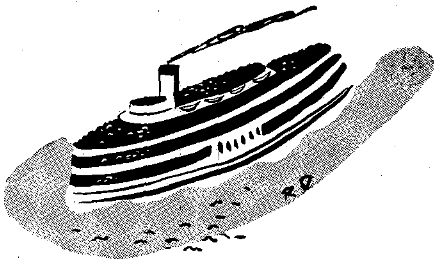
Never Too Late—A jolly comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Paul O'Keefe, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Tovarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy—vintage early thirties—about lovers, Red and White, of old Mother Russia. But Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Jerry Lester (substituting for Zero Mostel), David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** A Richard Rodgers show in which Barbara McNair is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Howard Keel an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Kenneth Nelson (temporarily replacing Anthony Newley) in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA	96
LETTER FROM PARIS	84
THE RACE TRACK	78
THE SPORTING SCENE	91

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 25-26, at 8:40: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 4 and 8:40: "Patience.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 4 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers.". . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30, at 7:30 (opening), and Wednesday, July 31, at 8:40: "Ruddigore." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 4 and 8:40: "Ruddigore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are a generally appealing and sporadically talented bunch. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is

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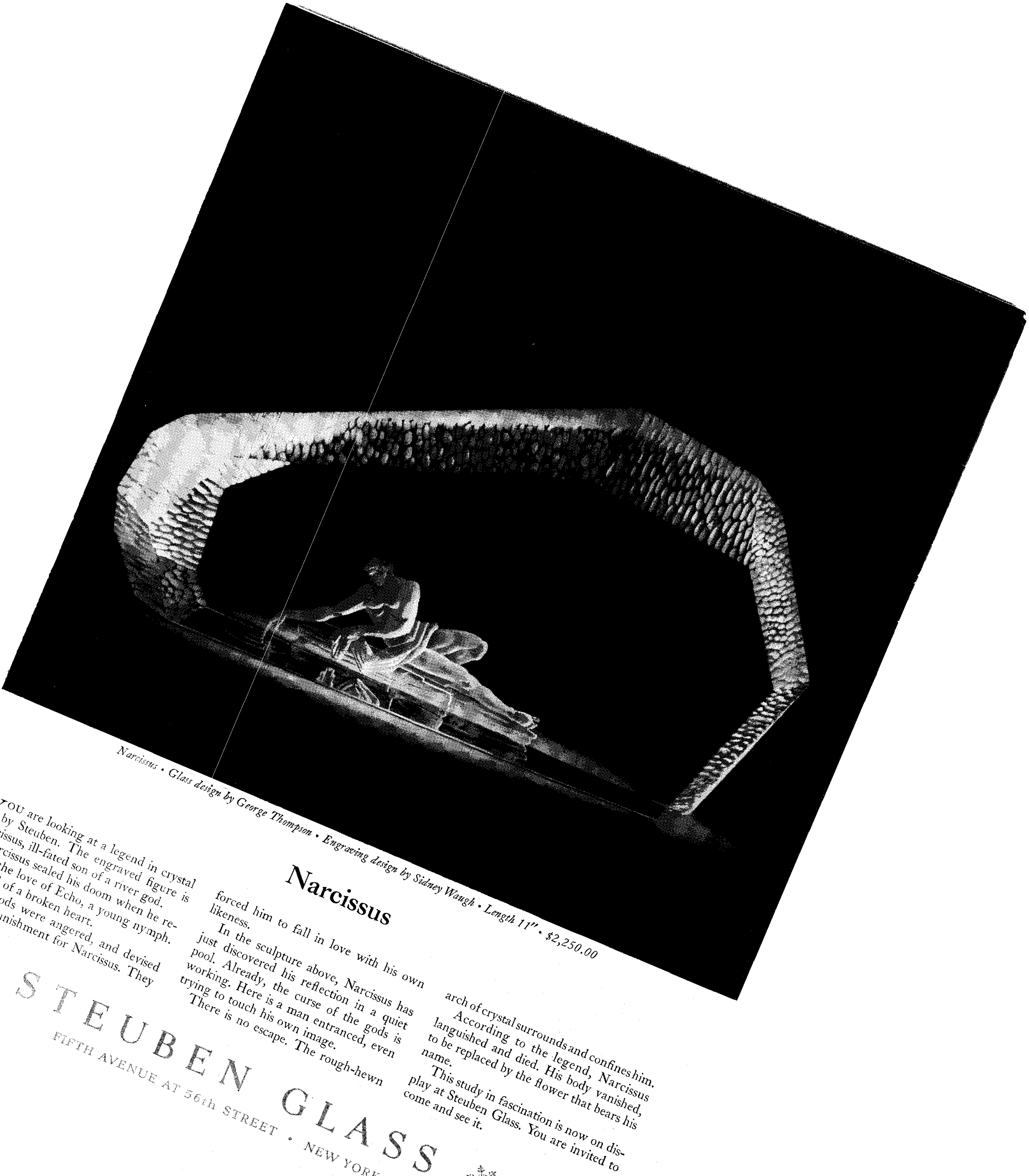

Narcissus · Glass design by George Thompson · Engraving design by Sidney Waugh · Length 11″ · $2,250.00

Narcissus

YOU are looking at a legend in crystal by Steuben. The engraved figure is Narcissus, ill-fated son of a river god.

Narcissus sealed his doom when he rejected the love of Echo, a young nymph. She died of a broken heart.

The gods were angered, and devised a special punishment for Narcissus. They forced him to fall in love with his own likeness.

In the sculpture above, Narcissus has just discovered his reflection in a quiet pool. Already, the curse of the gods is working. Here is a man entranced, even trying to touch his own image.

There is no escape. The rough-hewn arch of crystal surrounds and confines him.

According to the legend, Narcissus languished and died. His body vanished, to be replaced by the flower that bears his name.

This study in fascination is now on display at Steuben Glass. You are invited to come and see it.

STEUBEN GLASS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—Milt Kamen and Janet Ward in a pair of bright comedies by a new playwright named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "As You Like It," with Paula Prentiss and Richard Jordan. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The giant Royal Box, now—twice a night—the scene of Della Reese's supple and spitfire assault on contemporary ballads, will become, on Monday, July 29, the setting for Carmen Cavallaro's piano and voice, both of them couched in comb honey. Mr. C. will be assisted by two sidemen; dancers among the guests will be assisted, as they are at present, by Charlie Fisk's persistent little band. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Easy lessons in how to live in glass houses. Music for the ritualistic dances requisite to the course is provided by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, one of the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. No dancing Sundays, when only the wing known as Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little band is for sedate dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for more impassioned dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the entire show.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kaye Ballard, a vigorous girl who is never out of sight but often out of mind when she's at work, dines with great glee on the dizzy ditties she brings to the Persian Room, which also serves as a *palais de danse* for Milt Shaw's animated orchestra and Mark Monte's light artillery. One appearance during the week and two on Fridays and Saturdays is Miss Ballard's regimen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent, and the Palm Court is closed Sundays.

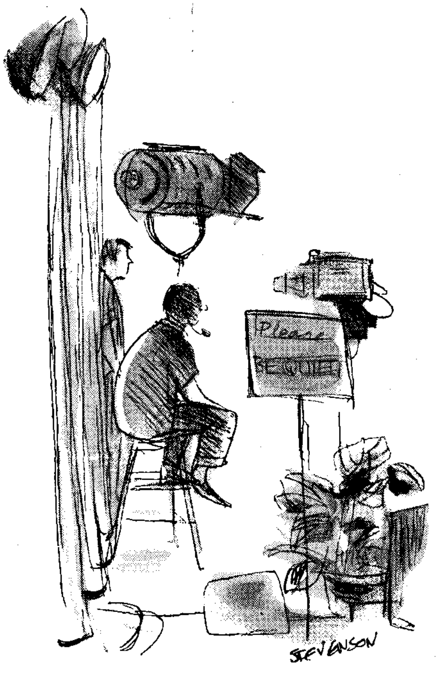
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This picturesque castle in the air is in its customary rosy state of mind. Charles Turecamo's band, of the Long Island summer set, and Walter Kay's group, an old St. Regis retainer, do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

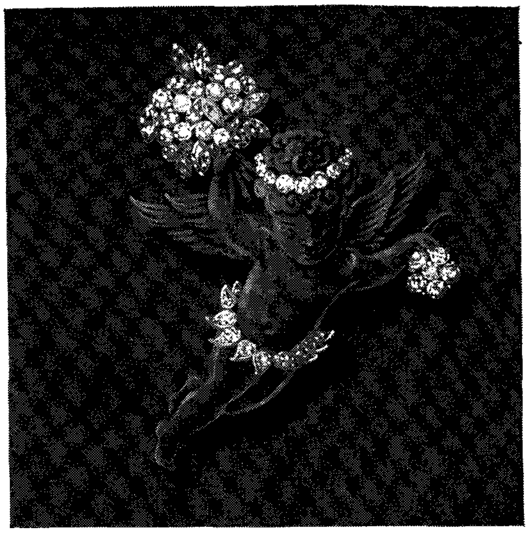
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Meyer Davis, never at a loss for another dance trio, has one bouncing along Peacock Alley between nine and one every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday night.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. Its summer schedule calls for classes Monday through Thursday every week. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening, and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is on deck all evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight, before popping off to Downstairs at the Upstairs. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is Hans Christian Andersen and Walt Disney, but all its playful grandeur cannot suppress Norbert Faconi and his gay-Lothario Stradivarius. Mr. F. enters his sabbatical on Saturday, July 27, but Paul Gurevich, his alter ego, will start operations on Monday, July 29. No music Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He stays home Sundays. . . . **ritz bar,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the executive suite of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the refectory tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **méditerranée,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Saturdays are his vacations. . . . **liborio,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): *Se habla español* in mien and menu. A volley of instrumentalists and dancers from below our southern border is occasionally discharged onstage. Now and again, too, a dance band encourages the diners to rise and shine. Tea dancing on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social workers here must be mostly recruited from the *Register*. Karl Inwald's dreamy Viennese piano is their accompaniment from cocktails until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *La dolce vita* in a fairly accurate paraphrase of the Via Veneto. Herman Honigsberg is principal violinist in a floating island of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute dining room becomes a minute music room when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Accordion, piano, and guitar divide the remainder of the evening. The summer holidays here begin at close of business on Saturday, July 27. . . . **café renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **malmaison,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti rambles along at his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . .





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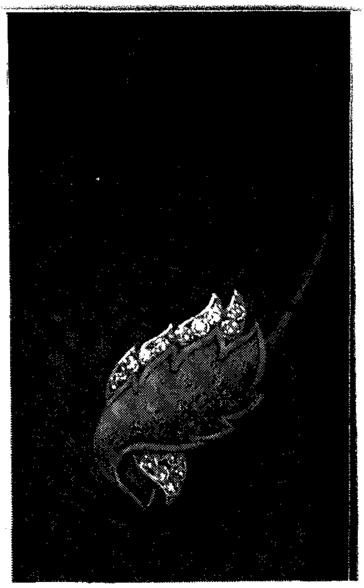

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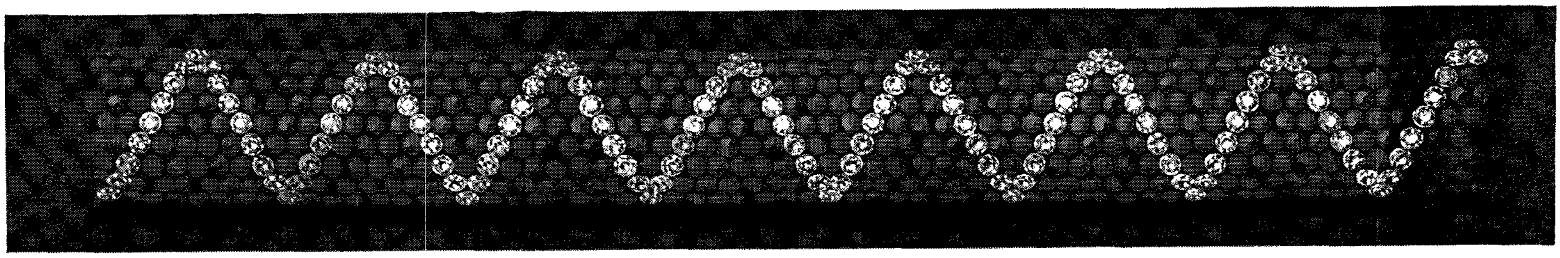

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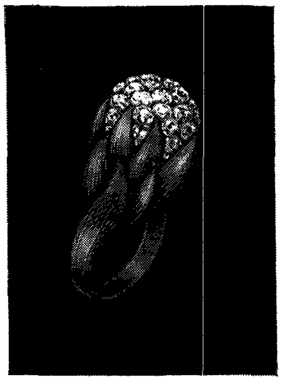

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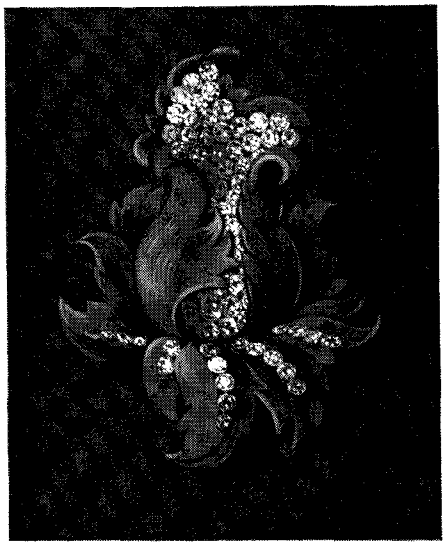

5

DIAMONDS FOR DAYTIME—*ideas for starting, or adding to, your diamond wardrobe*

(1) a personality piece—angel pin, for instance—to wear wherever you go, with everything you own (2) earclips of splendid simplicity, in a leaf design of diamonds and gold (3) a wide, wonderful bracelet of diamonds studded on gold (4) ring of modern design crowned with small diamonds in eye-catching display (5) conversation-piece pin that's a brilliant flourish of diamonds and gold. You'll find ideas like these (illustrated here by designer's sketches), and many more, at your jeweler's. There are diamond jewel pieces for every taste, every occasion, and in every price range.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening, to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a pianist is the entire orchestra. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, the most recent of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Eve before her encounter with the apple and the serpent is exemplified by three dozen fair ladies, or fair hoydens. Equally legendary and handsome are the ballet interludes of François Szony and Nancy Claire, convincing proofs that the human body is lighter than air; less legendary are the Sportsmen (Jack Benny's air-time troubadours) and an unmemorable humorist. Dancing.

CABARETS

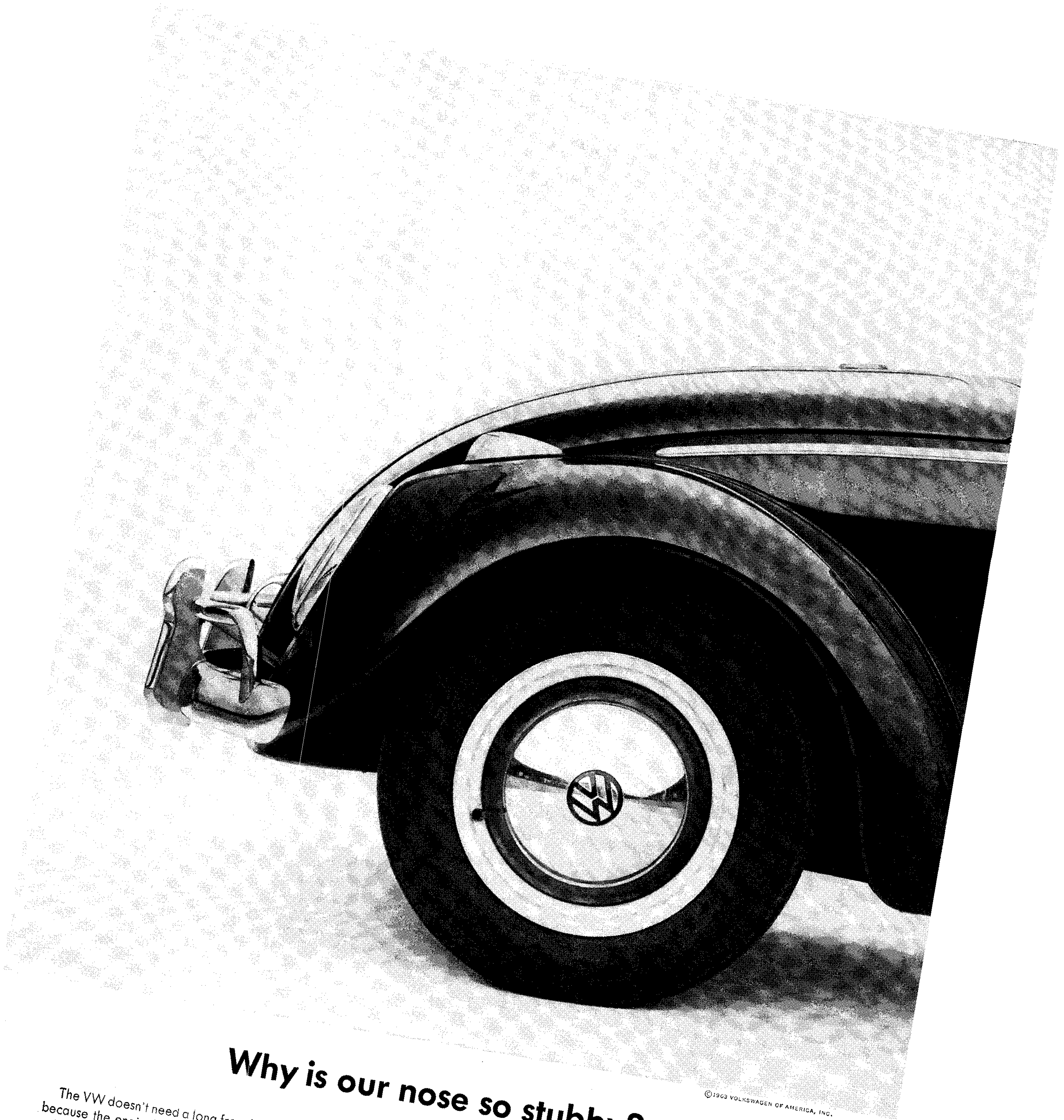
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The troupers—Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Rex Robbins, Carol Morley, and Susan Browning—are all first-rate. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Meg Myles shows up after her stint in "Enter Laughing" to do a bedazzled set of arias in come-play-with-me-but-don't-tread-on-me fashion. Earlier on, the amusement begins at the late-dinner hour with the Wayfarers, who cram plenty of rollick into their folk songs, and Lenny Maxwell, a budding and frequently lively wit. Saturday, July 27, is the end of the summer session. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after the theatre, Dudley Moore, from "Beyond the Fringe," plays both easy, break-tempo jazz piano by himself and breakneck jazz with two eminent sidemen—Charlie Persip and Aaron Bell. This room, too, closes on Saturday, July 27. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," the current emotional outlet of the Second City players, is a revue with incidental music by Tom O'Horgan's harp. Some of the sketches are old friends, and some (among them a playlet that is Kafka with—if that can be imagined—a funnybone in his teeth) are sure to become new ones. Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon are the laudable amusers. The enterprise starts around eight-thirty and eleven during the week, additionally after midnight on Saturdays, and only at eight-thirty on Sundays; Mondays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not always in jest, either—by the five-strong cast of a revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness but is always intent upon its theme—live-and-let-live has got to be the American way of life. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The prevailing winds are southerly, and they have blown Pedro Vargas in from Mexico to demonstrate that love sounds simply grand when it's described in a resonant voice and Latin lyrics. His companions are Los Duendos Gitanos, who foot flamenco just about as featly as it can be done. They all appear at dinner and supper, leaving plenty of time for the customers to get on the floor and prance for themselves. Sundays, there's also a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until all hours. Emilio Reyes' band is the perfect stimulant for all this. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the after-dark life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A small musical comedy, tongue in cheek and thumb to nose, is having fun with the boy-meets-girl plot and other Americana. The very meetable girl is Barbara Quaney; the boys are David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of the wry whimsey are Tom Whedon and David Axlerod; the composer is Sam Pottle; the director is the mordant Ronny Graham. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** Mabel Mercer's advice to all hands (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): "The World of Kurt Weill in Song," a revival of the deserving musicologist's important American phase, as well as of his Bertolt Brecht phase, is done disarmingly (a solitary piano is the entire background) and to perfection by Will Holt and Martha Schlamme. This worthy project occurs Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE HOWFF,** 4 St. Marks Pl. (YU 2-0220): A soft-drink project with a hard-sell rodeo, Caribbean in flavor and reasonably skillful, that involves five troupers. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Ideally, Matt Dennis should be singing those sad little, mad little songs he writes in a hushed eyrie at four in the morning; as it is, he and his accompaniment (nimble piano, nimble trio, and amiable wife, Ginny) occupy the front row of a hustling public promenade much earlier in the evening, and do it every night of the week.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan's quartet, which is fond of bold, sweeping statements, and Bill Evans' trio, which thinks very, very deeply, are the glittering ornaments. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Just Fridays and Saturdays is the work week for Duke Ellington's band (Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, and Lawrence Brown are prominent in this vast panorama) and the delirious dervishes known as Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, whose scat and scatterbrained singing cannot help but amuse. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, defenders of the growing faith in folk music, are sticking around longer than they'd planned; Herbie Mann's sextet, which has evidenced pronounced leanings toward *bossa nova* of late, and Roland Kirk's new-school quartet are now part of the act. The Messrs. Terry and McGhee will be succeeded, on Tuesday, July 30, by Casey Anderson and the Realists, another collection of folksters. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Hails in this estimable coffeehouse are sometimes instantaneously followed by farewells, but—at a guess—you'll now get (along with your lemon peel) a new set of backwoods voices called the Big 3. For good, or fairly good, measure, there's also a new wit, Murray Roman. All hands disappear on Monday, July 29, to be followed by Juan Serrano, in whose hands a guitar is practically an instrument of the immortals, and Mike Settle, one of our best young woodsmen. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged, whose quartet contains Dick Wellstood, provides quantities of let-'em-have-it-between-the-eyes old-school jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. Rock-'n'-roll music (is that what it is?) prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty, to be fol-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lowed by Lionel Hampton, the old circus man, and his band. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Modern sans-serif architecture by John Coltrane's quintet and the quartet of Terry Gibbs. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The old Zoot Sims-Al Cohn homestead, where the two boys and their three sidemen fool around, often to their own amazement. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Variations on a theme—the one that goes "Subject to Change, etc."—are often performed by the management, not the cast, of this academy for the study of modern influences on music. Thelonious Monk, whose chords keep his piano continually off balance, is presumably still running a quartet as often as he remembers to show up. Mondays are for visiting artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the calloohcallay that goes with it. Jonah Jones' quartet punches as hard as it can. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, a pianist whom France is lending us as warily as it lent the "Mona Lisa," is as modern and as absorbing a masterpiece as this chophouse has ever housed. His trio is around every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street bakery, now transplanted, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined Fridays and Saturdays by Danny Barker's trio. No music on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—"Review of the Season: 1962-63," the first annual showing by forty-four of the member galleries. It consists of nearly three hundred American and European paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures, ranging in style from the Ashcan school to "pop" art. Through Saturday, July 27. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-lifes (paintings and sculptures) by twentieth-century artists, among them John Heliker, William Glackens, and Leonard DeLonga; through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, George Luks, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Edward Betts, Robert Sivard, and Nathan Hale; through Aug. 30. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Friday, July 26. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Aug. 10. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Edward Dugmore, Lee Krasner, and Michael Lekakis; through Friday, July 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Sumer Is Icumen In," an exhibition of paintings by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, Odilon Redon, and Thomas Gainsborough; through Friday, July 26. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through Friday, July 26. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Bernard Cathelin, and other School of Paris artists; through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eleven Spanish old-master paintings, by (for example) El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings (1948-63) by John Paul Jones; through Aug. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Contemporary Japanese calligraphy; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 25: Julius Rudel conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and David Clatworthy, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Julius Rudel conducting Puccini's opera "La Bohème" in concert form, with Teresa Stratas, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30: Josef Krips conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31: Josef Krips conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Josef Krips conducting an all-Brahms program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Zoltan Rozsnyai conducting, with Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky and their company of gypsy dancers and instrumentalists. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall

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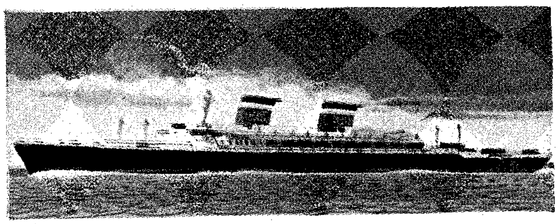

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 10. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

CANTATA SINGERS—The final concerts in a series with the Festival Orchestra. Friday, July 26: Thomas Dunn conducting a program of *concerti grossi*. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28: Thomas Dunn directing Mozart's Requiem, with Margaret Kalil, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31: Thomas Dunn directing Benjamin Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia" in concert form, with Betty Allen, Lili Chookasian, and Joan Caplan, mezzo-sopranos; Charles Bressler, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; and Ara Berberian bass. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2: Paul Callaway directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Lois Marshall, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4: Thomas Dunn directing a program of symphonies. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays except July 31, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Handel's "Julius Caesar" presented, in English and in modern dress, by the Karamu Opera Players, of Cleveland. The last in a series of performances. (Thursday, July 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Irving conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Ruth Posselt, violin. (Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—George Seuffert conducting the Seuffert Band. The third in a series of five concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 26, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the American première of Britten's War Requiem, in memory of Serge Koussevitzky, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; the Chorus pro Musica; and the Columbus Boychoir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30, at 8: A concert by Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops, with Leonard Pennario, piano. A benefit for the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, July 27, at 3:30: Flatt & Scruggs and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8:30: The Dukes of Dixieland. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 3:30: Sabicas. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL—Friday, July 26: Bob Dylan; Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry; Peter, Paul & Mary; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Theodore Bikel, Judy Collins, the Tarriers, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28: Joan Baez, Jack Elliott, the New Lost City Ramblers, Pete Seeger, and others. (Freebody Park, Newport, R. I. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 27: England's Western Theatre Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 3: Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, Myra Kinch, Alonzo Rivera, and Geoffrey Holder and his company of men dancers. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at

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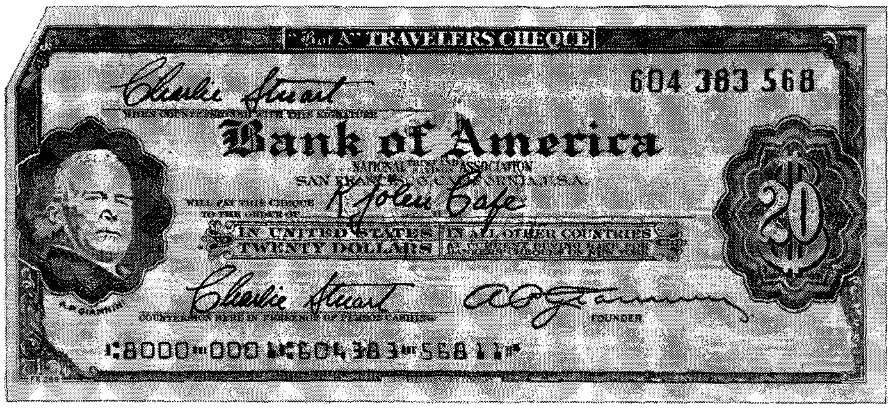

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3.). . . AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL: Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Jean Léon Destiné and his company and Paul Draper. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Donald McKayle and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, July 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, July 26, at 8; Saturday, July 27, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving major-league all-time record-breakers); and Sunday, July 28, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Monday, July 29, at 2; Tuesday, July 30, at 8; and Wednesday, July 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, July 27: Ernie Terrell vs. Zora Folley, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: José Stable vs. Stanley (Kitten) Hayward, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28.). . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 27. . . . SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 29, through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Flash, Monday, July 29; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 31; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 1; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Sorority, Saturday, July 27, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.). . . LAUREL-PIMLICO, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 29, through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 28, at 2:15: Belenenses vs. Halsingborg and Gornik vs. Dinamo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30: First game of the two-game 1963 championship playoffs. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

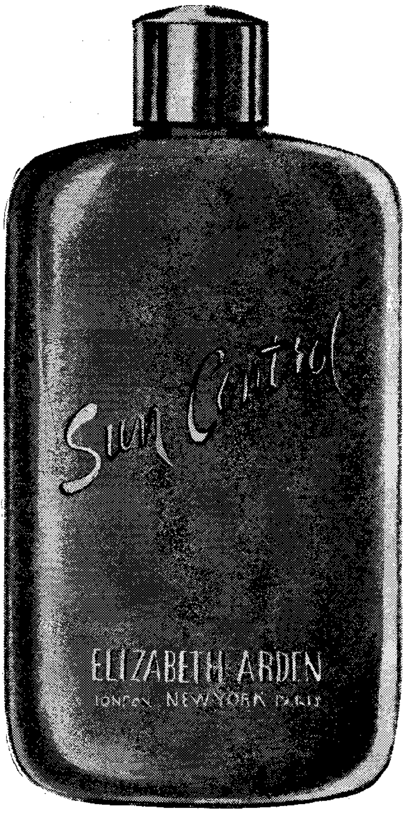
Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 3, at 1.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 4.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.) . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, Aug. 1, through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.



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Elizabeth Arden

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

David and Lisa—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teenagers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty, collapsible girls all around him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 31.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—A young Italian director named Nanni Loy has thrillingly reconstructed a heroic incident of the Second World War. The cast is largely unprofessional and wholly anonymous. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 31.)

Heavens Above!—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hud—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through July 30.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—The reason you have to be sure to see this is that there's this dreadful Canadian who has murdered ten perfectly innocent people and is just about to murder an eleventh when along comes . . . In the huge cast, some recognizable and some not, are Kirk Douglas, George C. Scott, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, Gladys Cooper, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster. John Huston directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through July 30.)

NOW PLAYING

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate, willing, assistants. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through July 30.)

Love at Twenty—A portmanteau picture that looks at young love in France, Italy, Japan, Germany, and Poland. A hard time of life wherever one is, but the picture has its funny moments. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 31.)

The L-Shaped Room—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a dozen other skilled performers. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Marilyn—Apposite clips from fifteen Marilyn Monroe movies (Twentieth Century-Fox only, alas) that are notable chiefly for an enchanting sequence from the unfinished "Something's Got to Give," where all that she might have been suddenly is. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through July 30. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 31.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Name Is Ivan—There are some remarkable scenes in this Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy for the Russian Army in the Second World War, but as a whole it is too broad and sentimental to be really first-rate. A boy named Kolya Burlaiev gives a wonderful performance in the title role. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the famous stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. James Booth and Barbara Windsor head the cast. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through July 30.)

This Sporting Life—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is splendid as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-6300; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Trial—Orson Welles making a wild and woolly attempt to capture the Kafka novel, which is anything but wild and woolly. Abetting Mr. Welles are Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 31.)

The Ugly American—Marlon Brando in perfect control of his great talent, in a robust and successful melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 29, tentative.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 30.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 31.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 30.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 25.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 30.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 26-29.)

The Letter That Was Never Sent (1962)—Geologists in search of diamonds in the Siberian wilderness. A Russian picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy (1962)—Samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 30.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 26-29.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Vera Ellen, and Frank Sinatra singing and dancing to some music by Leonard Bernstein. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 31.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through July 27: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), with Joel McCrea and Laraine Day. . . . ¶ July 28-31: "Suspicion" (1941), with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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28	29	30	31	25	26	27

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through July 30: **MARILYN.**
From July 31: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-0400)
"Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"My Hobo" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DAVID AND LISA.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 30: **I AM A CAMERA,** revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
From July 31: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 30: **THE LONGEST DAY.**
From July 31: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 30: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**
From July 31: **DR. NO;** and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 30: **HUD.**
From July 31: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
MY NAME IS IVAN (in Russian).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-6300)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 30: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.
From July 31: "The Burning Court," Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 30: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**
From July 31: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
HUD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 30: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From July 31: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through July 30: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**
From July 31: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
HUD.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 30: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From July 31: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LONGEST DAY.

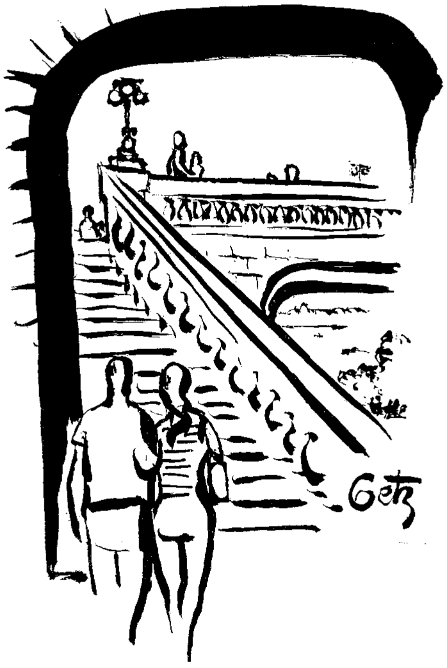
R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 30: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and "Hot Horse," revival, Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.
From July 31: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 30: **HUD;** and "Fancy Pants," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From July 31: "Cattle King," Robert Taylor, Joan Caulfield; and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 25: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 26-29: **M** (in German), revival; and **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.
From July 30: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 30: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY,** revival.
From July 31: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian); and "Trial and Error," revival, Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 31: **ON THE TOWN,** revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 28 (tentative): "Run with the Devil" (in Italian), Antonella Lualdi, Alex Nicol.
From July 29 (tentative): **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 30: **HUD;** and "Fancy Pants," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From July 31: "Cattle King," Robert Taylor, Joan Caulfield; and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 30: "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.
From July 31: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages); and **THE TRIAL.**

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 30: **MARILYN.**
From July 31: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 30: **HUD;** and "Fancy Pants," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From July 31: "Cattle King," Robert Taylor, Joan Caulfield; and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.

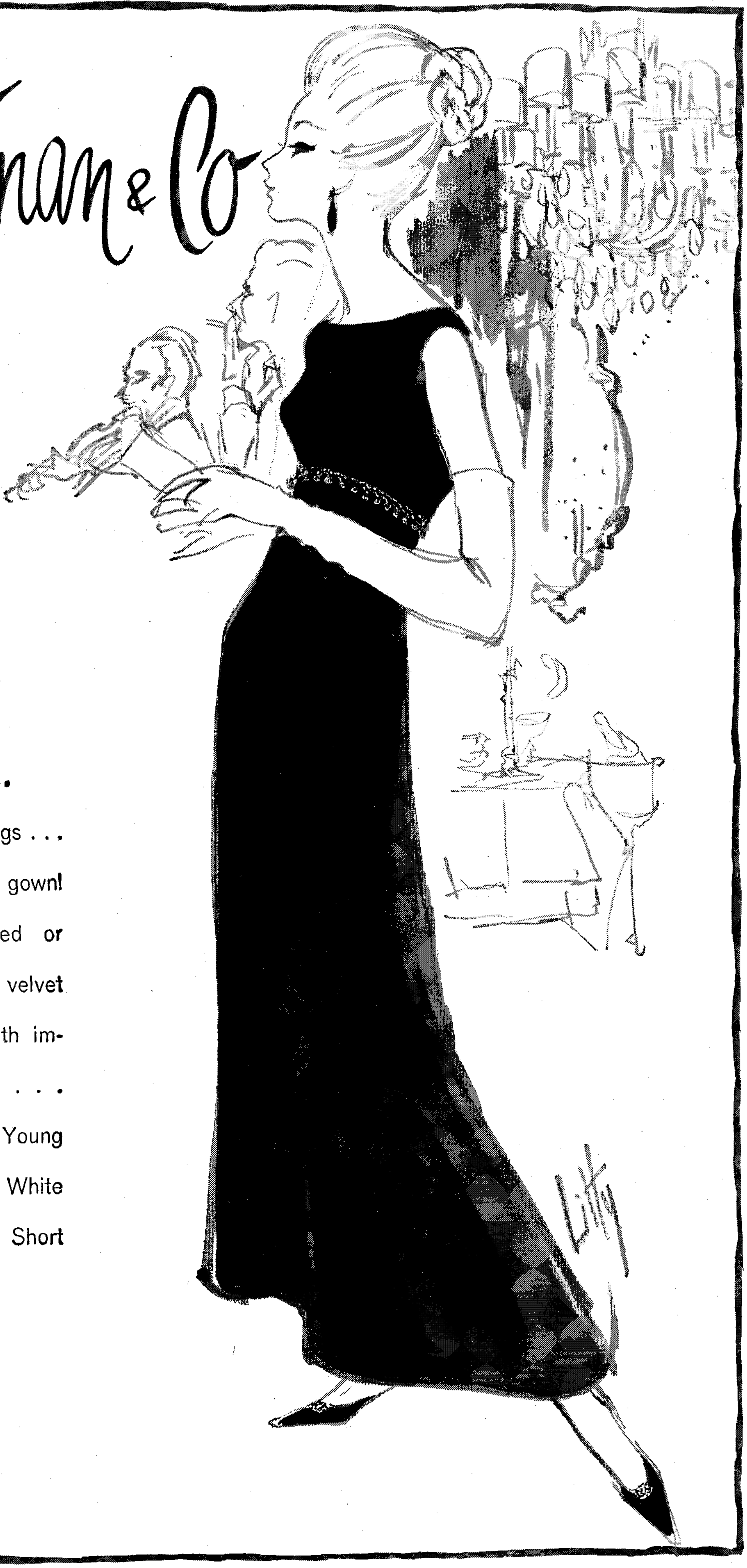
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 30: "Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg; and "Alexander the Great," revival, Richard Burton, Fredric March.
From July 31: **MARILYN;** and "Beloved Infidel," revival, Gregory Peck, Deborah Kerr.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 25: **THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT** and "The House I Live In" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 26: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
July 27: "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Blind Desire" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.
July 28: A program of six short George K. Arthur films and six U.P.A. cartoons.
July 29: "La Bohème," revival, Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth; and "The Little Humpbacked Horse," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet.
July 30: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); and "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin.
July 31: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and **LUST FOR LIFE,** revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 30: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and "Hot Horse," revival, Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.
From July 31: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 30: "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.
From July 31: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages); and **THE TRIAL.**

B Altman & Co



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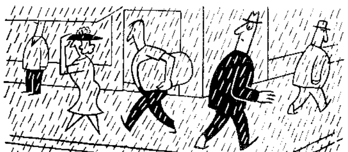
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

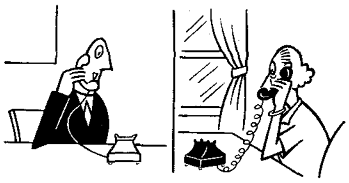
THE pace of life in New York City is supposed to be inhumanly fast and getting faster, and the pace in the midtown commercial district is supposed to be the fastest of all. Now, we would ordinarily be the last to question current mythology, but we happen to work in the very middle of midtown, and while we see great crowds of people scurrying, scuffling, shuffling, shambling, stomping, and swinging along the streets around our office, only rarely have we seen anyone break into a trot or a canter, much less a true gallop. The truth (we feel constrained to report after much observation) is that people almost never *run* in midtown, and even when they do they manage to look embarrassed about it. Midtown pedestrians will occasionally sprint to catch a bus or to beat someone else to a taxicab, but when they either gain their objective or give up the chase, they often turn around, looking equally chagrined in defeat or victory—as if to apologize for taking liberties with the public sidewalk. Bankers, shoppers, ad men, and delivery boys will sometimes skip smartly to avoid being hit by a car, and they have been known to dash across wide intersections in a heavy downpour, but even on these rare occasions, once they reach safety on the other side, they usually glance back furtively over one shoulder in apparent fear of having been caught in the act. Our purpose in bringing the whole thing up is not merely to debunk the myth. In fact, we approve of all kinds of street running—to and fro, pell-mell, even helter-skelter—and we cannot believe we are alone. Anyone who has ever watched a walking race—in which the contestants strain to win without breaking from an arbitrarily imposed gait—will understand the frustration we feel as both spectator of and participant in the midtown scramble. How nice it would be, with school out, to import a troop of children from the city's residential areas and let them run free (under minimal supervision) on our midtown sidewalks. The sight of two small boys chasing each other down Forty-third Street for the sheer joy of running might be just what everybody needs.



Lady Botanist

WE went up to the Botanical Garden the other morning to inspect its herb garden, a 1948 present from the New York chapter of the Herb Society of America, and, after some satisfactory sniffs of heliotrope, English lavender, ornamental onion, chive, and sage, and some satisfactory comments by our companion, Miss Elizabeth C. Hall, the Garden's research librarian—"This gas plant, fraxinella, has flowers that exhale an inflammable vapor in hot weather; you can light the fumes with a match; it *may* have been the burning bush of Moses"—we pushed on to the Administration Building for a chat with Thomas H. Everett, assistant director in charge of horticulture and curator of education. Talk about serendipity! On our way to his office, we got sidetracked by one of the most remarkable exhibitions devoted to the life and times of a living person in our exhibition-viewing experience, which is vast. Placarded "Mary Gibson Henry. Botanist. Plant Hunter, Explorer," it consisted, in the main, of photographs of the subject on a variety of botanical trips—a tiny figure, perched on a formidable rock in northern British Columbia, a rifle athwart her lap; *idem*, in hiking trousers, near the Ohoopee River, in Georgia—and of the equipment she takes with her in the field. This was arranged in two large glass cases. It included her plant press, climbing boots (with hand-forged cleats), Eskimo gauntlets, red bandannas, jointed stovepipe leggings ("invented for protection from snakes in swamp work"), trowel, pickaxe, and spade ("This very sharp spade is a lethal weapon. Rattlesnakes are encouraged to strike against it. Then, when they become tired, a quick blow will cut off their heads"), drawing pen ("useful for removing splinters and cactus spines and for measuring holly berries, etc."), the skin of a brown bear, with head attached, and the Explorer's frying pan and picnic basket, which contained a box of Venus Wheat Wafers and jars of Mott's Apple Sauce, S. S. Pierce boned chicken, and cactus pralines with jelly. There were also eighty color slides of plants and blooms from the Plant Hunter's garden and greenhouse in Gladwyne, near Philadelphia; a number of pressed specimens of botanical rarities she has brought back from a terrain that stretches from British Columbia to Honduras and Bolivia; and a dried branch of *Chamaecyparis henryae*, a swamp cedar she has collected in Alabama and elsewhere.

Having ascertained from Mr. Everett that the heroine of these memorabilia was a living, breathing person, Mrs. J. Norman Henry, we called her up for an interview. "I'll be at the St. Regis next week," she said, and there we found her, spry, sunburned, white-haired, seventy-eight, and just under five feet one. We asked about the bear. "I was born in Jenkintown, near Philadelphia," she said. "My father, who loved the outdoors, died when I was eight. The first time I ate bear meat was when he took me to Moosehead Lake, in Maine, when I was seven. I fell in love with flowers there, especially with the tiny, precious *Linnaea borealis americana*. Fifty years



later, I ate bear again, when, in British Columbia, I shot that specimen you saw. I got him with one bullet. I believe it's the only bearskin in or near Philadelphia with only one hole in it. Oh, how I loved British Columbia! I made four trips there in the nineteen-thirties, with Canadian Government topographers, and I'll never forget its unmapped mountain wilderness. One of its mountains, Mount Mary Henry, was named after me by the Department of Lands and Forests of British Columbia. How I used to love swimming a rushing mountain river on horseback, and camping out in a tent, with the snow falling on it and the wolves howling outside!"

We asked Mrs. H. how she got started as a Plant Hunter and Explorer, and she said that her active expeditionary career was preceded by nineteen years of marriage, during which she raised five children, and, in her back yard in Philadelphia, a few flowers. "My husband was a physician and at one time director of the Department of Public Health of Philadelphia," she said. "We bought our place at Gladwyne in 1926—ninety-five acres, on which we built a house with a woman-sized greenhouse attached—and the next year I started my collecting trips. I must have gone on over two hundred. I have a car fitted out with a bookcase, and with an insulated and ventilated rear compartment for newly collected plants. I've pressed over seven thousand herbarium specimens of living plants and given them to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, of which I'm an honorary botanical-research associate. I don't mean to boast, but I'm a past-president of the Philadelphia Botanical Club, an honorary fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, and a past-director of the American Horticultural Society. I bring back nothing but seeds and cuttings, which I plant in an eighteen-acre arboretum on my place. I've developed hundreds of hybrids. I love the West, but Georgia has the most beautiful azaleas in the world. I've just come back from the Georgia swamps, and I plan to return there this fall. Marvellous snakes there!"

Mrs. Henry, who has been a widow since 1938, is a great-granddaughter of George S. Pepper, who had the first greenhouse in Philadelphia; a great-grandniece of Lawrence Seckel, on whose farm the Seckel pear was developed; and a member of the Acorn Club, which has to do with acorns only indirectly (the idea of "Tall oaks from little acorns grow" was in the minds of its founders). It's the Colony Club of Philadelphia.

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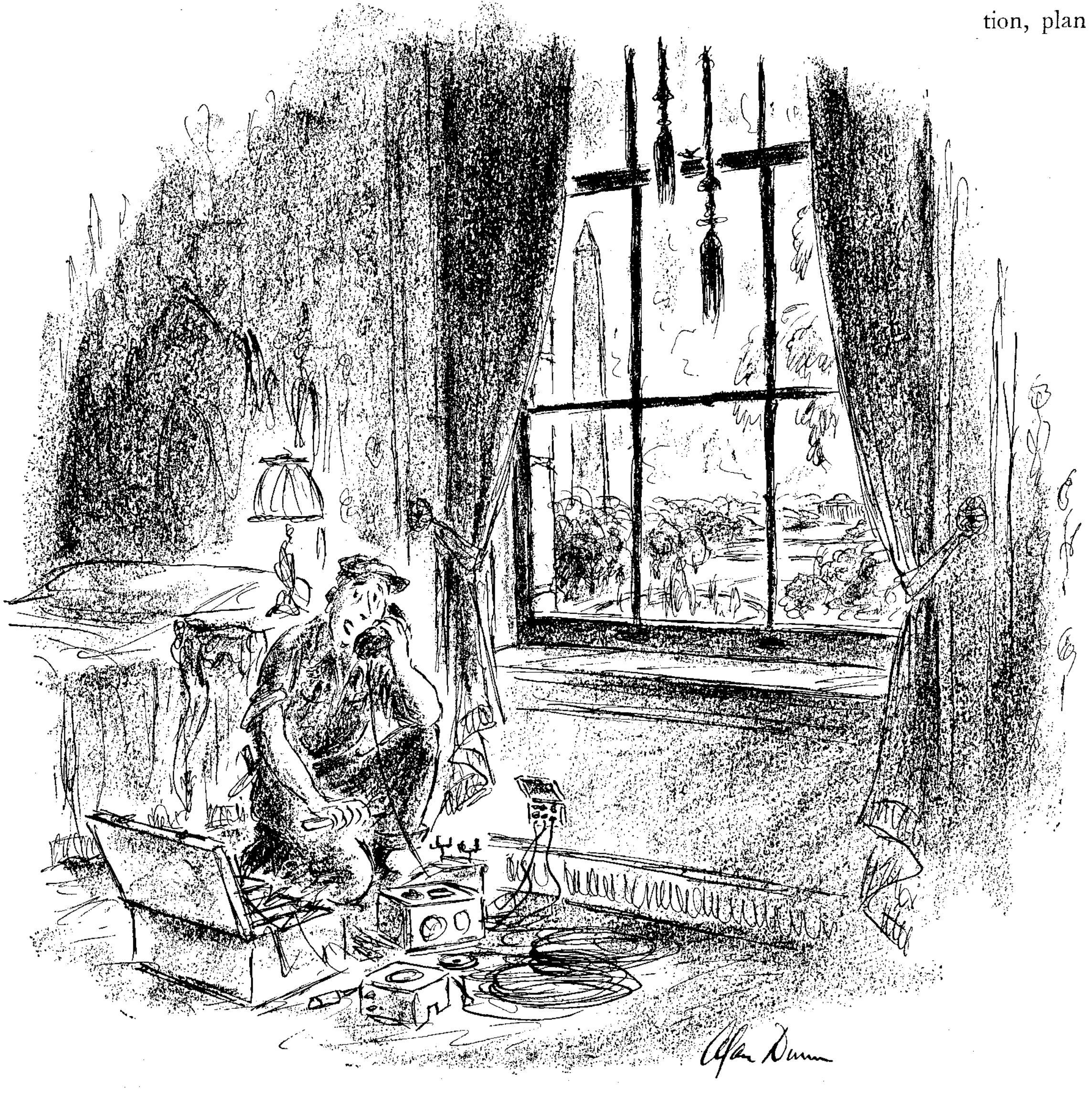
OVERHEARD on Madison Avenue: "But you can't live alone all that time without some of it rubbing off on you."

Craft

NOW for a word or two about chappels. Chappels are small groups of people who own private presses and get together approximately once a month to exchange technical information, plan such joint projects as books and calendars, and congratulate one another on their handiwork. At the moment, there are seven chappels holding regular meetings in and around the city, and four more are being organized, from which one may safely draw the conclusion that printing as a hobby is very much on the increase. Since most chappel members at present are engaged in some phase or other of the so-called communications industry (radio, TV, publishing, advertising, and the like), it isn't surprising that a large number of them are art directors, commercial artists, or layout men. What they seem to have in common is a strong desire to control the printing process from start to finish—a satisfaction they never achieve in their professional lives. The hundred or so private presses currently in operation in the metropolitan area range in size from modern, compact machines that fit easily into apartment closets to a cumbersome, three-thousand-pound affair that was built for that great printer and champion of handicrafts William Morris,

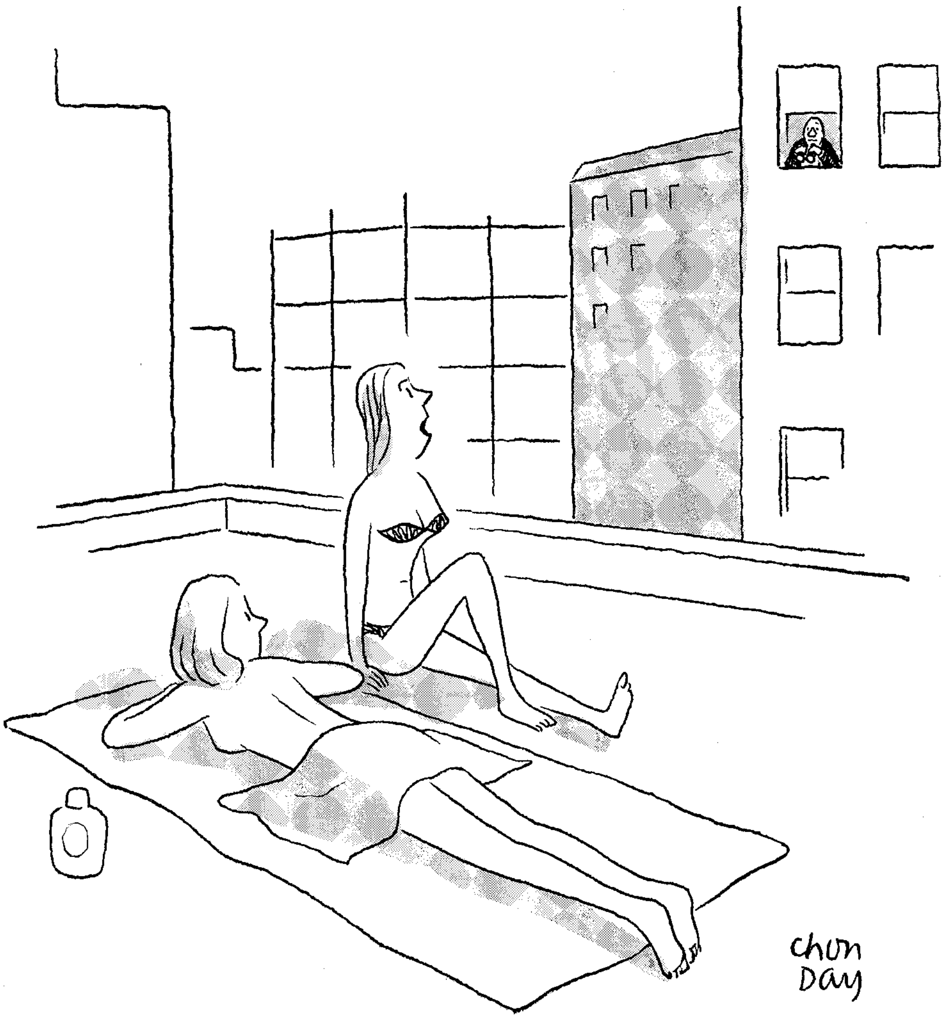


"Testing . . . Nikita . . . Nikita . . . Nikita . . . Testing . . . Nikita . . . Nikita . . ."

back in 1894. The word "chappel" has an attractively Morrisanian ring to it; it can be traced to the fifteenth century, when English printing began, and either it's a literal reference to the early printers' practice of working in or near churches or it's a sardonic reference to the reputation they soon acquired for drunken irreverence and obscenity. Modern amateurs of printing spell the word in the archaic fashion in order to avoid confusion with the professional printers' "chapels," which are local units of the International Typographical Union.

A while ago, a congress inelegantly entitled the Third Joint Meeting of New York Area Chappels was held in the auditorium of the Donnell Branch of the Public Library, and we arranged to attend. Some two hundred chappel members and their friends were on hand to admire an exhibit of private presswork, participate in an auction of donated type, and listen to a speech on the pleasures of printing by August Heckscher, who in the past twelve months may well have delivered more speeches, on more varied occasions, in more widely separated places, than any other man in history. We were welcomed to the meeting by Mr. J. Ben Lieberman, a professor of journalism at Columbia, a founder of the chappel movement, the publisher of a registry of private press names, and the author of "Printing as a Hobby," which came out last month. "A private press is one of the keystones of a free society," Mr. Lieberman said, in a not at all formidable tone of voice. "The reason for this is that it's one of the very few things in the world that have absolutely no controls imposed on them in the expression of personal opinion. Private presses can be classified in a number of ways. The best-known type of private press involves a major publishing program, in the grand tradition of Kelmscott or Doves, with emphasis on craftsmanship, design, and the selection of appropriate subject matter. Then there's what might be called the patron press, which is financed by a man who usually selects his own materials but leaves the design and printing to others. Thirdly, there are various kinds of personal presses—those that may be used for jobs more concerned with the sheer joy of printing than with subject matter, printing dedicated to a certain creed or ideal, printing dedicated to experiment or hobbies, printing that concentrates on such odds and ends as social invitations and Christmas cards. The Pilot, which is the smallest good press on the market, weighs two hundred pounds and costs around two hundred and fifty dollars. I've developed a fifteen-pound aluminum-and-magnesium press that operates like a waffle iron and holds a seven-and-a-half-inch by ten-inch form, which is larger than anything the Pilot can handle. Even smaller, lighter, and simpler than my aluminum press is something I've produced called the Liberty press; basically, it consists of a shallow box and an ordinary wooden rolling pin. The complete Liberty kit—press, paper, type, ink, and all other elements necessary to print—sells for fifteen dollars. I hope it'll turn out to be the Brownie of the printing profession."

Mr. Lieberman passed us on to Mr. Heckscher, who told us that he and his brother had started a private printing press in their prep-school days. "We called it the Ashlar Press, and Rockwell Kent made us a wonderful pressmark, showing an ashlar stone being hoisted into place," Mr. Heckscher said. "After I went off to Yale, our printing activity decreased. Eventually, we gave our type and equipment to the college, and I believe it's still being used by students there. A few years ago, my three sons and I started what we call the Uphill Press, using a small Adano machine. Our first book will be an essay by Adin Ballou, who wrote those *Herald Tribune* nature editorials for such a long time. He died in 1960, and this little volume will really be an act of remembrance. One loves printing because it can be used to achieve other ends. It's essentially a craft that is always at the point of rising up to become an art. The printer, like the architect, trains his eye in proportion and harmony. He learns above all how to use space. I'm reminded of an architect friend of mine who said once, 'It's the spaces *between* things that count.' That remark applies equally well to both books and buildings."



"Here comes old Bausch & Lomb again."

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Britannia Rules

ONE of our many well-travelled acquaintances, just home from London, has assured us that there will indeed always be an England, governmental scandals notwithstanding. Encountering a smartly uniformed member of Her Majesty's Post Office Services removing the contents of a mailbox, our friend remembered that he had a letter with him which he had forgotten to send. "Could you take one more, please?" he asked the trim civil servant, handing him the missive. "Sorry, sir," the mailman answered, locking the empty container. "You must post it in the box. Regulations, you know." Our friend resignedly did as he was told; the postman reopened the box, removed the letter, and, after offering a small salute, continued on his daily rounds.

Reunion

An actor we know named George Voskovec has had an extended reunion with an old friend from Prague, and one recent evening we were lucky enough to be invited around to help celebrate the occasion. As we already knew, the most spectacular theatrical partnership in Czechoslovakia, beginning in the late nineteen-twenties, was that of Voskovec and Jan Werich, who were the leading actors, playwrights, directors, and all-round entrepreneurs of the most successful independent playhouse in Prague, the V. and W. Theatre. Together they wrote twenty-eight wildly popular plays and revues, appeared in numberless movies, made best-selling records of their own songs, including one, "Against the Wind," which was later used as the rallying song for clandestine operations against the Nazis, and played a role in Czech life whose American equivalent, as one of their countrymen once explained to us, was "all your famous comic stars rolled into two—plus Abraham Lincoln." Soon after the Munich pact, the partners came to America, where they spent the next half-dozen years learning English, acting at the Cleveland Play House, writing and broadcasting for the Office of War Information, and, on one occasion, appearing on Broadway—Voskovec as Trinculo, Werich as Stephano—in "The Tempest." At the war's end, they resumed at the V. and W., but the partnership was permanently dissolved in 1948 after the Communists took over their country; Werich decided to remain and Voskovec left, first for France and in 1950 for America, of which he has been a citizen now for eight years. A highly respected Broadway actor, he is currently rehearsing for the role of Caesar in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," the first non-Shakespearean production to be given by the company of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, in Stratford, Connecticut. Except for a brief meeting seven years ago in London, where Voskovec was playing the father in "The Diary of Anne Frank," the two friends, professionally inseparable for two decades, had not seen each other for fifteen years until late last month, when Werich arrived here for a three-week visit with Voskovec and his wife, the Off Broadway producer Christine McKeown, in their apartment, on Washington Square. It was on an evening toward the end of his stay that we stopped by to see how the private summit meeting was getting on.

It was a hot night. The Square was full of strollers—young, old, and middle-aged—wandering about in bright-colored clothes, many of them holding hands and licking Frosticks. Upstairs, in the Voskovecs' small second-floor apartment, the two men were sitting in front of an open window in their shirt-sleeves, drinking beer. (Voskovec had explained to us ahead of time that his wife was going out and that his two little girls, Victoria and Gigi, were at the Jersey shore.) Both fifty-eight years old now, the partners were looking rather staid, even solemn. As they rose to greet us, however, their old comedy routines—whose style we had once heard Voskovec describe as "one part *commedia dell' arte*, one part Slavic belly laugh, and one part American silent movie"—seemed to stir in the wings. Voskovec is a slender man, with a long, narrow, clean-shaven, even-featured face, a partly bald head, and large, serene brown eyes, while Werich, in comic contrast, at stage right, is built like a two-hundred-pound barrel. His huge round head is festooned with unruly gray-black hair—pompadour, sideburns, mustache, and full beard—that barely leaves room for his large nose and small blue eyes, flashing restlessly behind oversize spectacles.

"We are looking so serious," Werich explained, in a rumbling voice, as, beer glasses in hand, the three of us settled ourselves where the breeze was strongest, "because we have just realized that it is a whole half century since we met, as little schoolboys, in Prague."

"Thirty-five years since we were law students at the university," said Voskovec, "and put together our first show because—"

"—anything on earth was better than being lawyers," said Werich.

"He's finishing my sentences again," complained Voskovec. "When we first began to work in this country, American stage comedy was more out of a pasteboard box than it is today. Producers would keep asking us, 'Which one is the funny one?' We were *both* the funny one. Whoever got to a line first would run with it. Some nights I was more Werich than Voskovec. We would find ourselves improvising some identical new business at the identical moment."

"Mostly the Americans picked me for the funny one, because of the fatness," said Werich. "Later, in 1946 and '47, I got up to a hundred and twenty-six kilos sitting stock-still for hundreds of performances as Sheridan Whiteside in 'The Man Who Came to Dinner.' I learn over here, by the way, that all we Czechs can put on nowadays is Soviet tracts. Nonsense. Our V. and W. Theatre has been taken over by the state, but I had it in charge until two years ago. That Politburo document 'Finian's Rainbow' ran for four years there. Another of our great successes was 'Arsenic and Old Lace.' At other Prague theatres, we have our annual Arthur Miller and our annual Tennessee Williams—the one about the cat on the roof, I think it is now. Next season I suppose we'll have that 'Who's Afraid?' play I saw here the other night. Who's afraid? *Everybody*'s afraid. I found it depressing, like most plays from the West. On the other hand, I admit that a few of those from the East are too"—he hesitated—"too positive, without relief."

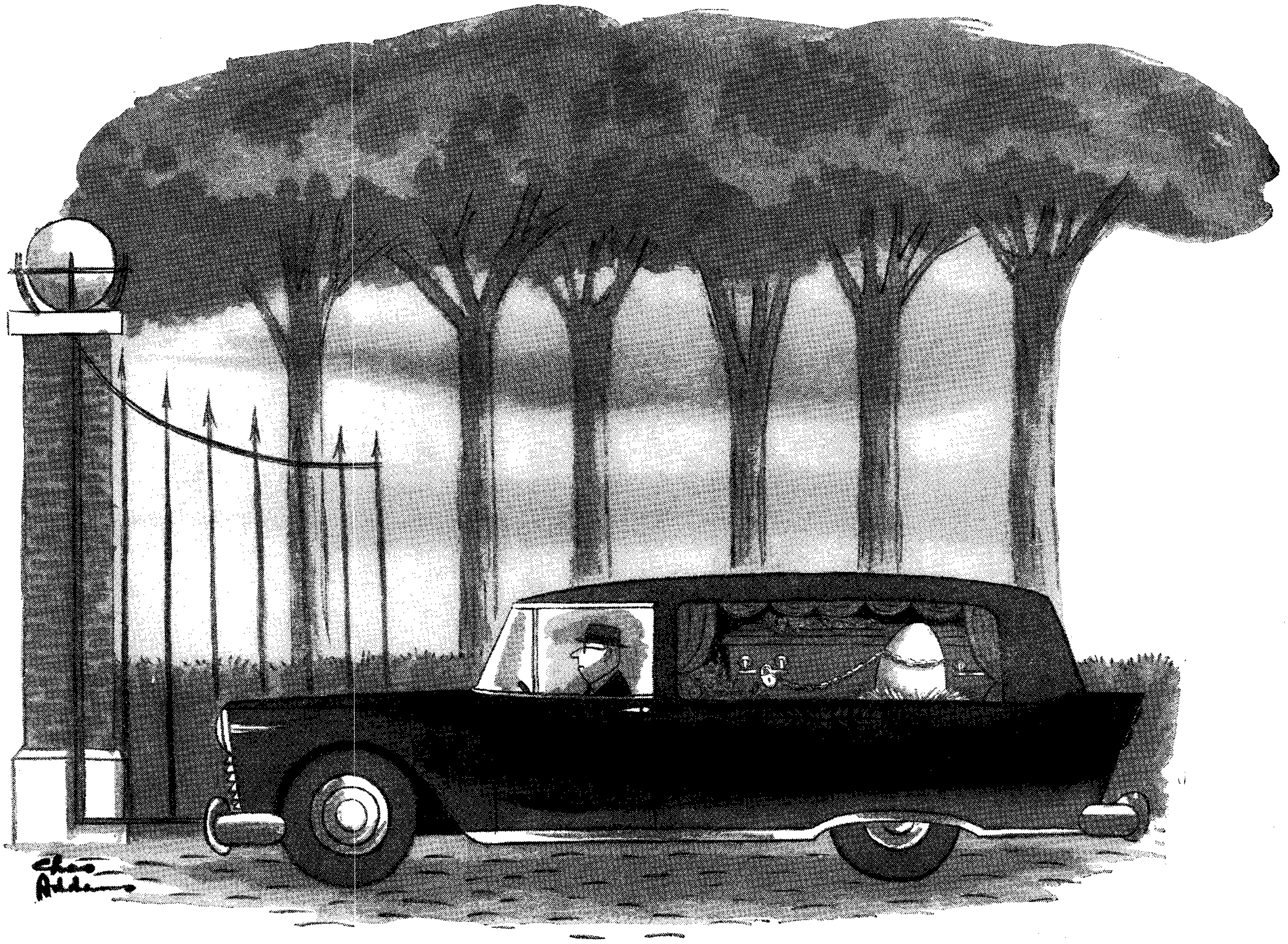
"And what does the censor look like these days?" Voskovec asked him.

"There *is* no censor these days," said Werich. "Now the directors of the theatre will simply have a meeting and decide that one play is better, more wise, to do. Here in New York, whoever has the money will decide. To the actors, it is all the same." Shrugging his shoulders, he got up and went out to the kitchen to fetch another bottle of beer.

"Jan knows it is not all the same," Voskovec said to us quietly.

"I know," said Werich, coming back, "that it is a very courageous, a very dangerous thing to be an actor in America." Having poured beer all around, he looked keenly over his glass at Voskovec, who has been the victim of more than his share of plays that sank without a trace. "The backers disappear," he continued. "The show closes out of town. In Prague, all actors are on salary. They are secure."

"But wasn't that always more true of Europe than of here, Jan?" Voskovec asked him, leaning forward. "There were municipal theatres, provincial thea-



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tres, national theatres. Remember how in the early days we used to say enviously of some actor, 'Oh, that fellow has a job in a *stone* house'? The state theatres weren't flimsily built, like the independent ones," he explained to us, "and the money was ready, week in and week out."

"Now they are *all* stone houses. *All* actors are secure," said Werich. There was a silence. "My God," he said, suddenly, "you have no idea how secure they are. You have no idea how hard it is to fire a really bad actor. The idiots are all under Civil Service."

"After Prague, New York is my favorite city," Werich said then, turning to us, shifting his weight and his subject. "I'll never forget when we first arrived here, in 1939, and were imprisoned by the wall of language in a furnished room on Riverside Drive. One morning, an actor we had never seen, Tony Kraber, tapped on the door. 'I have come to teach you English,' he said. At first we could not even understand *that*. He began with Shakespeare, which was where to start, and came every day, out of pure goodness. Then later, after my wife and daughter joined me, we lived in a dark, sooty railroad flat on East Seventy-seventh Street. It was over a candy store, and nearly every day Mike, the owner, out of pure goodness, would treat my little girl to Coca-Cola, which I had forbidden, and which she wanted so very much. I think of East Seventy-seventh Street sometimes in Prague."

Voskovec went into the next room, and came back carrying a set of records. "In little towns all over Czechoslovakia they are still doing some of those plays we wrote together," he told us. "I like to think of that. And they have reissued an album of our old songs—nearly eighty of them." He set the album carefully on the table in front of us. "It is sold out, although it costs a hundred and sixty korun in a country where a man makes less than ten times that in a month," he said. "Not long ago a man in Brno wrote to ask me if I could get him one, if I would use my *influence*." Voskovec smiled at the thought.

"In the beginning, after George left," Werich said, settling back, "I felt naked as a thumb, to use a fine Czech expression. But I have continued by myself and prospered."

"For his performance in Chekhov's 'The Bear,' Jan won the best-actor award last year at the television film festival in Monte Carlo," Voskovec put in.

"What I was trying to say before I was interrupted by this babbling capitalist fool," said Werich, "is that although I am a very famous man in my country, they will not let me forget my partner. It is almost like a cult. My car will be parked on a country road, and I will come out and find written on the dusty windshield *'Kde máš svého Voskovce?'*—'What have you done with your Voskovec?' "

"That touches me," said Voskovec. "From a place I'll never see again, that touches me."

"Or the same thing on a card under my plate at a restaurant," Werich went on. "Or people, when they are drinking, will nuzzle up to me and say, 'Come along now, don't you miss him?' 'Certainly not,' I tell them. It is none of their business. Still, after all these years of writing letters back and forth and once telephoning just to hear his voice insulting me—three hundred korun it cost me—why, since he could not come there, I at last had to come here."

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RESOLUTE sign in the window of a Riverhead, Long Island, automobile salesroom: "Our New Motto—Reliability."

THE RALLY

IN the early thirties, when my brothers and I were children, if we saw an airplane flying over our house in the country near Siena we would wave, then run into the house to tell my mother about it. "It was flying really low," we would say, hoping to stir her. "Perhaps it was our uncle." We would watch her. But her face wouldn't brighten. Her eyes, which we had known to be so lively, looked at us dully. The Fascists had done this to her, we told ourselves, and hated them with a rich, deep hate.

In October, 1931, her youngest brother had taken off from the Côte d'Azur in a small airplane and scattered anti-Fascist leaflets over Rome. From the terrace of his home on the top of an apartment house near the Piazza di Spagna, his mother had watched the plane flying around and around, and the leaflets showering down from it. She had seen people on the street below eagerly picking them up, reading them, folding them, and putting them in their pockets. Some had fallen on her terrace. Then the plane, in the twilight, had headed west, toward Corsica, and no one had ever seen it or my uncle again.

I came on my mother in the kitchen the day she heard that he was missing. Leaning against a table there, she told me about it. It was late evening. We remained silent in the gloom. Slowly, we began to weep.

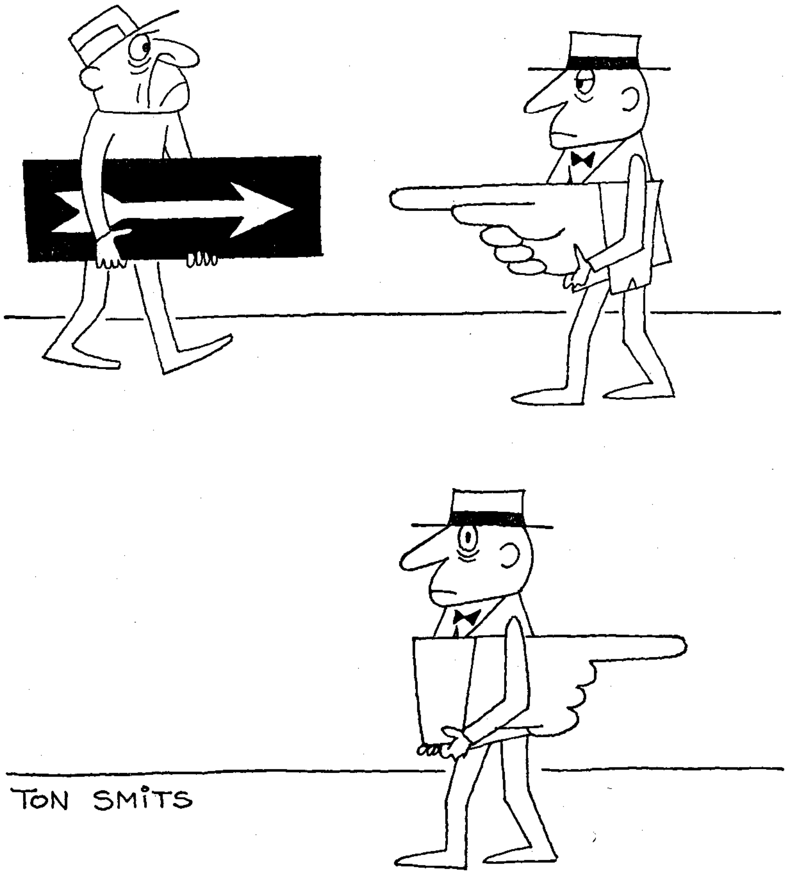
She became dejected. And the house had depended on her mirth. A fervent talker, now she hardly said a word and barely changed expression. We waited for a guest to show up at the front door so she would smile. She seemed physically hurt, and my father took her to many doctors—in Siena, in Florence, in Rome. They all prescribed tonics and recommended spas. Finally, after a year, she went to one who would have had her stay in bed for months in a cast—a suggestion so extreme that she reacted by saying she wasn't all that sick, and left the office feeling better than she had in a whole year. Back home, she told us about the visit to this doctor the way one tells a story. She laughed with us about it. We knew that she was well.

My brothers and I were going to a small country school near Siena. For children under ten—I wasn't quite eight at the time of my uncle's death—we were sharply aware of politics. My uncle had written a half-dozen pages in French, under the title "The Story of My Death," the night before his flight, and sent them to a friend with the request that they be published if he should not come back. "Tomorrow," the document began, "at three o'clock, on a meadow of the Côte d'Azur, I have an appointment with Pegasus. Pegasus—it is the name of my airplane—has a russet body and white wings. Though he's as strong as eighty horses, he's as nimble as a swallow. Drunk with gasoline, he bounds through the skies like his brother of old, but if he wants to, at night, he can glide in the air like a phantom. I found him in the Hercynian Forest, and his old master is going to bring him to me on the coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea, believing in good faith that he will serve the pleasures of an idle young Englishman. My bad accent hasn't awakened his suspicions: may he pardon my deception. All the same, we are not going to hunt chimeras, but to bring a message of freedom to an enslaved people across the sea. To do away with metaphors (which I had to use to leave discreetly vague the origins of my airplane), we are going to Rome to scatter in the open air these words of freedom which for seven years have been forbidden like a crime. . . ."

I knew parts of it by heart, and for me the words were a purification from the sodden propaganda that I saw on the walls and had to hear at school. They made me indignant, too; I remember tearing to pieces the registration card I got at the beginning of the term, because it had a picture of the fasces on it.

Our classmates were the children of neighboring farmers, who, like my family, had no use for Fascism. The only Fascist I remember at that school, and the first one I think I ever met, was an inspector who came from Siena to sell us party bonds. They cost ten lire each, or about half a dollar, which was a laborer's day's pay at the time. The inspector told us that when we were twenty-one we would get a dividend from the bonds, and that we each had to buy one. He would come back the next day for the money. The next day, he returned, and he collected from everyone except a strong, freckled boy who said his father had refused to give him the ten lire. For minutes, in front of the whole class, the man swore and shouted at him in a ruthless way. It gave me an excellent idea of the kind of people Fascists were. The boy—he must have been eight or nine years old—stood by his desk without saying a word. He didn't cry. He only flushed a little.

THE next school we went to—a junior high school—was in Siena. We had a bay horse, Graziella, or Gracie. A smart young farmer who entertained my brothers and me with stories of his sentimental conquests and plots of films that he had seen drove us into town each morning and brought us back home in time for lunch. There were plenty of Fascists in Siena. The town was theirs as the countryside never was. The moment we entered the



city gate in our *calèche* and saw the dignified old walls pasted over with sheets of paper—usually pink and printed in block letters—we felt as though we had crossed into enemy territory. Our horse would trot fiercely over the paving stones, up a winding street, past a newsstand with the sad headlines of the thirties on a rack, past a small Anglican church, to a stable, where we left her.

There were few tourists, and the Anglican church, which had been built before the First World War, was shut. Its minister was still in Siena, though. We used to see him, in his black suit and clerical collar, wandering about the town, a shepherd looking for a flock. Then his church was boarded up. One day, my mother saw him, still wearing his Protestant minister's clothes, in the cathedral, praying.

From the stable we would walk across the center of Siena to the school—formerly a convent—at the south end of town, then through two very long corridors, the remodelled sides of a cloister, to the classrooms. Though the school was a state and not a church school, my professor was a swarthy, thunder-browed priest who lived alone in an apartment up the street. In the three years I had him, he became very attached to his class. He knew not just our names and capabilities but our nicknames, characters, moods, and dispositions. Sometimes he became furious with us and shouted. When he had finished, a deathly silence would settle on the class. Once, he was so impressed by what he had achieved that he seemed awed. He looked at us for a moment and said, "What tension!"

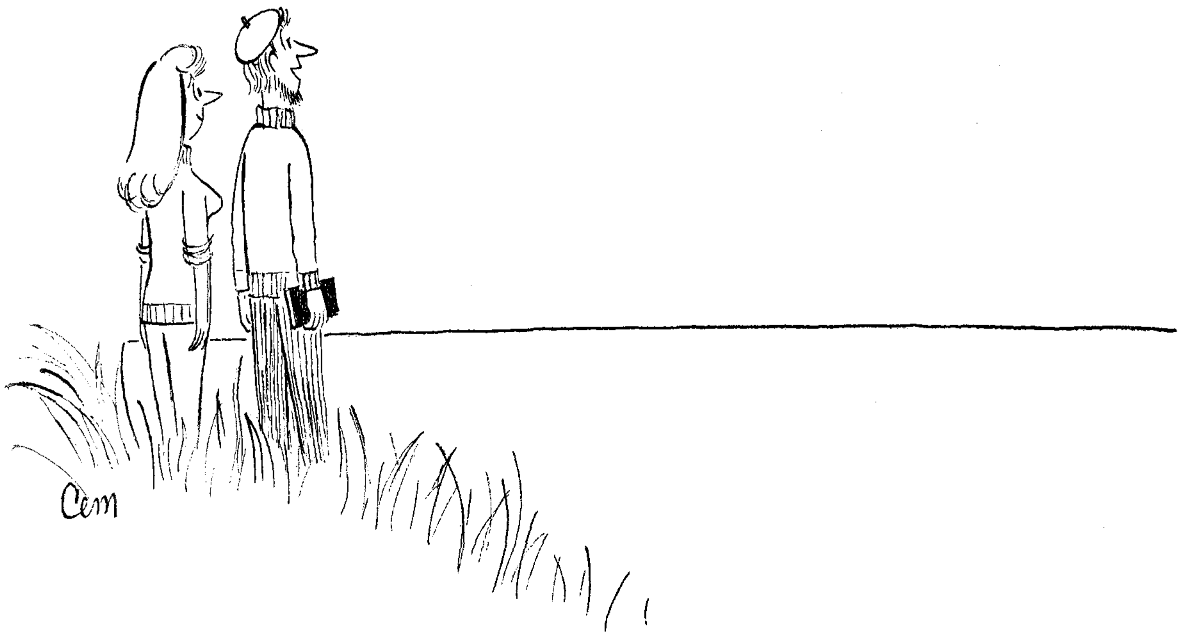
I didn't think he was a Fascist, but in the Ethiopian War, when Addis Ababa fell, he rushed into the classroom with the news, his cassock flying and his long underwear showing around his ankles. The class rose and cheered. I watched with scorn, kept quiet, and felt disappointed in the man.

The government was trying to turn Italians into warlike people, and soon military training was added to our curriculum, already burdened by two periods of gymnastics. As though this weren't enough, the authorities tried to ingratiate themselves and at the same time indoctrinate us by getting us out of classes right in the middle of a lesson. We might be translating a passage of Italian into Latin when suddenly the bell would ring, the class would be dismissed, and we would hurriedly assemble in the halls. There the head boys would arrange us in threes and march us out of the school, with the professor of gymnastics, who by now had become very important, in the lead. On these occasions, our priest wouldn't come with us. He seemed almost offended by the interruptions. Hands clasped behind his back and his hat on, he would go off on his own at a quick pace. We never knew where we would be led. If we were lucky, we would just march down the main street, march back, and be disbanded. More often, though, there was some surprise—like a speech broadcast from Rome. Then, in a square in which not just our school but all the schools of Siena had assembled, after a long wait we would have to listen to a mixture of voice and static carried at an incredible volume over the loudspeakers. Packed so tight we weren't able to sit, we would await the end with aching feet. Sometimes a Fascist official would clap his hands in the middle of a phrase, or chuckle as though something funny had been said.

It wasn't easy to leave the formation or to get out of these shows. But one morning—we had started on a march and were heading toward the center of town down a narrow street—I found myself so close to an ice-cream store that I just made a sharp left turn and went inside. There was a woman serving at the counter. "You've got some sense," she said to me.

For the gymnastics, my brothers and I had to return to town in the afternoon. The classes were held in what had been the lower church of the convent. There was no getting out of them. Not that we didn't try. Regularly at the beginning of each school year, hoping to be exempted, we would go to a doctor appointed by the school. "We come from a long way out of town," we would tell him in plaintive voices. But there was nothing wrong with us, and after a brief examination he would shake his head.

These gymnastics were a futile thing. A drill. We would have to march in step, stop, about-face, salute. There was no fun. The professor of gymnastics was a small young man with a face that he kept poking at you. When you least expected it, it would be in front of you, so close you could hardly see it, protruding from a taut, long neck. Or he would rush at you on his thick, soft rubber soles as though he wanted to kick you. You cringed instinctively to guard yourself from the blow that didn't come. He wore a big sports coat with padded shoulders and kept a whistle in between his lips. He would blow it with a sudden bloating of his cheeks that was even more striking than the blast it made. He was a true child of the regime. Sometimes, however, he would drop the whistle, which hung from a little chain around his neck, and replace it with a cigarette; then, leaning against the wall with his weight on one leg, the other crossed or bent, he would talk to his favorite pupils and seem as though



"*Pellucid, isn't it?*"

• •

YOU KNOW

You know those rose sherbets,
The gathering of evening around the leaves,
The suffusions of such tinctures of heavens
On the shorn meadows, the suèdes going gold,
And the delicious checkerboard squares
Taking on every strain of the light;
And you know how the shutters close,
How the rocks, wedged in between trees,
Turn rose,
And somebody blue in the grasses
Makes the gold leap, and how the washed skies
Glitter like scales.
So do cheeks, eyes, on fire
With the stilled clarity of the rose of air,
And we get on the bus,
Taking the last of it down with us.

—JEAN GARRIGUE

• •

he were a complete sport—the most regular fellow who ever existed. He always looked at me as if I were an oddity. I was the only boy in my class who did not live in the city. I had longish hair cut in bangs; I wore a homemade sweater and trousers that, because they reached the knee, he considered far too long. The other boys brilliantined their hair and combed it back; they wore jackets, and trousers that left their thighs almost completely bare. At some point or other, I had my bangs cut. He congratulated me as though I had recovered from a serious illness.

Once, I invited some of my classmates to my home. I was surprised to see how frightened they were of jumping across a ditch or sliding down a haystack. I could do both with ease, and could ride horseback, climb trees, and swim almost indefinitely, but no skill at country sports was of any use in the gymnasium. What was needed there was to be able to march in step, snappily, and to acquire a certain automatism whereby one could be instantly controlled. Because I wasn't snappy enough to suit his taste, and because he thought he could change me, the professor of gymnastics would sometimes let the class rest and make me perform his orders—run twenty paces, come back running, stop, and salute him—over and over, perhaps twenty times. I had the honor of being his worst student.

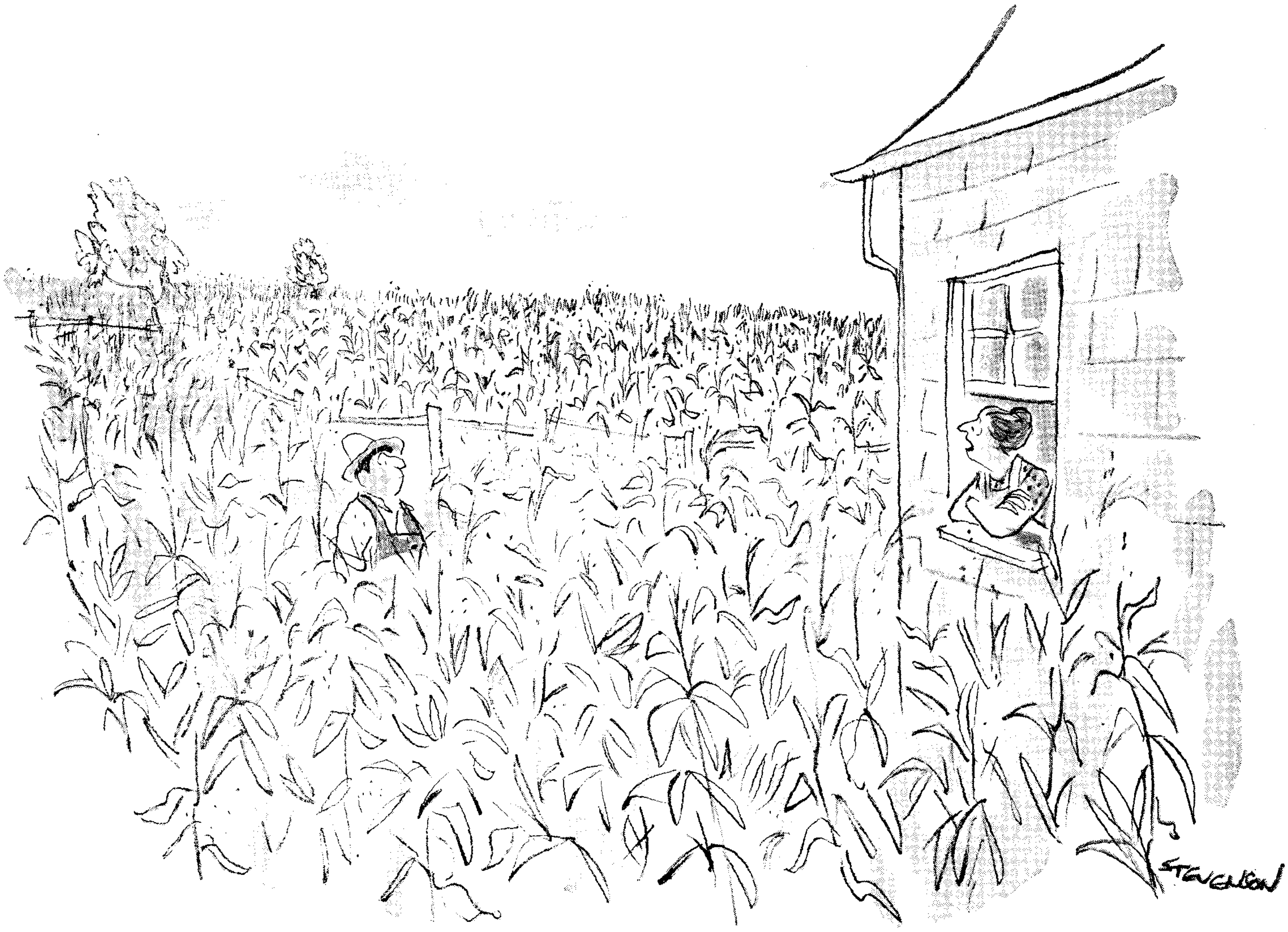
AT the beginning of my third year at the school, the professor of gymnastics, holding a large scroll under his arm, lined us up and told us there was something new in the program—calisthenics. He unrolled the scroll, stretched it out, and showed it to us. From where we were, we saw a series of little stick figures. "An exercise in sixty movements," he said rather nervously. "You have the whole year to learn it. In June there'll be a big rally, and I want you to know it perfectly by then." He added that all the schools of Siena would take part in this monster demonstration, and that it would be held, in front of the mayor of Siena and an authority who would come especially from Rome, in the Piazza d'Armi—a huge, unpaved square outside the city walls, a place once used as an animal fair.

After pleading with us not to let him down, he had us try the first few movements. They were so complicated that even the professor had trouble and had to stop from time to time and consult the master sheet. I found them nearly impossible. I was continually falling a second or two behind the others, comparing my position with theirs and trying to correct it. When I thought I had it right, the professor would come at me and grip my arms to straighten them or flex them, or pull at my ankles to shift my feet. I felt like a marionette. I had always had trouble marching in step. Now these movements were beyond me. I saw no rhythm in them. Like formulas—unlike poetry—I couldn't seem to memorize them. And yet the constant repetition couldn't help but have its effect on me. By the end of April, I could do the sixty movements in my fashion. I didn't know them well enough to do them alone, but in the middle of the class, with all the others doing them, I could do them, too. I had to watch carefully, though. The moment I looked at the ground or for any reason was distracted—sometimes also if I tried too hard—I lost the sequence. There was a moment of hesitation then before I caught up with the others, during which all I could do was hope that the professor hadn't seen me. As the drill continued into May, my mistakes became less and less frequent. I wasn't proud of this. Sometimes I would see myself, one of a crowd, performing like the rest, indistinguishable from them, and be disgusted. Then I would wish I were out in the fields and had never been sent to school at all. I wished I were illiterate, or at least that, like my country friends, I hadn't gone beyond elementary school. I hated gymnastics also because they spelled Fascism and the Fascists to me. How could I have let them get such a hold on me that they could twist my body this way and that according to their schemes—that the movements of my feet and knees and hands, backward or forward, up or down, should be dictated by them, for the benefit of a Fascist mayor and a noisy official come from Rome.

Yet, with all my hating, there I was, improving with each rehearsal, an almost perfect marionette—one made to order. The day of the rally, I told myself, I wouldn't go to school; I'd stay home. But that seemed a weak kind of protest. I thought of my uncle, who had given his life. So far, the only thing I'd done against the Fascists' will was eat an ice-cream cone. I had to do something more, and I resolved to go and spoil the exercise with a mistake. I pictured the scene—three or four thousand boys, arranged three steps apart, moving like one. No, two, for one—I—would at a certain point get muddled up, make some movements of his own, his very own, then stop and walk away, zigzagging from one boy to another, out, to the exit.

For weeks, I thought about it—at odd moments of the day and night, through tedious lessons, or when up steep hills our horse slowed down to a walk. The thought possessed me; I saw the Piazza d'Armi, heard the band and, when the band stopped playing, the swish of limbs. My fixed, charmed look made people ask what I was thinking of. "Nothing," I said, and held on to my secret. The thought even sustained me through the drills. I did them better than I had ever done them before.

The day was near. There were only four lessons left. I could do the whole



"What do you want for supper, Luke? Creamed, stewed, fritters, or on the cob?"

• •

exercise perfectly now, or so I thought. Suddenly, in the middle of a rehearsal, the professor blew his whistle. The class froze in their positions. I checked mine. It seemed right to me, but he called my name out in a loud, angry voice, and, like a man who has lost his patience, told me to step out. I went to stand beside him. "Should I do the exercise from here?" I asked, with an eagerness that wasn't like me. He didn't even answer. From a corner of the room, I watched the class resume their numbered movements. At the end of the hour, when he dismissed the class, I started to leave, but he motioned to me to stay where I was. I waited for him to say something to me. My classmates, one after the other, ran toward the exit, dangling their gym shoes. At last, he ambled over. "Don't come back again," he said.

"AREN'T you going back for gymnastics?" my mother asked me two days later, after lunch.

"No," I said. "The professor told me not to."

"Why? What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"You must have done something."

"No."

"Goodness, have you been expelled?"

"He just told me not to go back there again."

"But why?"

"I don't know."

Whenever my parents asked me "How did school go today?" it was my custom to answer "Well," even if I'd got a zero. This time, my mother thought something dreadful must have happened. That very afternoon, dressed in city clothes, she went to see the professor of gymnastics and took me along.

I felt very embarrassed and self-conscious going with my mother to the school. Some of the boys said hello to me, or called out my name. I answered shyly, wishing I were miles away. Then the professor appeared. I pointed him out to my mother. "Come along," she said.

"No, I'll wait here."

"No, come."

While the class waited, I went and introduced her to him, then backed away a few steps and stood, my toes curled inside my shoes.

My mother spoke to the professor as though to a boy. With curiosity, a smile, and considerable grace, she asked him what I had done and why he didn't want me to come back.

He was very polite to her. "He hasn't done anything wrong," he said. "It's just that he spoils the effect I want to produce."

"Is that all? I thought something really bad had happened."

"Oh, no. He's a very good boy, but he just isn't cut out for this."

They said goodbye to one another very nicely, and I left with her.

Two weeks later, from my home, I heard bells ringing and sirens screaming, announcing that the rally had begun; the Fascists always made a lot of noise on these occasions. I turned my back to the city and went for a long walk in the woods. It was a comfort to hear the sound of the cicadas.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

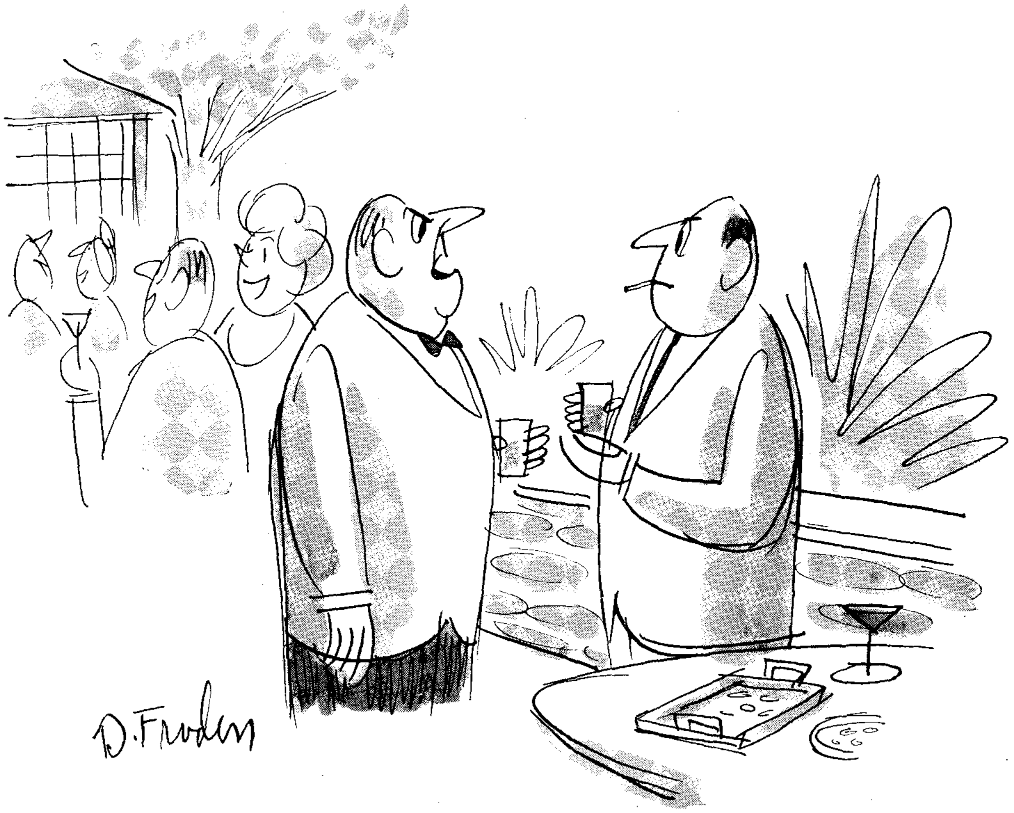
THE DROWNED MAN

AFTER his wife died, Mr. Derdon was very anxious to get into her bedroom, to have a look around on his own with the door closed and with no one there to watch him and wonder how he was feeling. It was not anxiety or grief or any painful sensation, not longing or yearning or anything like that, that drew him to the room, but curiosity. He wanted to look at it. The room, that had hardly existed for him while she was alive, and that he had seldom entered, although he had occasionally stood in the doorway or at least paused in the doorway to call something in to her on his way out of the house—the room now seemed mysterious to him the way an empty house will suddenly seem mysterious and even frightening to children who never noticed it when it was occupied, and the way a bird's nest lying empty on the ground after a summer storm will crowd the mind with thoughts that have nothing to do with wings and food and warmth and song: thoughts of vacancy, and thoughts of winter, and of winds that are too violent and nights that are too dark, and thoughts of stony solitude, endured in silence, and of landscapes that are too cold and flat and where no one cares to walk. The little nest, cast to the ground, contains an emptiness that is too big for us to understand. We cannot imagine how it must feel. It is a limitless emptiness, and beyond us, although we would like to be able to understand it, and examine it from all angles, and mark its limits, and bring it under control, and then put it away in a comfortable place and forget about it. But the nest is nothing, no more than a scrap. The empty nest is only a brazen image of the fear that is so commonplace that we can not merely walk through it every day pretending we do not notice it but can walk through it and pretend it is not there. As long as the nest is there empty, we look into it, but then it is gone and we think no more about it.

A Little
OFFBEAT
BAR

"Look, dear, there's a little offbeat bar."

As long as the door of his wife's bedroom, in which she had died, remained closed and the room behind it empty, Mr. Derdon thought of nothing else. The emptiness beyond the door excited him, and he began to dream about it at night, and in his tired mind the door was open to him, and then—mistake—it was not open to him, and it expanded and contracted, being first a very big room and then a very little room, but never its own size, and it developed extra doors, strange doors that frightened him. And after these dreams he awoke in the morning exhausted as though he suffered nightmares, when all he had done was to dream of his wife's bedroom. His sister, his maiden sister, had come to Dublin to keep house for him, and on the very few occasions when she went out the woman who cleaned was there fussing around him and looking after him. They felt he should not be left alone at this time. He wondered what did they mean, "at this time." It was not a case of this, that, or the other time. At the moment, it was simply *before* Rose died and *after* Rose died, and when they said to him "at this time," did they mean that he was never to be left a minute to himself for the rest of his life? They bothered him, always hovering around him, and he wondered, in bewilderment, at all the freedom he had had only a month, even ten days, ago, all the freedom he had had and had not valued. Then, before, he had been immeasurably free. He marvelled at the freedom he had had. He wondered at it. He had been free as a bird. Then, while Rose was alive, he could have wandered up and down the hall in front of that closed door, if he had wanted to. He could have walked up and down there all day long, passing up the hall, and passing back, and no questions would have been asked of him. *She would never have thought of questioning him.* He could have wandered there at will, for as long as he liked. Of course, he would probably have said something. He might have said, "I just thought I'd take a little exercise," or something like that. And then she would have said *nothing*. She might have smiled or nodded in that awkward way she had, as though her neck was not accustomed to little gracious gestures, as indeed it was not, but she would not have said anything. She would have gone on to do whatever she was doing and she wouldn't have asked him any questions. She might have said—there was just a chance she might have said—"Oh, exercising yourself, if that's what you want to do," meaning to sound casual and easy, and managing only to sound clumsy, like a shy child trying to be smart. But it was more than likely that she would have given him only a shamefaced smile, as though she had no right to see what he was doing at all, and gone away, off, on to whatever little job she had in hand. She would have gone and he would have been left with that silence of hers that gave him unlimited freedom, or what he knew now to be unlimited freedom, although then it had seemed to be only a burden, that burden of indefiniteness that left him always wondering what it was he had not done that he should have done, or had not said that he should have said. He never knew where he was with her. He never knew exactly what he had done or how he had spent his time, since there was no definite point where he could stop and measure what he had done, or how he had spent the time he had spent. Indefinite, now she made him indefinite to himself, and how could he mourn her, when there was hardly anything he could remember about her apart from the obvious facts that she had been gentle, quiet, uncomplaining, beautiful—or at least more or less beautiful in her youth—things like that. He literally could not remember very much about her. He began to believe that she had been invisible, but when he thought that, he felt that he might cry with fear, because how could he even think that, when *they* were there talking about his dead wife and he knew he had had a wife for more than forty years and they had had a son and the son had vanished into the priesthood, and here he was now and he could hardly remember one solitary thing about her and not really remember seeing her very much. And how could he grieve for what he could not define, or mourn for what had vanished without a trace. That was it—she had made no impression. Somehow or another, however she had done it, she had managed to live with a man, a sensitive, kindhearted man, for more than forty years without making the slightest impression on him. She had always been impossible. Several times, long ago, he had said as much to her. "You are impossible," he had said to her. And she had said *nothing*. She had said nothing and she had given him nothing, nothing to be angry about and nothing to be sad about and nothing to laugh at



"I'm willing to bet that most Internal Revenue agents come from broken homes."

• •

and nothing to wonder at and nothing at all to remember. She had given him nothing and she had left him nothing, and by leaving him nothing she had taken away from him the one thing that might have been a rock of strength to him now—that rock of grief where he might have rested in blessed isolation, not able to see or hear or speak or think with the sorrow that filled and destroyed him. But that monumental grief would now remain as it was, only a dream of grief that seemed from where he sat to be a dream of peace, because he knew that in that dreadful suffering he would find peace at last, and then he could rest himself, knowing he had done the right and proper thing, and had felt the right and proper emotions, those that represent the just tribute we must pay to death. But it was no use. He felt nothing. He could see and hear and so on, the same as usual, and he even had a little appetite for his food.

If they would only let him stand and watch her garden, he might be able to see her there, she had spent so much time there. If they would only let him stand at the back window and look at her garden, and it was well worth looking at, he might be able to find her there, and then he might be able to begin missing her—it was the least he could do, to miss her. But he didn't miss her, he didn't miss her at all; everything was just the same, he didn't miss her at all, and if he tried to stand by the window looking out into her garden, his sister or the other one would come clucking around, trying to take him out of himself. Then, before, when he had his freedom, he could have stood by that window forever without being interfered with. Then, before, he could have sat all day long in his armchair by the fire, dreaming about nothing, thinking peacefully of nothing at all, immersed in memories so confused and so alike that they were warmth to him; it was like thinking about warmth to sit there like that doing nothing and remembering, really, nothing. Then, when she was alive and he didn't know the freedom he had, he could have sat in his chair for as long as he liked, not holding a book or a newspaper or anything, and no one would have come up talking at him and telling him he mustn't be morbid and that he must keep busy and interested. How could they know that what was in his mind was morbid, when he did not really know himself what was in his mind. They were training him as if he were a dog, a poor unfortunate dog that had to do as he was told, and not ask any questions, because he was a *dog* and for no other reason. Poor dog. Poor animal. It made no sense. He had to move briskly or they sighed. He had to talk distinctly and with some vivacity or they gazed at him in worry and surmise. He had to take his walk every day, not in the garden, because that was her garden and so morbid, but out—he had to go out by the front for his walk. They seemed to believe that there was no air at the back of the house any more, but only in the front, beyond the front door, where the neighbors would come trotting up to him, people he only knew by sight, and say things to him that he hardly understood and did not want to hear, although through some miracle he kept making the correct sorrowful responses to all their sorrowful platitudes. And he felt that every word he said was a lie, and when he returned to the house he returned worn out.

He would have loved to make a clean breast of things to his sister and the others. He would have liked to confess to them—he longed to confess to them—that he felt no grief. He wanted to tell the truth. He wanted them to know what a sham, what a sham he was, or at least show them that they were making him into a sham. But if he told them the truth they would think him a monster, and he would rather know he was a sham than be thought a monster. He was a man who could feel no grief, an empty man. Even so, he would have liked to be let do as he liked, but he hesitated to hurt their feelings. There were plenty of sharp remarks that came into his head, but he did not want to say them unless he was really pushed to the wall. He knew the women meant well. He could tell them to go, of course. They would protest, but they would go, and then he would be alone and then he could be quiet. If he ordered them out, and they saw he meant business, they would have to go. But he could not do that, when they meant so well, and then, it was something to keep in mind, that he could be rid of them in a minute, any minute. It was something to look forward to, the minute when he would order them out once and for all, and he did look forward to it. Once he made up his mind, they would go, and no ifs or buts. Once his mind was made up he would take no nonsense from them, but for the time being he let them have their way in the house and he did what they told him to do and he would go on doing as he was told for as long as it suited him and not one minute longer. But it was good to look forward to, the moment when he would turn them out. He would let them have their way, he would let them have their head, they would imagine themselves entrenched, and suddenly, all of a sudden, he would turn on them and show them who was master. The moment would come. He was sure of that. They would drive him too far. He was sure of that. He would turn when they least expected it, and he would blast them. He would send them packing. He had to smile, thinking of the surprise on their faces, and his sister caught him smiling, and he caught her catching him, with that sympathetic expression on her that meant she imagined he was thinking kind sweet gentle happy thoughts about his dearest departed, and he was so annoyed he could have hit her, and he turned down the corners of his mouth and began to look gloomy again.

They thought it was a sign of grief that he had ordered them to leave Rose's room as it was, but it was not a sign of grief at all. It had been an impulse that had made him tell them to shut that door and leave it shut. He had simply wanted to assert himself and to give a reasonable order and be obeyed, and they had obeyed him, but it had not been an important matter until all of a sudden, in some mysterious way, the closed door had become extremely important.

He thought that once he got into that empty room by himself with the door

FOXGLOVES

Foxgloves on the
moon keep
to dark
caves, they come
out at the dark of
the moon only and, in
waves, swarm
through the
moon-towns and,
wherever
there's a chink, slip
into the houses and
spill all
the money, clink-
clink, and crumple the
notes and
rearrange the silver
dishes and dip
hands
into the gold-
fish bowls and stir
the gold-
fishes and thumb
the
edges
of mirrors and
touch
the sleepers
and
instantly
vanish
into
the far
distance with a wild
laugh

leaving
the house
smelling faintly
of Virginia
creepers.

—Ted Hughes

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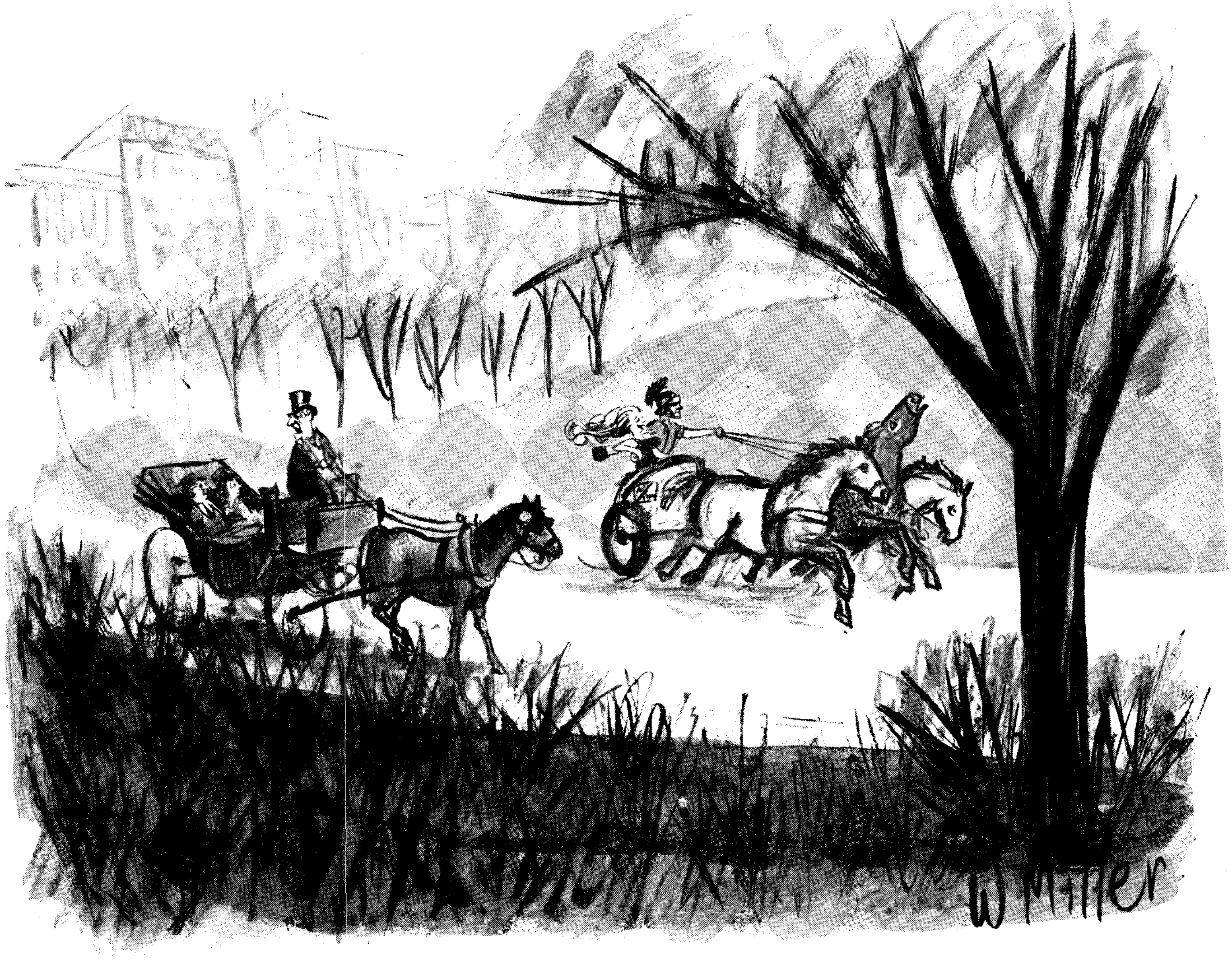


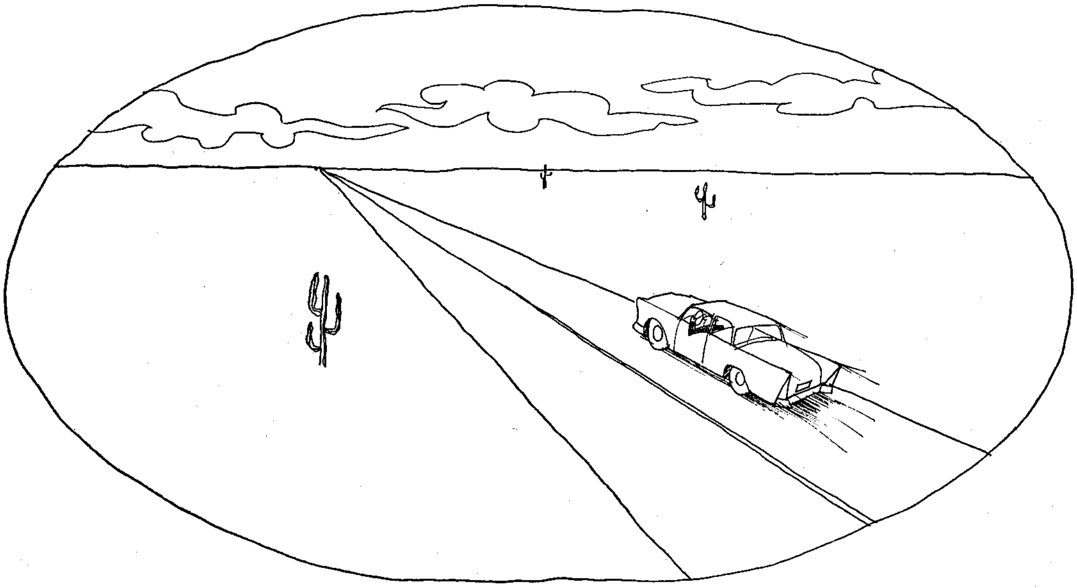
"Kicks! Kicks! All young people think about nowadays is kicks!"

• •

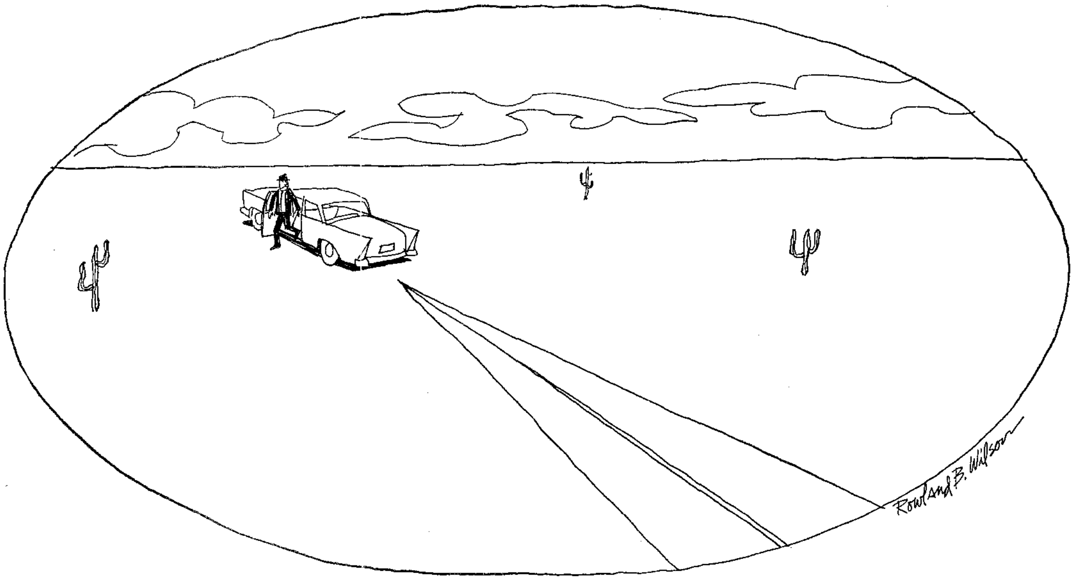
closed, he would be able to think more clearly and to know something that he did not now know. Once in there, he might be able to remember more of her than—as she was now in his mind—something humble and busy about the house. Once in there, he might be able to find more to think of than that eternal acquiescence. Even the very last word she had said to him was "Yes." There was nothing strange about that, she had always said yes, but unbroken acquiescence had not been indefinite enough for her; she had always, until that last yes, had to qualify even her yes—"Yes, all right," "Yes, if you want to," "Yes, I don't mind, if you like. If you want to, I suppose so, yes." But that final "Yes," when he asked her should he send for the doctor, stood alone in his mind. He could hear her voice now, saying "Yes," and he recalled that even as troubled as he had been he felt surprised, and maybe even pleased, that she was definite. It had been as though he heard her voice once again after a very long time, when she said "Yes" like that to him.

As he looked forward to the day when he would order his sister and the other woman to leave his house, now he looked forward to the opportunity to slip into the empty room and be alone there, but without anybody knowing he was there. He waited for the chance when they would both be out of the house together. He schemed. He played up to them. He did not sit dreaming in his chair by the fire, but held his book in front of him and read it with attention. He asked them to bring him the evening paper, as though he was interested in what was in it. He did not look out of the back window into her garden. He ate what was put in front of him, and even suggested that if they both thought hard, and put all their brains together, they might be able to remember that he liked his eggs just lightly boiled, and that he liked them hot, because cold boiled eggs were bad for people, especially first thing in the morning. He grew bolder. He told them that when the conventional period of mourning was past they would all get dressed in their best clothes and go into town in a taxi and see a play or something. At that, they looked at him in astonishment, and then they turned their faces away, like disappointed cats who see that their prey has ceased to move and who hope that by pretending to remove their attention from it they will trick it into life again, and into movement again, and so find it still within their power. Mr. Derdon's sister and the lady who cleaned looked away, startled, and then they looked back again, but he knew their ways and he was still smiling. "We're not doing poor Rose any good, sitting around here with long faces," he said.

A COUPLE of days after that, or it might even have been the very next day, through some miracle that was carefully explained to him, while he pretended to listen, he found himself alone in the house in the afternoon. He hesitated a short time before opening the door of Rose's room. He walked up and down the hall awhile as he had longed to do, and he thought about going into the room. He did not



want to go blundering in. After all, once he had gone in, the emptiness that had been increasing in there since her death would be destroyed forever, and he was anxious to catch some impression of it while it still lingered. He walked up and down a few times, thinking intently and rubbing his hands together, and then without thinking any more about it he turned the knob and opened the door and went in and closed the door behind him. There was nothing. There was not even a perceptible emptiness. It was her room, or it had been her room, but she was not in it any more. The room said nothing. The emptiness, what emptiness he felt there, was not particular, and he could not pretend to himself that he could identify it as a special and individual emptiness that she had left and that she and she alone could have left. It was a general emptiness that filled her place—he might as well have been looking into a fallen nest to try to discover the nature of what was not. He grew tired trying to press himself into what was not there and therefore could not or would not resist him. There was no resistance in the room. There was nothing he could pit himself against. He felt let down, as he had when he was a child and Christmas was over, and at the same time he felt keyed up, as though he was going to have to face an examination, *take* an examination that he had not been warned about, that he had never known people had to take, that he was not prepared for and could not prepare for, since he had no idea of the nature of the questions that would be asked him or of the tests he might be called upon to perform. He had always felt uneasily that there was something other people knew, something everybody knew and took for granted, but that he did not know. He had sometimes hoped that he might come upon this bit of common knowledge, by luck, as he might come upon a touchstone that would guide him to the secret whose existence he felt, the secret that others had and that remained closed to him. What he had thought out loud in his own mind always was, "There must be more than this to life, there must be more to life than this." Oh, indeed indeed, yes, there must be more than this to it all, he used to think, and then, at such incredulous moments, he used to look into the faces of the people who passed him in the street, to try to read in their faces what he was sure they must know that kept them going every day—because it was not everybody that had his strength, and it was not everybody—there was hardly anybody who could have the fortitude to keep on going day in day out in the bewilderment in which he himself lived. It was not possible that others could go from day to day, as he did, for no real reason, or that others could put up the brave front that he put up, the brave, respectable front that was a front for nothing, and nothing but a front. At such moments, when he felt that he must make one more attempt to discover the secret, he used to glance, just glance, into Rose's face when he felt she would not notice him looking at her. He remembered that at such times, on those evenings, he used to hang his hat and coat in the hall as usual, and put his umbrella in the stand, and walk down the hall to where she sat, and he would sit down opposite to her and open his evening paper, but at such times he would use the evening paper only to camouflage himself as a reader while he watched her, not as a husband, not even as a man, but as a supplicant who hoped she might be able to tell him what had kept them together all these years, or what kept any two people together, or what kept people going and doing as they had been told they ought to do. When had all this obedience begun and who had marked out the appointed way where men and women walked without protest and most of the time without complaining? Most important of all, what reason had been given that guaranteed this obedience and why had the reason not been given to him as well as to everybody else? There was a common secret that he had not been allowed to share, and now it seemed that grief must also remain a secret to him, because even now, sitting in the room in which she had spent a good part of her time, and in which she had slept in her bed, he felt no grief. He was sitting on the straight chair she had kept handy to her sewing machine. The sewing machine was closed and made a flat smooth surface that was faintly marked by whitened circles, where she had kept some of her plants when the machine was not in use. She could have got herself a little plant table. He would not have minded the expense. He would have given her the money for a table, if she had asked him for it, but she had not asked. She had preferred to play the martyr and so, contemptuously and in despair of ever coming to any terms with her, he had ignored her or, as you might put it, let her have her way. She had preferred to clear the top of her chest of drawers when she wanted to do any sewing on the machine. Then to the top of the chest of drawers she would lift the plants, some of them big and heavy, and when they were all safely arranged she would open the sewing machine and go to work, bending very close to it. And with the work finished, she would go through the whole laborious process of transferring the plants back to the machine again. The machine was a makeshift plant table for her, as much in her life had been makeshift. Take, for example, that arrangement of old chocolate boxes on the blanket chest under the shelf where she had kept her few books. You would think, to see those chocolate boxes, and to note the careful order in which they were arranged, by size and also by shape, a rectangular one set straight and centered on top of



a larger rectangle, the square ones built up like child's blocks on top of the squares, and the two long equal ones set apart from the rest, completing the design of even lines and sharp angles, all of it speaking of neatness and care and of an overpowering concern with order—you would think, looking at such an arrangement, that the boxes contained something of interest or of value. And what did they contain? Old bills marked paid thirty years before. Receipts for dinners she had never cooked, dinners so elaborate that she must have been dreaming of a visit from the king and queen of England when she cut the menus out of the magazines in which she had found them. Directions for making dresses that she would never in her life have had occasion to wear—there was a whole pamphlet that gave instructions, measurements, etc., for the construction of a satin ball gown. It would have been laughable if it was not so pathetic. One box contained cards of tailors' samples—bits of tweed, bits of serge, bits of velvet, bits of suiting and coat materials. He knew how she had come by those cards. She had never told him, but he had known her so well that he knew very well how she had come by those cards. He could see her now, standing in front of the tailor's window, one tailor one time, another tailor another time, admiring the bolts of cloth in the window and the pictures displayed of suits and coats, and imagining to herself that she would order something, a costume, as she would have called it, and making up her mind how she would like it made and out of what material. He could see her making up her mind, and opening the door of the shop, and going inside with that timid air of consequence that she affected in public and that had nearly driven him mad with irritation. And he could see her approaching the tailor, and speaking in the accents of a lady who may or may not bestow her custom here, and discussing with the tailor the cut and style of this coat or skirt or whatever it was she imagined she was going to buy for herself. And he could see her, in all her seriousness, taking the card of samples from the tailor and bringing it home and sitting down by herself in the afternoon to dream over it, carrying it to the window so that she could look at the scraps of fabric in a better light, and only lifting her eyes from it to look at the flowers in her garden, and all the time dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, always dreaming, and what was it that she had dreamed about, all her life? She had never said. She had never even admitted how she dreamed her time away. If you had asked her what she was "thinking" about, she would have said, "Oh, nothing," and then quickly turned her hands to something to divert attention from herself. Or she might have replied, in answer to any question at all, "There is a bad scratch on the linoleum near the door there. I was wondering what I could do to cover it." She was all indirection.

The contents of the chocolate boxes revealed a mind given over entirely to trivialities and makeshift, always makeshift, making do, making last, putting to use somehow, wasting nothing except her time and her life and his time and his life. Even so, those times when he watched her secretly, he had had hopes that she possessed and would reveal to him the common secret that had been given to everybody except him. She had been weak, and it was simply impossible that she had lived along like that unless she was held by something, some truth, or some belief, some magic word, some comfort that she might have shared with him, if she had been willing to speak and able to speak. But the times grew rarer when he was able to watch her, because as he grew older he grew less and less able to bear the uneasiness that trembled all over her face when she felt his eyes on her. She would be sitting there knitting or sewing or mending or looking through one of the household magazines she loved, her face all intent on what was in her hands, and in the space of an instant she would become aware that he was looking at her, and the change in her expression would be terrible to see. Her face would become destroyed with shame and apprehension. And what it all amounted to, the beginning and the end of it, was that she was afraid of him. Once long ago he had been driven to challenge her. "Am I a monster or something?" he had shouted at her. "What's the matter with you? What's wrong with you? Why are you afraid to look at me? Am I a monster?" But she had trembled so violently that he had left her alone. She was afraid of questions. He left her alone. But it was no use going over all that again, no use thinking about it, better to put it out of his mind.

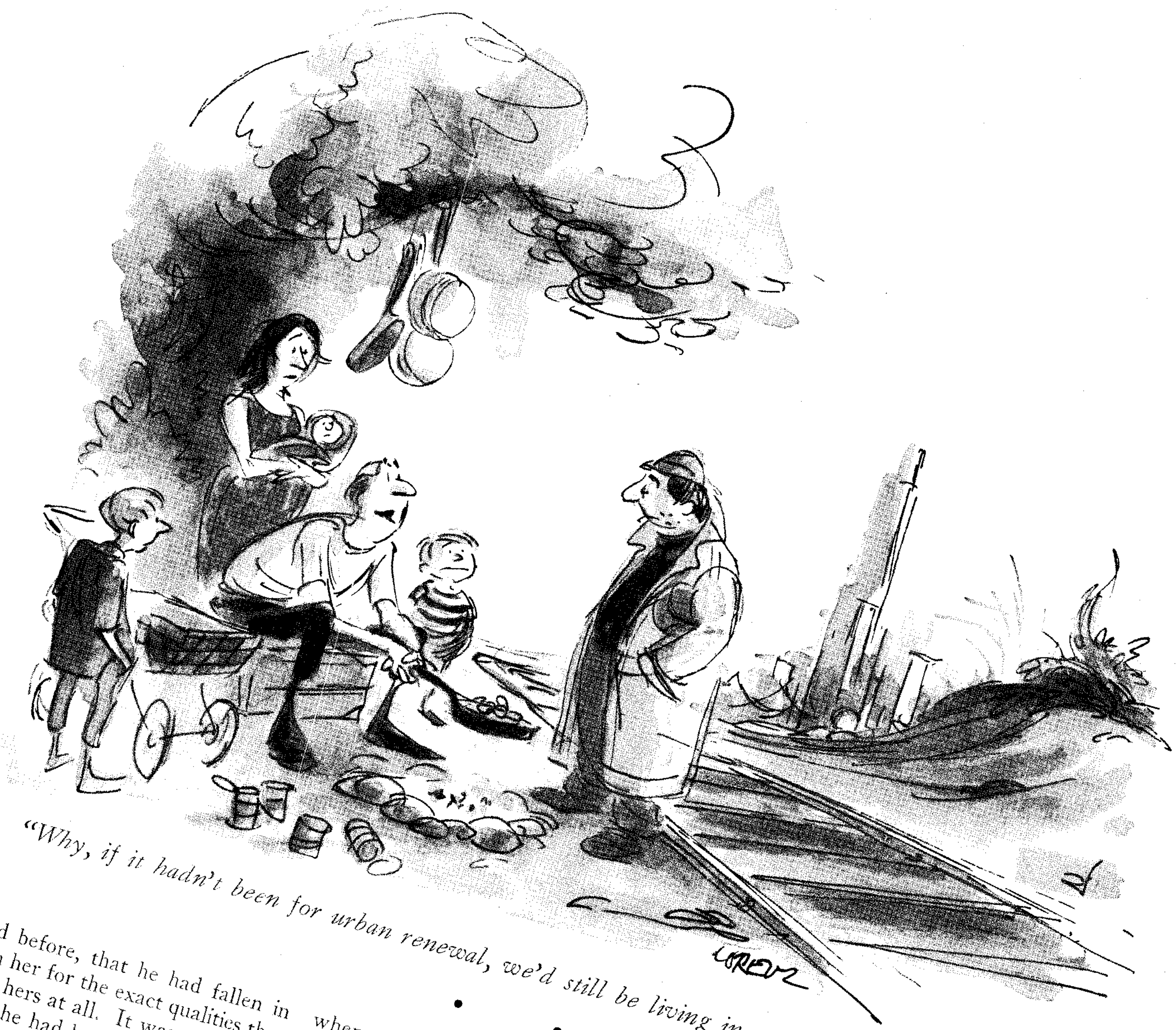
Still, he could not believe that even a human being as ineffectual as she had been could vanish from life without leaving any trace of herself at all. Any trace would be a sign that might guide him to the grief he wanted to suffer for her. But there was no sign.

HE got up from the chair and went and stood by her bed. It was narrow. He stood there as he had stood on her last morning. Of course, looking at her that morning, he had had no idea how bad she was. He had gone into her room when she had not turned up as usual at nine o'clock sharp with his breakfast tray, which he liked to have in his own room, by himself. He went into her room in his dressing gown and slippers, and she was lying there in bed doing nothing, not even looking, although her eyes were open, and he was so surprised to see her, it had been so long since he had seen her lying in bed, that he said, "What are you doing in bed, Rose?" And she said, "Nothing." Her voice had been perfectly normal. He started to make some little joke that would lead him around to reminding her of the breakfast tray, when she said, in the same perfectly normal voice, "I have a terrible pain in my chest." And the minute she had said those words he felt the pain in his own chest, but with him it was not new but too familiar. He had often told her that pain was familiar to him, and here it was now again, his message from that treacherous old heart of his that was going to be the death of him someday, and he put his hand up to his own chest and said, "Will I call the doctor? He can have a look at me too as long as he's here." But Rose had not answered him. Instead, she began looking at him, and her eyes that he had always considered frightened and not direct, even furtive, preoccupied and worried—those shaded green eyes suddenly seemed to belong to her, as though she had taken command of them for the first time, and was asserting her right to see for herself, and to look, and not to look at just anything but to look at everything, and then to choose what she really wanted; not that she would not see all the rest, but that she would look at and possess what responded to her, and if what responded was joy she would look at joy, and if what responded was pain, then she would look at pain, and if what responded was cruelty she would look at cruelty, until cruelty, like pain and joy, turned again and turned again and turned at last to show her what she had chosen to see in the first place, a face that was disposed to smile on her, eyes that seemed to recognize her, a heart that was inclined to value her, and hands that knew her but that wanted her just the same, just as she was, whatever she was.

She had lain there looking at him like that, and still she had not answered his question, and he said again, still stroking his dressing gown over his heart to signify his pain, "Will I call the doctor then, or not? I think I'll call him anyway, for myself. Do you want me to call him?" And Rose had said, "Yes." "Yes," she said, and the one word came out quickly, like a sigh or a laugh, like a sound of recognition and acceptance and mockery. "Yes," she said, but only once, as though she was finally giving in to something and accepting something that she had not wanted to give in to or accept yet.

He had gone then and called the doctor, and he had sat down in the sitting room to wait, and he had wished there was someone to bring him a cup of tea, and of course, when the doctor arrived and went into the room, all there was left to say was that it was over for Rose.

Now, Mr. Derdon thought, there was no use staying in that room any longer. There was nothing to be found there. He opened the door and went out into the hall and he left the door open behind him. His sister and the woman who cleaned could go in there now and do what they liked in the way of tidying up and sorting out her clothes and the rest of it. He didn't care what they did. He went into the kitchen and looked around, and then he left the kitchen and stood in the hall a minute, and then he went into the sitting room and sat down in his chair by the fire. He was too tired to read, and too tired to think, but he could not stop himself thinking. It was all a mystery, where their life together had gone, or why they had come together in the first place. He remembered the night he asked her to marry him. They were standing together on a small stone bridge that overlooked a river outside the town where she lived. He had not intended to ask her that night—he had meant to keep her wondering a little longer, not to let her get too sure of herself—but all of a sudden he turned to her and said, "I thought we might get married." She continued looking down into the flowing water and she did not answer him. He said, "I was wondering if you had thought of me at all." Still she said nothing and had not raised her head. Then he said, "Rose, please, for God's sake, will you marry me?" And she raised her head and looked at him—her eyes were still clear in those days—and she said, "Yes," and that was all she said. "Yes," she had said, in a voice that was definite and that at the same time seemed to have been forced out of her, as though she had wanted to say yes, and expected to say yes, but at the same time would have liked to put off saying yes for just a little while longer, just a little while. Her face, turned up to him that night, had been the face of one who finds herself fallen into the middle of a deep lake, and who does not know how to swim, but would rather hope for help than scream for it. "It was careless of me to fall into this deep water," her face seemed to say, "and I am all to blame for not having learned to swim, but even though I was stupid, not learning to swim, and even though the water is deep, I do not want to drown." And he had put his arms around her and told her he would always take care of her. Sitting by the fire now, thinking of that night, he found he could see her face quite clearly, as she had looked then. He could see her face, and in her face all the promises that her face had shown him, the promises that had not been fulfilled. Her walk, her step, had been brave and free and definite, and it occurred to him now,



"Why, if it hadn't been for urban renewal, we'd still be living in a crowded, filthy slum."

• •

as it had before, that he had fallen in love with her for the exact qualities that were not hers at all. It was not Rose's fault that he had been mistaken in her. She had shone at a distance, but close to she had ceased to shine. Still, she was gone, she had been good, and he wished he could miss her.

WHEN his sister returned home and found the door of Rose's room standing open, she hurried into the sitting room and confronted Mr. Derdon where he sat before the fire.

"I see the door of the room is open," she said.

"I thought it had been closed long enough," he said. "We can't make a shrine out of her room."

"Did you go into the room?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I went in there."

He looked up at her.

"There's nothing in there," he said, and he put his hands up in front of his face and started to cry. His sister started to cry, too, and she went out of the room and was back in a minute with a cup of tea for him. He refused the tea, and when she suggested calling the doctor he refused to see the doctor. He would not take his hands from his face and he would not get up and go into his bedroom and lie down and he would not do anything except cry. The tears hurt him. They hurt his chest and his eyes and they seemed to be tracing sticky wooden lines all over his face and neck and they hurt his brain and made it ache. The tears did not run down his face and away. They poured all over him and stayed on him and encased him, and when he tried to stop crying, because he was afraid he might smother in them, imprisoned in them, they poured out all the more and there seemed to be no end to them. The tears had him in a strait jacket, and he could not speak. Now that he could not speak, he wished he could speak, because he longed now to tell his sister the truth and have the matter cleared up once and for all. The tears hurt him and covered him with a pain that seemed to grow more unbearable every minute, but what hurt most of all was his inability to tell his sister that he was not crying for Rose, because he really and truly felt no grief for Rose, but that he was crying for the lack of grief, because surely poor Rose had deserved more than a casual dismissal from life, and that most of all he was crying simply and solely because he was sad. He was sad and he was crying, and that is all there was to it. But he could not speak to tell his sister that, and she continued to watch him, helpless with tears herself and murmuring about how happy Rose was in Heaven, and he could not speak to her to tell her that it was all only a masquerade and that he was only a sham of a man, and after a long time, when he finally got command of himself, it no longer seemed worthwhile to tell her, and the way it worked out he never told her, and never told anybody.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

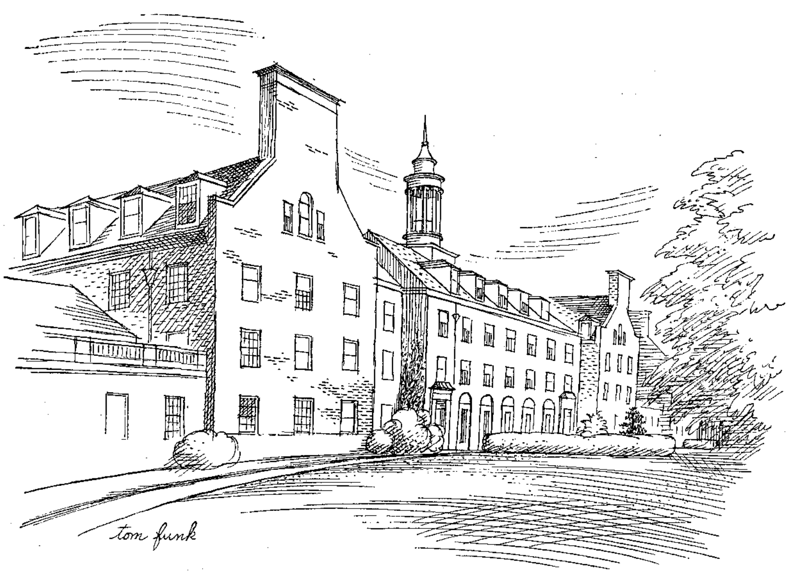
•

Order chicken cut into serving pieces. Clean as necessary. Wash, drain, and blot on absorbent paper. Place chicken in deep bowl. Mash in a mortar the garlic, oregano, salt and peppercorns. Add to rum, mixed with soy sauce. Pour over children.—*Ridgewood* (N.J.) *Record.*

Where's that oregano, Tootsie?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AN EDUCATION IN GEORGIA—III



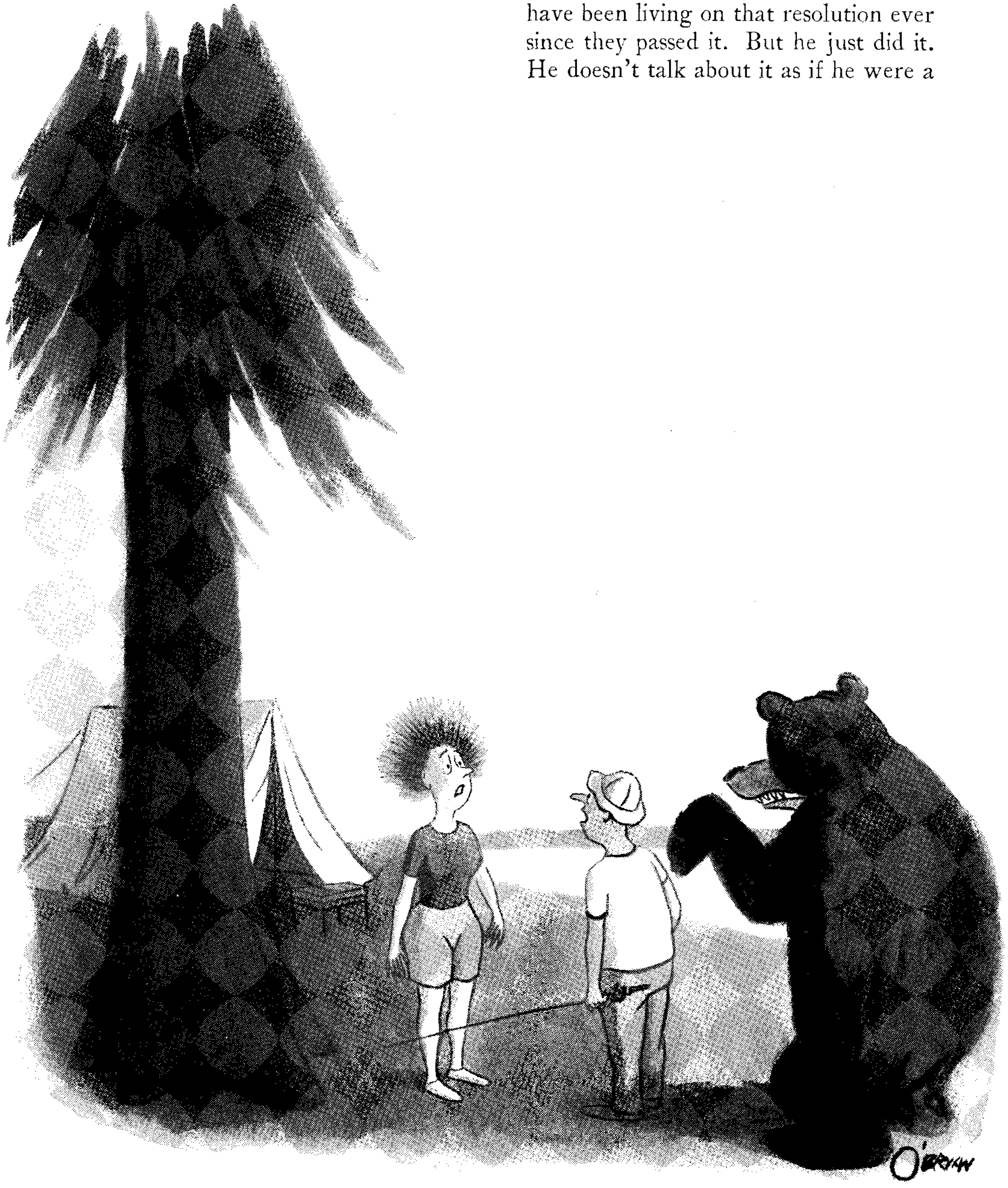
ONE morning this spring, during a visit I made to the University of Georgia, about ten weeks before the graduation of Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, who were the first two Negroes to attend a formerly segregated school in Georgia, I met Charlayne and Hamilton while they were waiting for their philosophy class to begin. As it happened, it was the first course they had taken together since they entered the university, as sophomores, in January of 1961. (During the year and a half it took them to get into Georgia after applying for admission, Hamilton attended Morehouse, a private Negro college in Atlanta, and Charlayne attended Wayne University, in Detroit.) As a reporter then based in Atlanta, I had covered the early, chaotic days Charlayne and Hamilton spent at Georgia—during which they were suspended "for their own safety" after a riot, and later reinstated, by federal-court order—and my return visit to Athens, the town in which the university is situated, was for the purpose of seeing how integration had worked out in the relatively quiet two and a half years since Charlayne and Hamilton became suddenly famous and almost as suddenly forgotten as the Student Heroes who desegregated the university. When I came upon Charlayne and Hamilton in the hall, they were both reading the *Red and Black*, the student newspaper, which the previous week had published a column calling Hamilton an alien. The new issue that Charlayne and Hamilton were reading included three letters about the column from graduate students and instructors, all of whom took sarcastic exception to the author's complaints that Hamilton, who was soon to make Phi Beta Kappa, was merely a superior student and took no part in extracurricular activities. "Look at this one here," Hamilton said. "I think this guy is our philosophy lecturer." The last sentence of that letter said, "To be a Negro is bad enough, but to be an intelligent Negro is unpardonable." Both Hamilton and Charlayne seemed greatly cheered by the letters.

The casualness with which they had applied for admission to a university that was likely to treat them as aliens—a casualness that still amazes Jesse Hill, Jr., the Atlanta Negro leader who originally encouraged them to apply—was explained to me by Hamilton a few days later. "I guess being first, the novelty of it, had something to do with it," Hamilton said. "But it was just something to do. If anybody had told me I would ever be here, I would have laughed. I didn't have the slightest idea I would ever come down here. They hadn't done anything like that in the South." After all, Horace Ward, the first Negro to apply to Georgia—in 1950—had spent years in court without ever seeing the Georgia campus. Although the University of Georgia had seemed like a tempting challenge to both Charlayne and Hamilton, not even Hamilton, who brought up the idea, had seriously believed that all the commotion would end up in their actual attendance there. Moreover, when they had finally considered the realities of being at Georgia, both had underestimated how long the unfriendliness would last. Neither had ever experienced constant hostility. Although Charlayne spent her early childhood in her mother's home town of Covington, not far from Athens, she had often lived on or near an Army base—her father was a chaplain—and had sometimes spent summers with relatives in New York. Hamilton had faced the limitations of a Negro in the South, it is true, but nowhere are those limitations better camouflaged than in the nearly self-sufficient Negro community of Atlanta—especially for an outstanding member of a prominent family. In Atlanta, Hamilton, as he once told me, was accustomed to saying hello to everybody he saw on the street, because almost everybody he saw on the street was a Negro who knew him. Both he and Charlayne had been remarkably successful at Turner High School, and at graduation they had had the optimism of seventeen-year-olds who have just conquered *their* world. Could any students fail to be charmed sooner or later by the engaging girl who had been named Miss Turner? Could people fail to respect Hamilton's abilities as an athlete and a student? "I really thought it would be broken down after two and a half years," Hamilton admitted. "It was nice to see those letters in the *Red and Black*, and several people came up to me in class about it. It was nice to see people speaking out. But it's a little late. We're about ready to leave."

Charlayne had been even more optimistic than Hamilton. "I thought there would be a coolness for a couple of weeks, but I never thought it would last forever, and in some ways it has," she told me. It amazed me to discover that the warnings that Charlayne and Hamilton had received from their original advisers as to what a Negro could expect at Georgia had failed to puncture their teen-age euphoria. Most of the other Negro students I had met in the South had been engaged in sit-in movements; they had had a fierce consciousness of their role, and a knowledge that they would get better treatment from whites only if they demanded it. Moreover, a recent report by Dr. Robert Coles, a Boston psychiatrist who had been studying the psychological effects of integration, stressed the fact that the nine Negro teen-agers who integrated the Atlanta public schools in the fall of 1961, while they were relatively uninformed on other aspects of current affairs, had a detailed and graphic knowledge of racial incidents; for example, they had a vivid recollection of watching the Little Rock mobs on television, even though they were only about eleven at the time. But the burning interest in civil rights among Negro students, Charlayne told me, had started quite suddenly in February, 1960, after the first sit-in in Greensboro, North Carolina. She reminded me that there had been no previous indications of student unrest, and that students had certainly not always been in the forefront of the integration movement. Negro students in the South might have increasingly resented not being able to have a Coke in a place where they were spending their money for other goods, but before 1960 they showed no sign of believing that they could do anything about the situation themselves.

Charlayne and Hamilton were twelve when the Supreme Court ruled segregation unconstitutional, fourteen when Autherine Lucy briefly attended the University of Alabama, fifteen when United States paratroopers were ordered into Little Rock. When they first applied to Georgia in 1959, Charlayne said, they had no vivid recollection of those events. "What people don't realize," Charlayne went on, "is that the sit-ins happened all of a sudden and nobody talked about the problem before then. For instance, after we applied, people said, 'Keep your mouth shut; that's how they got Autherine Lucy.' So I thought, O.K., I'll keep my mouth shut and I won't end up like Autherine Lucy. Negro kids in Atlanta don't read the papers. Kids in Detroit were more interested in civil rights than we were; at least, they talked about them more. I never thought much about a commitment to civil rights until the summer of 1960, when I got back from my freshman year at Wayne and all my buddies were going to jail. That's when I started writing for the *Inquirer* [a militant Negro weekly in Atlanta]. I wanted to go to jail, too. I thought that what I was doing, even if it might be just as important eventually, was not active enough. But I said to a friend at the time, 'Isn't it funny that things like this never really mattered to us until now?' Not one-tenth of one per cent of those kids in the sit-ins gave a rap about the whole business before then. For that brief period of time, I got interested in the Cause, but now I'm fed up with causes. I'm not here for any cause. I can't even say it's my contribution, as some people say. I'm just here because I'm here. It was an interesting thing to do, and, after Wayne, I figured I'd started it so I'd finish it. Maybe it would have been better if Hamp and I had just come to Georgia cold instead of going somewhere else first. We wouldn't have known what we were missing. But this way I guess we got a little bit of college life we wouldn't have had otherwise."

There was little evidence that Charlayne was really fed up with the Cause. She had continued to write articles for the *Inquirer*, often on such subjects as overcrowded conditions in segregated schools; she had met with Negro high-school students in Atlanta to encourage them to apply for transfers to white schools; and she often expressed her admiration of what was being done by people like Mrs. Constance Motley, the Negro N.A.A.C.P. attorney who had helped win the case that admitted Charlayne and Hamilton to Georgia. But she *was* fed up with talking about the Cause, or being considered its personification. She disliked conversations that dwelt on her role as one of the first Negroes at Georgia, and anybody who offered her advice on how one of the first Negroes at Georgia should act or presented her with a careful plan for desegregating a university facility was almost certain of being put down in her book as a "goody-goody." By the start of her last quarter at Georgia, her closest friend on the faculty was Joseph Schwartz, a young art professor, who, the day after the riot, had been one of the organizers of a faculty resolution that called for the reinstatement of Charlayne and Hamilton. "Out of all the people who prepared that resolution, Joe Schwartz was the only one who didn't have tenure," she said. "That took a lot of guts. But he didn't make a big thing out of it. Some of these people have been living on that resolution ever since they passed it. But he just did it. He doesn't talk about it as if he were a



"Mildred, what have you done to your hair?"

hero.” Schwartz and Charlayne, both perhaps wary of being a goody-goody, did not come to know each other until Charlayne had been at Georgia for a year and a half. Then one of her friends, a graduate art student who had been in the Students for Constructive Action, a group of students who had tried to help Charlayne and Hamilton during their first days at Georgia, told her that Schwartz would like to do her portrait, and eventually they met. “We had more fun the first day I sat,” Charlayne said. “We both felt we had to talk about the Issue, but we just wanted to get it out of the way, so we could talk about other things. And I didn’t mind talking about it. He told me a lot of things I hadn’t known about how the professors got up the resolution and everything, and he didn’t make a big thing out of it. It’s funny. My mother had kept mentioning this gray-haired lady who was at the trial and was so nice and had said she was a professor’s wife. And I didn’t find out until last month, when I went over to the Schwartzes’ for dinner, that the lady was Mrs. Schwartz, who is prematurely gray.”

Although many of Charlayne’s friends were active at Westminster House, the campus Presbyterian organization, she was not attracted by the race-relations discussions that were held there during her first year by the Reverend Hardin W. (Corky) King, then its minister. “Everybody over there talked as if everything was all good or all bad,” she said. “They kept making statements that started with ‘you people.’ There is a lot of Cause talk that I don’t believe in, and I just never felt I could be a human being over there. I told them I get tired of causes, and they were shocked. They always have to have these elaborate plans of attack; nothing is dramatic enough otherwise. I didn’t figure I was adding much to the discussion, and I felt much better when I left. As long as people make you out to be a perfect person, it’s hard to be a perfect person. Our being here is a great thing; it must be. But some things about it aren’t great, and it’s silly to pretend they are.”

“That’s what’s going on inside me, Geraldine.”

The experience Charlayne, a Catholic convert, had with the Newman Club, the campus Catholic organization, was also unsatisfactory. “It was kind of phony,” she said. “Well, not phony, but there was nothing for me to do. For one thing, a lot of people were there to find a girl friend or a boy friend, and they kind of paired off. I danced with white boys a couple of times at parties, and it wasn’t exactly a hit. They were going to have another party, and it was at a private club, and there was talk about whether I would want to go. I wasn’t going to go, and cause them any trouble, but I do think they could have had the party someplace where I *could* go. Then, the first fall, there was this boy from New York, who was running for secretary, and he asked would I be his campaign speaker. I asked the priest did he think I would hurt the boy’s chances, and he said no, so I did it. I spoke more on the principles of Newmanism than on the boy’s qualifications, because he didn’t really have any. But anyway he won. I’d told him I would have to meet with him before the speech, to learn something about him, so he said, ‘Let’s meet in the dining hall for dinner.’ He started eating dinner with me every night; I would come in about six o’clock, and he would come over to my table. One day, my adviser in the dean’s office called me and said she’d heard I was dating a white boy and she didn’t think it was a good idea. I told her I wasn’t dating any white boys, but he stopped having dinner with me anyway. I think he was under a lot of pressure—threats and things. I got the impression he’d been looking for trouble; for instance, he would make smart remarks to the other boys as we left the dining hall. He left a note in my car one day apologizing for not being able to see me any more. I saw him later and told him I thought the note was childish. Maybe that wasn’t fair; I couldn’t really blame him. But I just don’t have any sympathy for people who ask for trouble and then won’t take it.”

Charlayne, unlike Hamilton, had a

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We lose.

Everybody (in our business, anyway) is much impressed by a recent study of magazine audiences by W. R. Simmons and Associates Research, Inc. 37 magazines were dissected, and we have to admit that in some cases BUSINESS WEEK lost and lost badly.

For instance, it turns out that BUSINESS WEEK is dead *last* among female readers. Among teen-age girls, only one magazine (Saturday Review) has fewer readers. We also rate poorly, very poorly, among the non-employed. Fewer of them read BUSINESS WEEK than read any other magazine studied.

We did win some *prizes*, however. (Thank goodness.) Simmons showed that we had more adult readers per copy than any other magazine in the study. We had the lowest cost-per-thousand for reaching the professional-managerial audience. We had the lowest cost-per-thousand for reaching corporate officers, directors, owners, partners, and general managers. In our own bailiwick, it seems we're doing fine. Now if we can only interest those female readers . . .

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few white friends at Georgia from the beginning. By and large, they were students who were not greatly concerned with the social pressure exerted by fraternities and sororities. The more overt forms of pressure, such as the threats received by Charlayne's friend in the Newman Club, were not common, especially after the first year or so. None of Charlayne's friends hesitated to have lunch with her on the campus or go with her to a university play, and the fact that Charlayne and a white boy often ate lunch together and rode around the campus together late in her senior year caused no serious commotion among the students. "It's hard to tell whether they're just more used to it or there's a degree of acceptance," one of Charlayne's friends, a graduate journalism student named Joan Zitselman, told me. "People are a little more polite this year, maybe. Maybe fewer remarks are made. I think more people are willing to know her on a personal basis. Last year, she was still the Negro Student. And I think people who associate with her do not have as much to lose as they did last year. But it's really hard to tell." Many of Charlayne's friends were students who, like Joan Zitselman, had belonged to the Students for Constructive Action, were active in Westminster House, and had been friendly from the start. Although some well-connected fraternity and sorority people were perfectly civil to Charlayne in class and on the campus, most of the people who ate lunch with her or rode around Athens with her or visited her in Atlanta were, in the words of one professor, "not the people in the mainstream." Mostly journalism or graduate students, some of Charlayne's friends were from Atlanta or the North, but some of them were from rural Georgia.

Since the number of places where Charlayne and her friends could go together was limited, they often ended up in the coffee shop of the Continuing Education Center, a large building the university maintains for meetings and conventions. "Sometimes we just ride around and around, because there's no place to stop," Charlayne told me. "The social scene is bad. I always have somebody to eat with and talk to, but there are limits. The times I feel most like an 'alien' is when they have a journalism conference at C.E. and afterward the journalism students break up and go to parties and I can't go. It's not as if I were an agriculture student; I'm a journalism student. Maybe Hamp's way is better. He just doesn't get involved. It's more frustrating for me, in a way. I get so involved that sometimes I get to thinking I'm human."

TOMMY JOHNSON, the business manager Charlayne had worked for, briefly, on the *Red and Black*, was one of the few students in the Journalism School who qualified as a big man on campus, having been the secretary-treasurer of both his junior and his senior class, the president of Sigma Nu, one of the leading fraternities, the commander of the university's R.O.T.C. battalion, and a member of all the most desirable honor societies. A tall, crew-cut boy from Macon, Johnson was at Georgia on a scholarship from his home-town paper, and I had first met him in the early days of integration, when he was helping the Macon *News* reporter cover the story. Since he seemed to be in a good position to assess "student opinion"—which, I realized, was probably a product of the minority at Georgia—I stopped in at his office at the *Red and Black* one evening this spring to ask him whether the column calling Hamilton an alien was typical of what most students thought.

"I guess it is," Johnson said. "The students have accepted the fact that the two of them are here—at least, they're not opposing it by physical means—but they're not one of the group. I don't think they'll ever be accepted in the social ring. At every Southern university, there will always be a hard core holding out against them. But, by and large, there's an apathetic attitude. Besides, people looked at Mississippi and saw that what happened there really brought a lot of discredit on the institution. At the start of the quarter, you do hear, 'How many this quarter?' People realize that they have the right to come here, but they resent that they're here. There's a tendency for students to say, 'I don't want to sit beside her,' because of what their friends might say. I don't have any hesitation about stopping and talking to Charlayne in the hall; I've done it several times. And a lot of people say hello on the campus."

I remarked that Charlayne still heard abusive remarks on the campus, and Johnson seemed quite surprised. Then I asked him what would happen if, because of some common interest, he might decide to have lunch with Hamilton Holmes, and he said, "I'd be ostracized pretty much. There would be numerous criticisms. There's an attitude of apathy toward their being here, but there's no real acceptance. I guess it's

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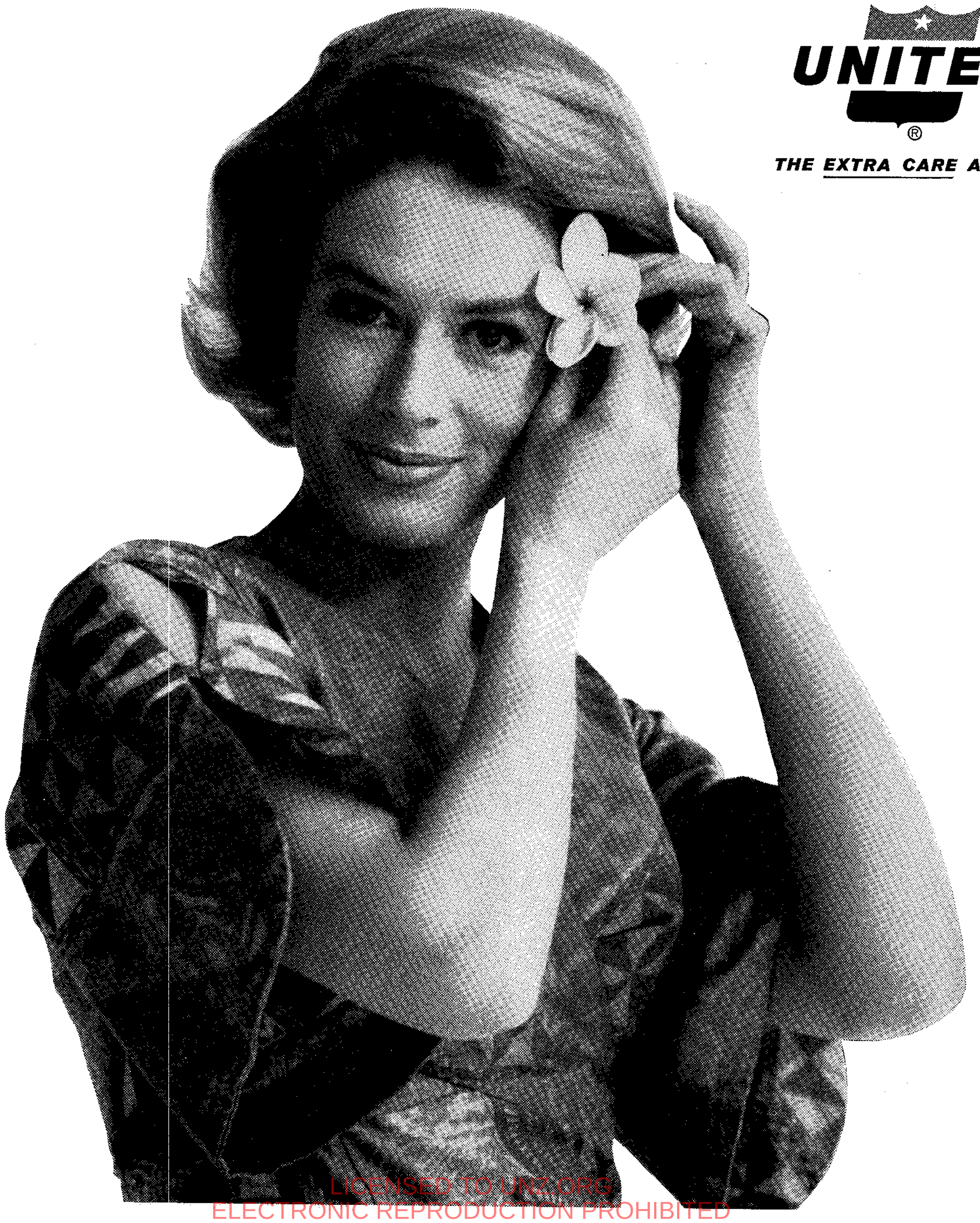

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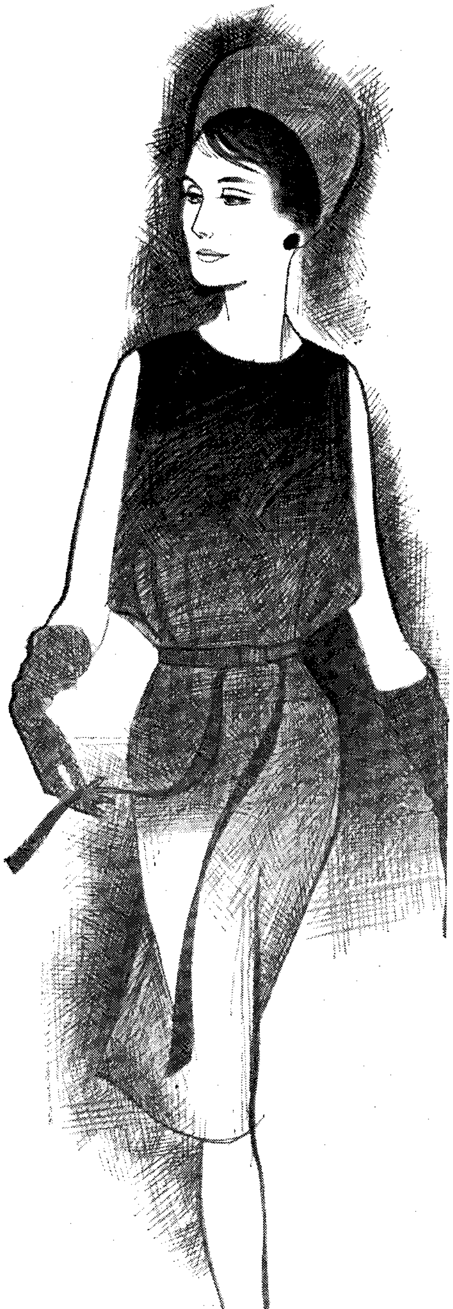
just the way we were all brought up."

Johnson nodded when I said I'd gathered that any student who didn't belong to a fraternity or sorority was not in the mainstream of the university's social life. "Your Interfraternity Council dominates the campus here," he told me. "It's the most powerful body. Every major officer is a Greek—the president of your senior class, the president of the student body. It seems like your top-quality people are Greeks."

Later that week, I met some of the top-quality people and some of the hard core at the same time, as a result of having suggested to Johnson that it might be instructive for me to spend an hour or two chatting with his fraternity brothers. Sigma Nu is a fraternity with strong small-town domination. When Hamilton spoke of "crackers," he often mentioned the Sigma Nus just after such fraternities as the dependably hostile A.T.O.s and, of course, the Kappa Alphas, who always flew the Confederate flag. ("They don't even take that flag in when it rains," Hamilton often said. "What a bunch of crackers!") The undergraduate who cast the first brick into Charlayne's room on the night of the riot was a Sigma Nu; he had later been suspended for his part in the riot and had been reinstated after a quarter's suspension. On the other hand, one of the fraternity's most famous alumni, Senator Herman Talmadge, had been quite cordial when Charlayne, out of curiosity, dropped in to see him during a visit to Washington the previous fall. In any event, the Sigma Nus who gathered around me in their living room late one night seemed, despite their rush-party kind of friendliness, as firmly determined to prove that they were segregationists as the law student who had told me two and a half years before, "The long arm of judicial tyranny is crushing us under the heel of its boot." It seemed obvious that they could not always have displayed as much emotion when the subject came up; otherwise they would have worn each other out in a month or two. Their opinions were a menagerie of clichés; there was the conspiracy of the N.A.A.C.P., the disloyalty of the Supreme Court, the equality of the flashy schools that had been constructed for Negroes in their home towns lately, even Scriptural admonitions against mixing with the hewers of wood. Although some of the carefully nurtured prejudices seemed sincere, the opinions themselves were not as strong as the compulsion to make them appear so for my benefit and each other's. The ritual of making a show of opposing integration, so widespread



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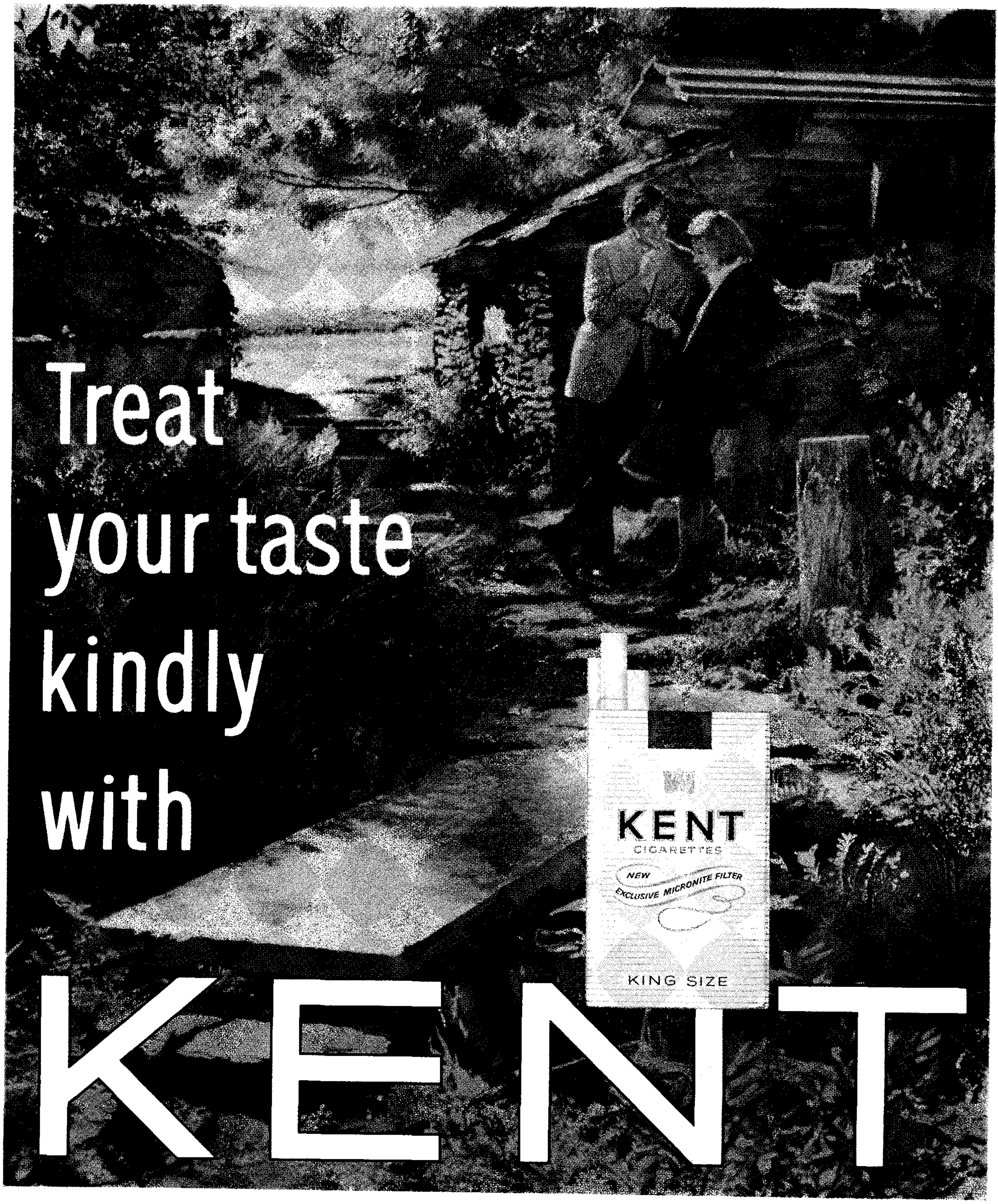
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among state officials at the time of Georgia's desegregation, was, I concluded, in full bloom in the younger generation. Still, one involuntary sign of progress kept creeping out. Most of the clichés followed a clause like "We may not be able to do anything about it, and I'm sure not going to risk my neck trying, but . . ." or "All right, they have a legal right to be here, but . . ." Nobody in the Sigma Nu house had been granting that right in 1961. Although the admission made the clichés sound even feebler, it confirmed the theory of William Tate, dean of men, that the boys who thought they could do something about clearing the campus of Negroes were gone. One Sigma Nu actually offered the opinion that if Hamilton Holmes did better on the college boards than he did, Hamilton Holmes deserved to be admitted to Georgia before he was. The speaker was slightly drunk, and his fraternity brothers, having booed him, assured me that he didn't realize what he was saying.

About the only cliché that the Sigma Nus forgot—that "you can't legislate morality"—has often been cited by those who maintain that a traditional system of segregation cannot be ended by a court order. In fact, in the South since 1954 the pattern has been exactly the opposite, and the University of Georgia turned out to be no exception. Even the self-conscious chorus of Sigma Nus accepted the right of Charlayne and Hamilton to attend the university—a right that did not, of course, depend on their acceptance. Most of the students had apparently got used to seeing Charlayne and Hamilton on the campus, without caring much one way or the other, just as most people in Atlanta, Savannah, and Macon had got used to seeing Negroes ride in the front of formerly segregated buses and use formerly all-white libraries and lunch counters. Some students at Georgia—the members of Charlayne's summer-session classics course, for example, who were suddenly confronted with a more than equal Negro—were forced to change some of their views by the fact of integration. And a few, at first wanting an open university more than they wanted segregation, then appalled by the riot staged in the name of segregation, then feeling a certain amount of natural sympathy for people in a lonely spot, eventually went beyond the view that Charlayne and Hamilton were at Georgia because of some narrow and unfortunate legal right, and began to believe that they should be there.

Many of the students in the last category were members of the Westminster Disciplined Study Community, a group

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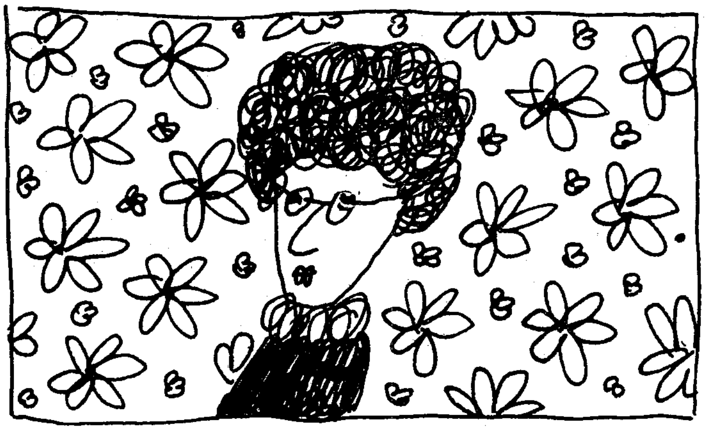

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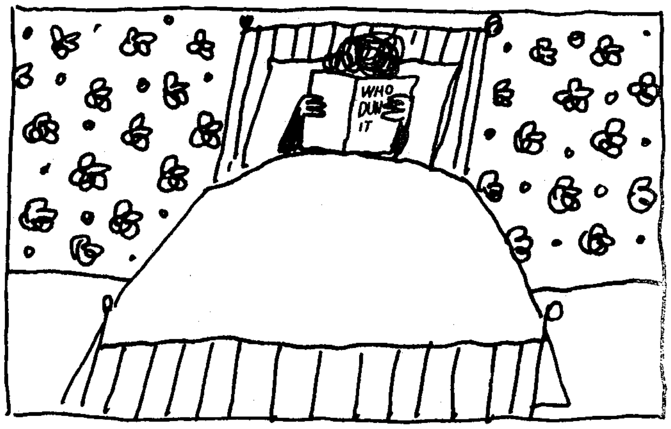

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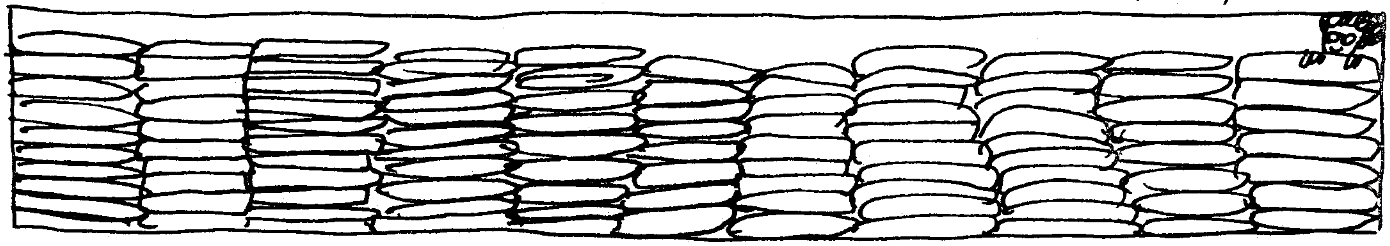

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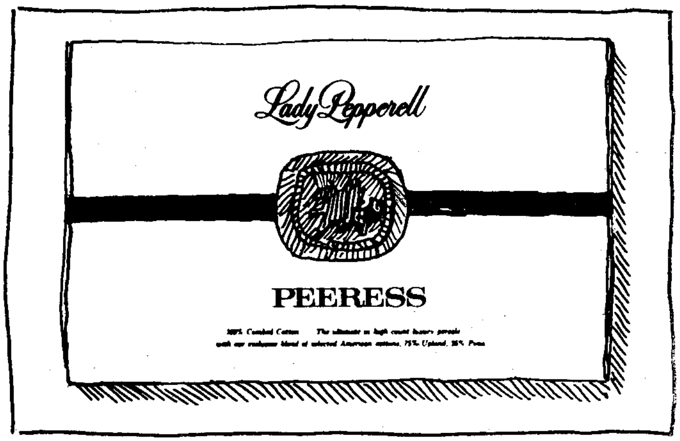
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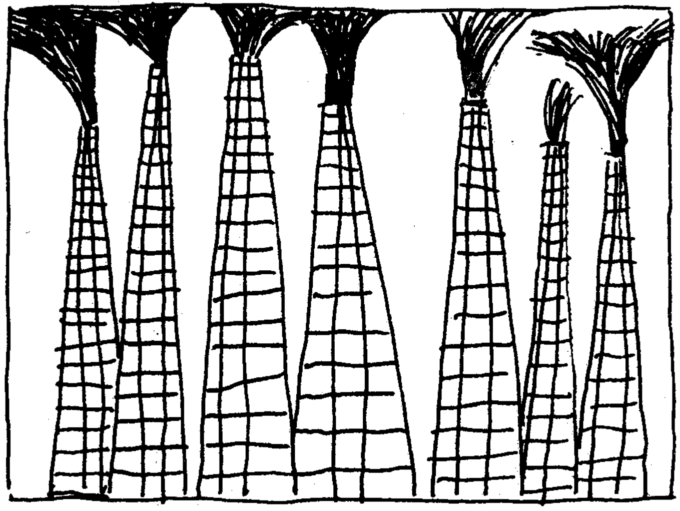

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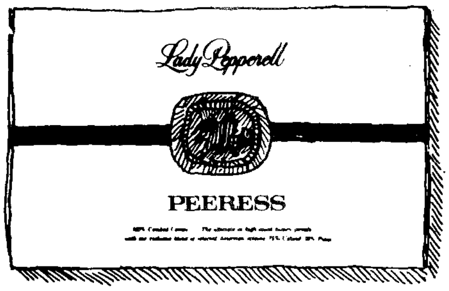

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who met at Westminster House every weekday morning at seven-fifteen to discuss religion and related subjects. About the only member of the group who was also influential in the Greek establishment was Winston Stephens, a former president of the Women's Student Government Association, a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, and the daughter of Robert G. Stephens, who represents Athens and the surrounding area in Congress. Winston, a tall, thin, thoughtful girl, was also in Charlayne's honors seminar, and after the class one day I arranged to meet her for a talk about how the white students had reacted to integration. She agreed with Tommy Johnson on the attitude of most students. "People don't notice as much if they see Charlayne or Hamilton on the campus," she said. "But they'll remark on it if they have a class with them—especially if they think it will mean some physical contact. One of my sorority sisters has a physical-education class in folk dancing with one of the Negro freshmen, and she's quite upset about it. I don't think the attitude has changed in respect to integration. Most people feel they're here, and nothing can be done. There's no pressure against being normally friendly. I always say hello to Charlayne. I sat down in the library to study with her the other night and nobody said anything. We're in that seminar together now, so I'll probably be seeing her more. Sometimes, when something happens—like when I heard at Westminster this week about a boy who was threatened because he ate with the two freshmen—I'm so shocked, because I get so I think that kind of thing is over."

I asked Winston what the reaction would be if she had lunch with Charlayne.

"It would depend on who saw it," she said. "A sorority sister of mine, who was head of Women's Student Government when Charlayne came, was asked to escort her to one or two places, as part of her official duties, and she got a lot of criticism. The sorority members feel that what one member does reflects on the whole sorority. Even if people don't remember the girl's name, they can usually identify the group. I'm afraid we classify by groups here."

I got the impression that whereas Tommy Johnson hadn't considered the idea of having lunch with Hamilton, Winston would have lunch with Charlayne if she felt like it, and I was curious about how she managed to maintain her connection with the slightly suspect Westminster group, which, after all, included a Negro, and still preserve her standing in a society so conscious of

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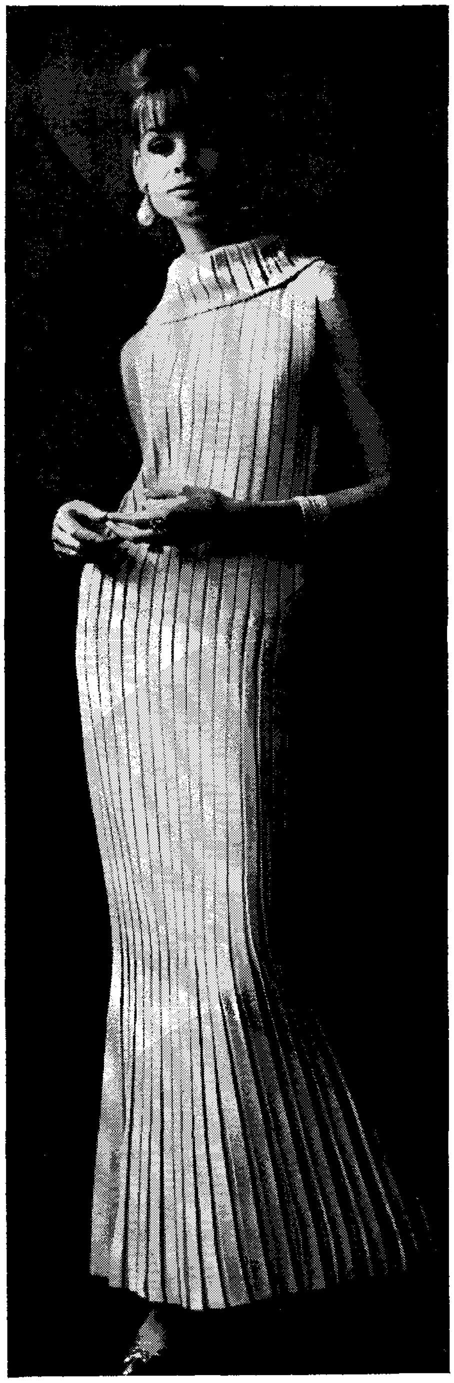

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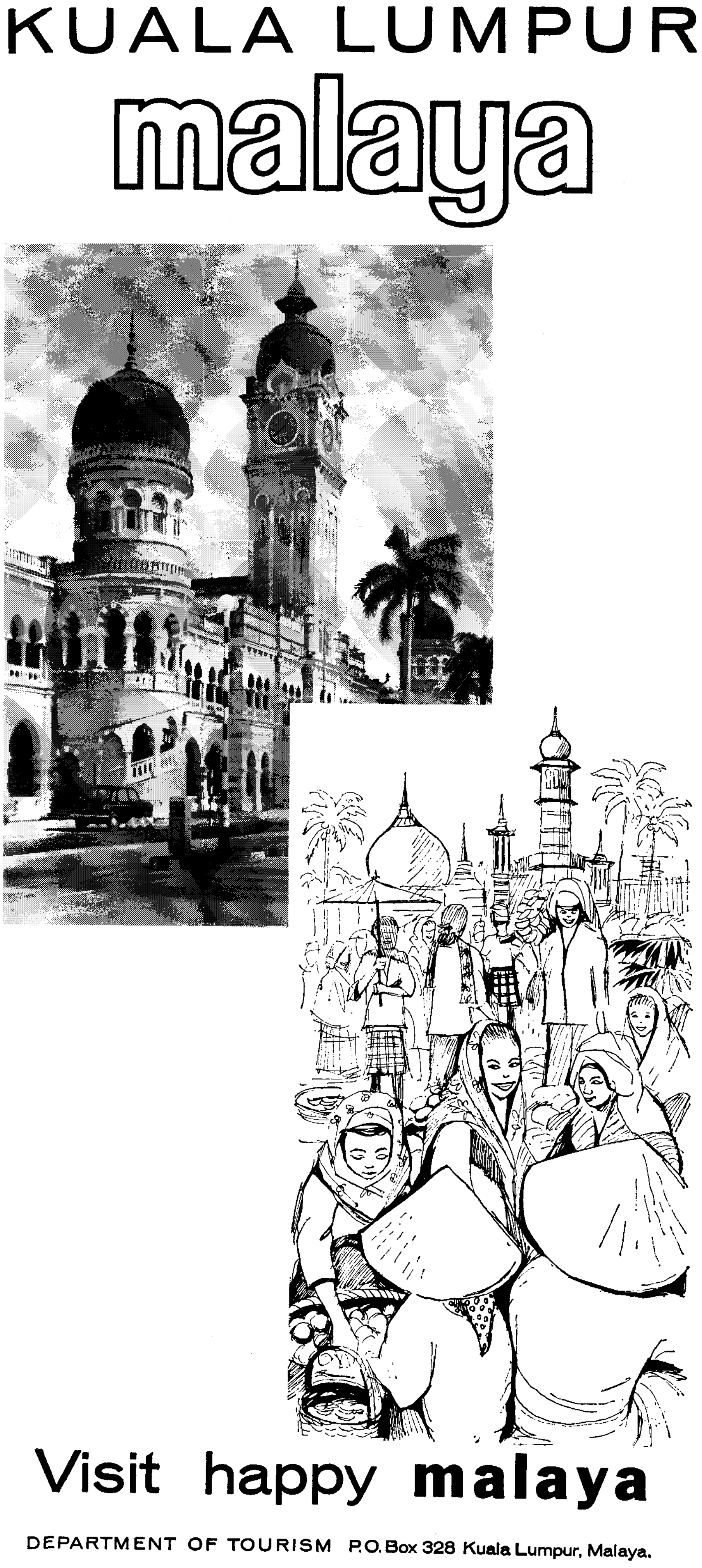
the group that the deviation of one sorority member cast a stigma on the whole sorority. "It doesn't come up too often," Winston said when I asked her about this. "I avoid talking about it. People know I go there, but nobody says much. I suppose I'm not ready to make a public declaration about it all. It's a personal thing. I think I don't say much about it because of my family, but maybe that's an excuse. I feel good sometimes that Charlayne and Hamilton are here. Everybody raised in the South has to go through a time of getting used to the change in status, and I think the earlier in your life you do it the better off you are."

WHITE students who did want to see Charlayne and Hamilton socially were handicapped by limited entertainment facilities in Athens, for, even though Athens is one of the most progressive small cities in Georgia, the court order desegregating the university naturally did not desegregate the town. In the South, the normal Chamber of Commerce method of nicknaming a city is to claim that it is the Southern version of some other city, so Atlanta is the New York of the South, Birmingham is the Pittsburgh of the South, New Orleans is the Paris of the South, and Nashville, which has a neo-Greek state capitol, an exact replica of the Parthenon not far away, and a university that is occasionally called the Princeton of the South, is the Athens of the South. Since this method might have left Athens, which actually *is* the Athens of the South, with a redundant title, headline writers in Georgia long ago settled on "the Classic City" as a sobriquet. But there is little about Athens that is classic, whether the term is taken to apply to ancient Greece or the Old South. The town does not have the traditional town square built around a county courthouse and a Confederate monument. It does have some beautiful ante-bellum houses, a sprinkling of commemorative plaques, and a pleasant history that has always been intermingled with that of the university it was founded to house. Athens, which now has a population of about forty thousand, has never been a mill town, and its leaders, who often, through family ties, if not through actual employment, consider themselves "university people," have, in a comparative sense, usually led wisely. The atmosphere became more cosmopolitan after the Second World War, when three or four northern firms established plants nearby, one of them, a Westinghouse factory, moving in seventy-five families—executives and technical people—from Pennsylvania. In 1959, Athens acquired one of the state's first active chapters of HOPE (Help Our Public Education), which worked to keep schools open long before that effort was made almost respectable by the report of a state commission recommending that each community be allowed to decide whether or not to close its schools rather than desegregate. One of its organizers, a former city attorney and part-time Georgia professor, whose ancestors include a president and a chancellor of the university, was recently elected Superior Court judge for the area. Clarke County, which is almost entirely Athens, has always had one of the most liberal voting records in the state. (In fact, the men who control Athens tend to be more enlightened politically than the men who control the university. The University System Board of Regents is composed of one member from each of Georgia's ten congressional districts and five members from the state at large, all appointed, for staggered terms, by the Governor. The best-known regent is Roy Harris, who for years has been Georgia's most vocal racist and who was formerly a political power in the state. Although Harris was discredited throughout most of Georgia even before he made an abusive phone call to President O. C. Aderhold the night Charlayne and Hamilton were admitted to the university, he is probably more at home at a meeting of the Board of Regents than he would be in any Athens board room. In the 1962 primary campaign, when Carl Sanders made his bid for the gubernatorial nomination by promising "a new era in Georgia"—he was nominated overwhelmingly—eight of the fifteen regents appeared on the platform at the opening campaign rally for Marvin Griffin, a former governor, whose administration probably set state records for racism and venality. The Atlanta *Constitution* criticized the supposedly non-political regents for backing Griffin, whereupon their chairman—then Robert O. Arnold, a man who swore during the trial to desegregate the university that all he knew about a state law to cut off funds from integrated schools was what he read in the papers—asserted that several of the other regents were also for Griffin but had been unable to attend the rally.)

In the past few years, the white leaders of Athens, working with the Negro community, have quietly integrated the town's department-store lunch counters and its bus stations, and I gathered, from what people in Athens said, that the only reason more progress had not been made was that the city lacked a tough and effective Negro leadership to apply the pressure. Even before any move was made in the direction of desegregation, the attitude of the white community in Athens toward non-whites had been softened by the presence of foreign students at the university. They had begun coming thirty or forty years earlier, and when Charlayne and Hamilton started their senior year, a hundred and sixteen foreign students, from thirty-seven countries, were enrolled at Georgia. The largest lot—nineteen—was from Cambodia, which has an exchange program with the Agriculture School, whereby Cambodian students attend Georgia and Georgia professors teach in Cambodia. The second-largest—eleven—was from Syria, the Ford Foundation having established grants for Syrians who wish to study agriculture and rural education in Georgia, since Georgia is very similar to Syria in climate, geography, and soil, not to speak of politics. The university also had four students from India, three from the Philippines, and one or two apiece from Pakistan, Thailand, most of the countries in Europe and South America, and practically everywhere else except black Africa. Foreign students are always carefully looked after by the university, which makes a conscious attempt, sometimes successful and sometimes not, to integrate them into normal student life. As long as the dark-skinned students wear their native costumes, they can count on the hospitality of Athens. I had heard that Indian girls were advised to abandon any thought of switching from saris to American dress, but when I visited the foreign students' office at Georgia the assistant director said, "We usually don't have to tell them; they get the word." There was an uncomfortable situation several years ago when a particularly dark Sikh, moved equally by a natural desire to dress like his fellows and by the difficulty of getting turbans laundered in Athens, Georgia, declared a few weeks after he arrived that he was going to cut his hair and give up his turban. Concerned lest the Sikh be taken for an American, the foreign students' office prevailed upon another foreign student to remind him of how disappointed his father might be if the old traditions were flouted, and the Sikh decided to postpone his haircut. He finally did give up his turban the following fall, but by then he was known in Athens and everything worked out all right.

There have been few incidents in-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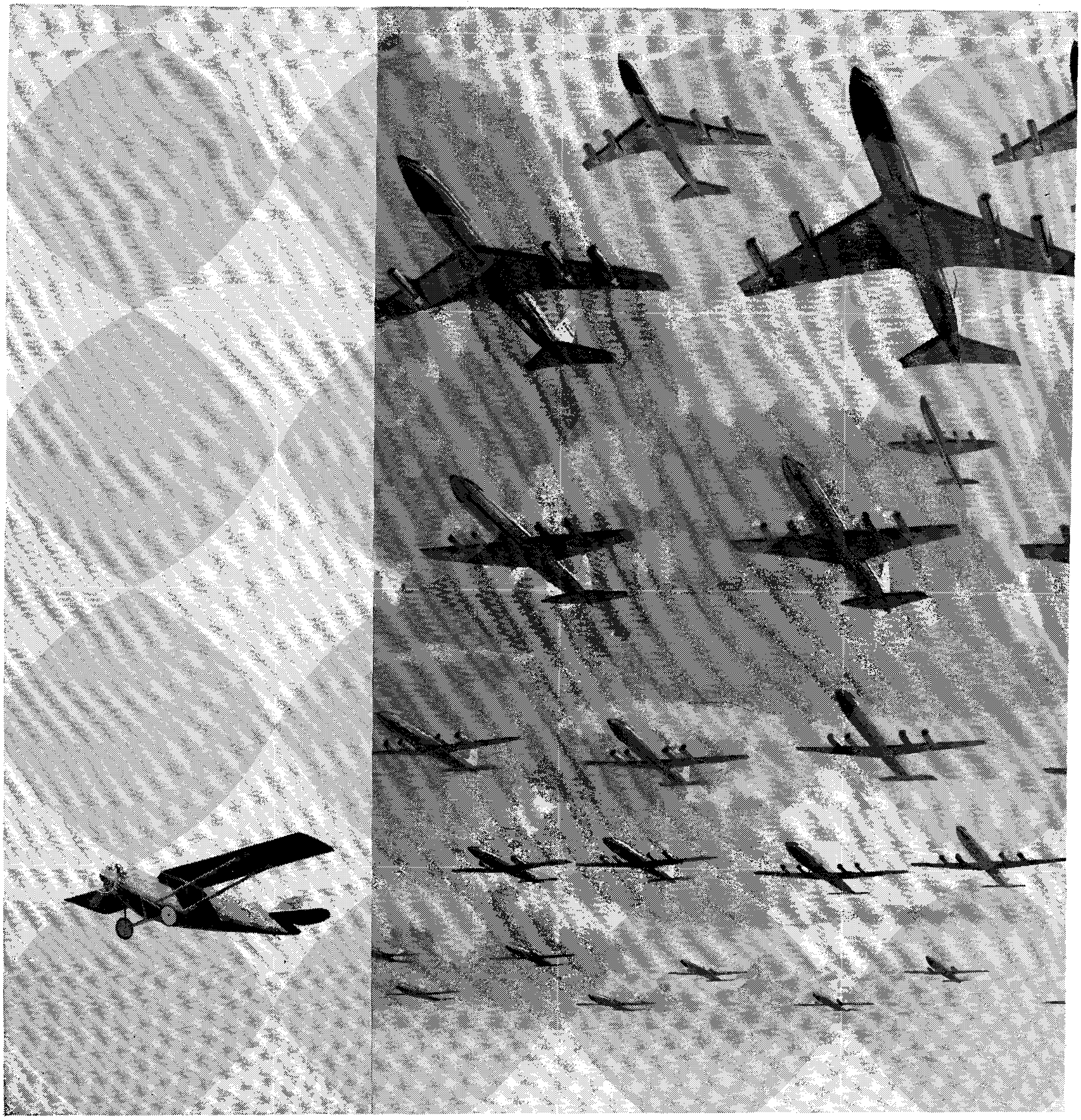

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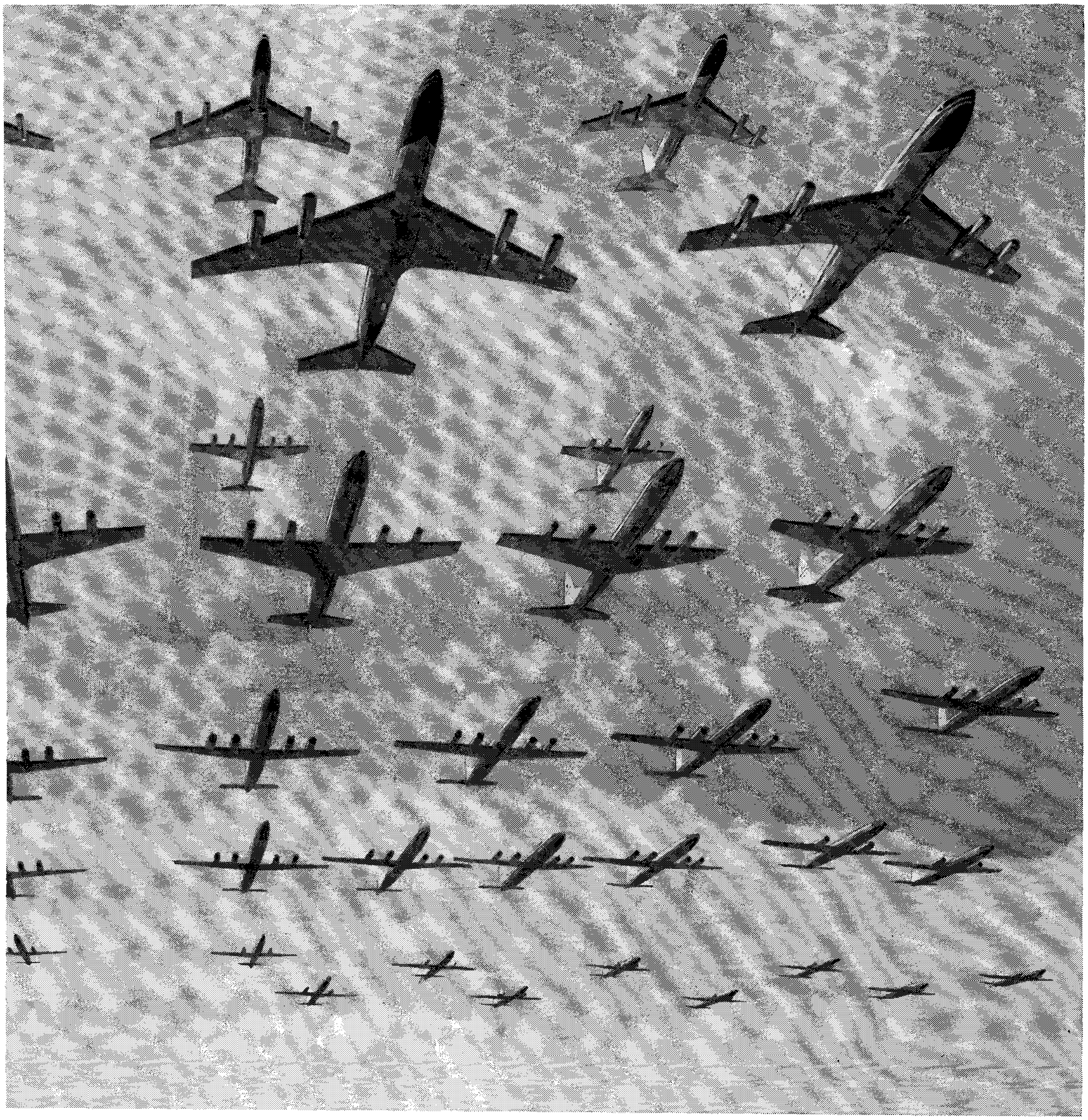

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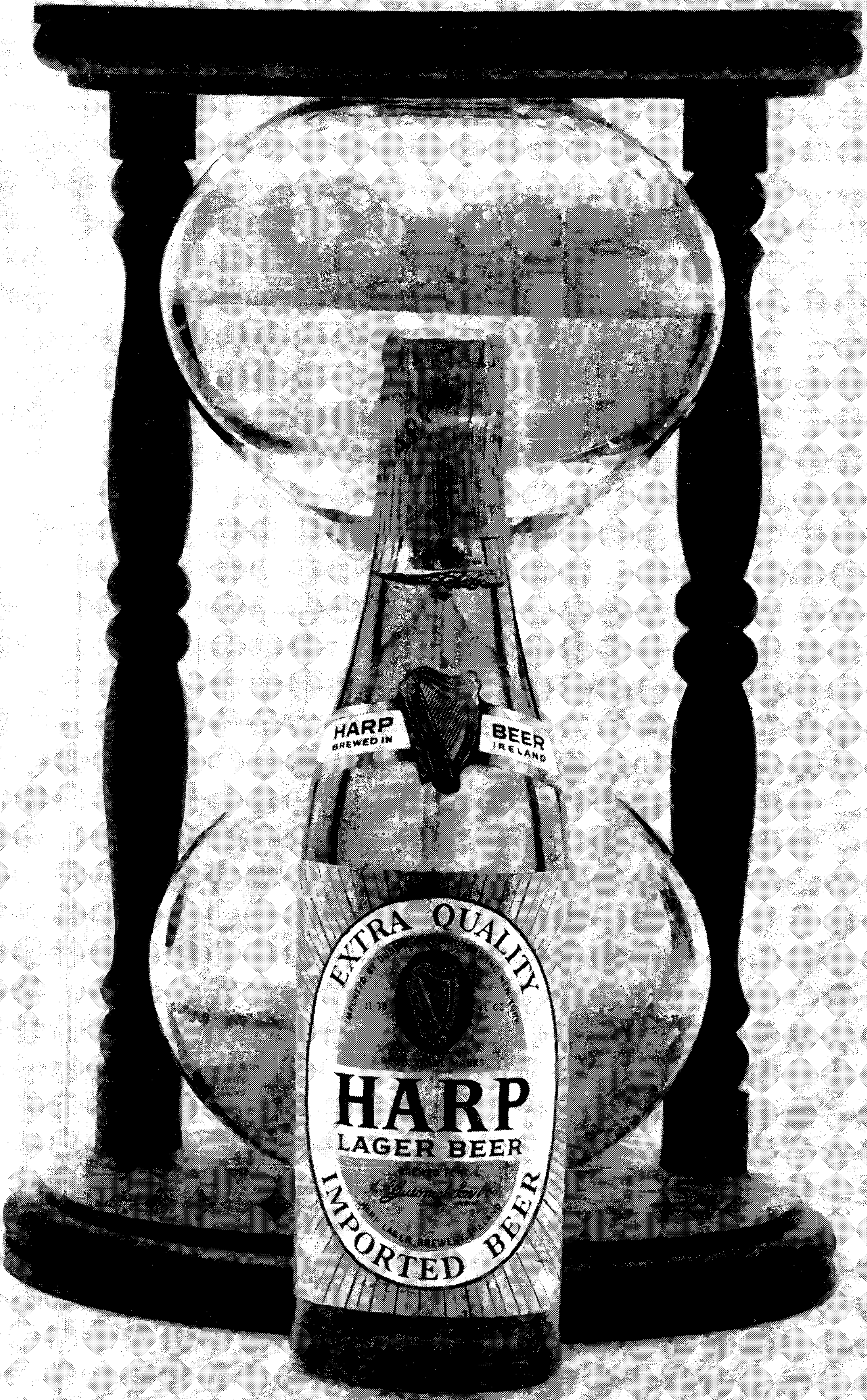
volving the foreign students, but despite their presence and the generally progressive record of the town, many places in Athens are *not* open to Negroes. Unless they put on a turban or a sari—something that Negroes in the South have done occasionally—the Negro students at Georgia can go to no movie theatres except one (the Harlem Theatre, which is, of course, for Negroes only) and to no restaurants and no beer parlors. Hamilton went to the movies at the Harlem Theatre occasionally, but Charlayne and Mary Frances Early, the first Negro graduate student at Georgia, quickly found that it was no place for girls. "We went once, but never again," Charlayne said. "They were screaming and yelling, and it was a filthy place. A cat and her kittens were wandering around in there. I wouldn't be surprised if the kittens were born there." Because the university is legally desegregated and the town is not, Charlayne and the girls could go to the snack bar in the basement of their dormitory, but not to the lunch counter on the ground floor of an apartment building right across the street. When Charlayne and Hamilton went to a football game, they sat in the senior section, while the Negroes from Athens sat segregated in a narrow band of seats called "the crow's nest." Still, Athens had not been totally unaffected by the presence of Negroes at the university. For one of her journalism courses, Charlayne observed the local magistrate's court for a week, sitting with a white boy in the courtroom, and she was treated with friendliness. She also ate occasionally at Woolworth's with white students after the desegregation of the lunch counter there. All the Negro students at Georgia made a point of using the main waiting room at the bus station. And the First Presbyterian Church, on many Sundays during the school year, included in its distinguished and conservative congregation of university faculty and Athens business leaders Harold Black, a Negro Baptist from Atlanta who was a freshman at the university.

Harold Black had originally gone to the First Presbyterian Church with some of his friends after a Sunday-morning Bible class at Westminster House, where he was a regular participant in its Disciplined Study Community morning meetings, its Wednesday-night seminars, its Sunday-evening supper programs, and just about anything else that was going on. In the first months of the university's integration, Westminster House had been the headquarters for the Students for Constructive Action and the scene of a lot of discussion about race relations, and Corky King, its minister during the first year and a half Charlayne and Hamilton were at Georgia, had on occasion become personally involved in the integration—accompanying Mary Frances Early to the dining hall after somebody had thrown a lemon at her, having Hamilton to dinner every Tuesday when he became dejected during his second spring at Georgia. On my recent visit, I found that the Westminster House seminars and study groups still provided about the only outlet for students who wanted to go deeper than fraternity-house conversations, and that Westminster was still the only place where a Negro was accepted without question. Westminster House is a big red brick building not far up the street from Center Myers and the Continuing Education Center. The first time I went there this spring—I was looking for Harold Black, but failed to find him, either in any of the seminar rooms or in the bright, spacious living room—I had a talk with its minister, the Reverend Roland Perdue, in order to find out how a Presbyterian society had happened to become the center of dissent at Georgia. Perdue is a friendly, muscular Atlantan who was an All-Atlantic Coast Conference tackle in 1954, when he captained the University of North Carolina football team. He said that Westminster had acquired its unusual role on campus mainly through his predecessors. The pastor who preceded Corky King was an outspoken liberal, and King was so active that in 1962, when he was encouraged to leave by the board—consisting of thirteen Athens and university Presbyterians—that watches over Westminster House, he was generally considered to be the only job casualty of Georgia's integration. But the board had hired King knowing perfectly well that he was just about as outspoken as his predecessor, and instead of finding a champion of caution to replace him, it had hired Perdue, who, when they asked him, said he did not believe in segregation. An influential Presbyterian in Athens later told me that the board, which was not entirely above suspicion itself among conservative Presbyterians, had no real objection to King's opinions but preferred a pastor who, unlike King, had had some experience with a congregation as well as with students, and who tended to start at theology and end up with social problems, rather than working the other way around. Also, my informant acknowledged, the board might have thought that Perdue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One sip of Harp and you, too, will be asking: "Ireland, what took you so long?"
Yes, Harp took a long while getting here.
Takes a long while to make, too. Harp is slow-brewed. Slow-brewed to go down gently,
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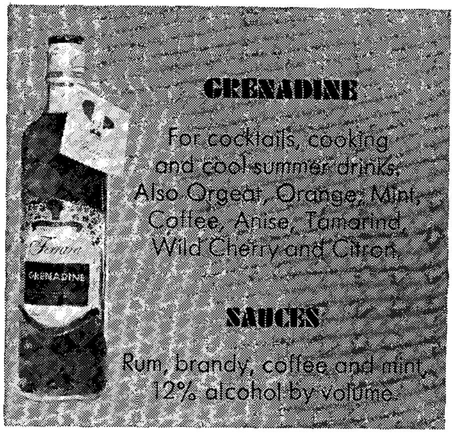

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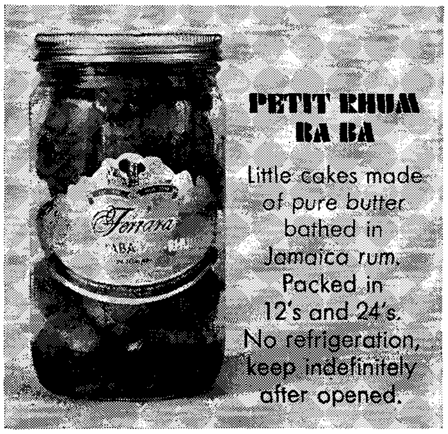

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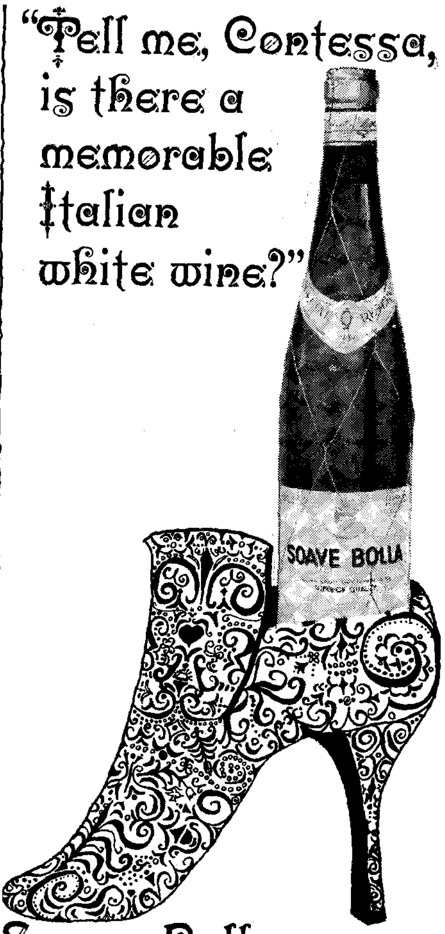
was a bit more moderate than he was.

Perdue could be called moderate if so many Southern businessmen, editors, and ministers had not used the word to mean not taking any stand at all. Although he believed that segregation was wrong, he had come to Georgia, he told me, as pastor to all the students rather than as a crusader, and he had not sought out Harold Black. But when Harold sought out Westminster, he was accepted as an unquestioned part of the group and became a good friend of Perdue's. The Georgia Westminster House had declined to attend a state conference of college Presbyterian groups held in segregated facilities in Covington, but, as Perdue had pointed out in a letter to the conference director, "*not* because the place is segregated but because we can not *all* freely go as a group." The distinction, Perdue thought, was important for a group that had gone beyond talking about Negroes to include one. "I think Harold is a lot less nervous than he was," Perdue said. "It's kind of a dead issue here. We often forget he's a Negro, and only realize it when we want to go to the theatre as part of the program, and realize we can't. I hope the time will come, of course, when Harold won't need Westminster as much as he needs it now. But until it does, we're here for the students. We don't have a sign out saying, 'Everybody welcome, especially Negroes,' but everybody *is* welcome."

It seemed obvious that if Corky King and his predecessor had not talked sympathetically about Negroes, none of the students frequenting Westminster House would have been likely to bring one along with him. But now, thanks to the two earlier pastors and to Perdue, Westminster appeared to be the one place at Georgia that had gone from conscious acceptance to near normality—to the point where it seemed almost natural for Black to go with the other students to the First Presbyterian Church one Sunday after Bible class. It may have seemed almost natural to the students at Westminster House, that is. To the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, the oldest church in Athens, it could not have seemed natural at all. At Perdue's suggestion, I went to see the minister there, the Reverend William Adams, to find out how his congregation had reacted.

THE First Presbyterian Church, which is known in Athens simply as First Church, was founded by Moses Waddell, an early president of the university, in 1820. It is an impressive granite fortress on Hancock Avenue, next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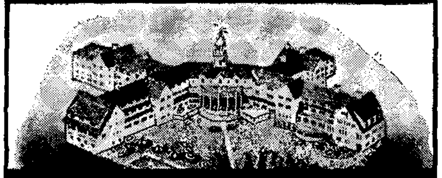

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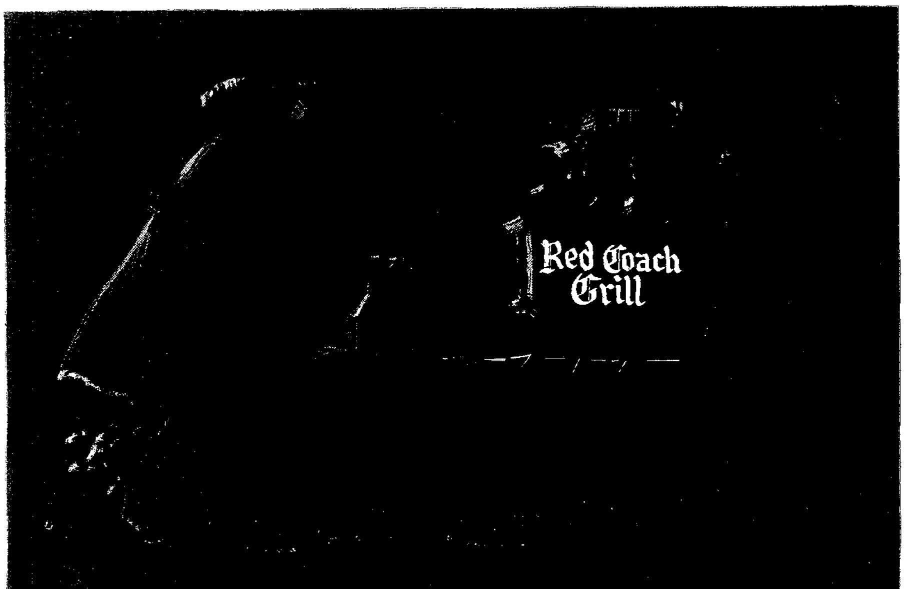
door to the Federal Building, where some of its members—among them the university Registrar, Walter Danner, who is an elder—had testified in the trial to desegregate the university. I met Adams, a young man from South Carolina, in his office late that afternoon. He told me that during the brief wave of kneel-ins two or three years before, many white churches in the South had decided what their policy would be if Negroes came to pray with them. The Session, or board of elders, of First Church had decided that all visitors would be seated as space allowed, and the policy had been reaffirmed the previous autumn, when Harold Black began to go to Westminster House and the possibility of his attending First Church occurred to Adams. "We haven't checked on this, but I think we're the first church in the Deep South to have a Negro worshipping with whites on a continuing basis," Adams said. "It's strange. The people thought it would come one Sunday with no warning, when a Cadillac with New York license plates would roll up and eight people would get out and say, 'We demand that you seat us.' They were relieved when it didn't happen that way, but now they say, 'Why couldn't we have had a kneel-in and had it over with?' Nobody got up and left conspicuously the first day, though some people in the back may have. We did have that happen with one family the second time he came. Some people don't come on the Sundays he's here. We have had people get as far as the vestibule and realize he was here and turn away. I don't think any remarks have been made to him. The real antagonism has been toward the students who brought him—some of them sons of our members. People used to complain that the students didn't come to church, and wonder how we could attract them. Now they're complaining that the students take all the seats. There was a lot of pressure to change the policy. Some people wanted to set aside a special place for him. But the policy was there and the Session has stuck by it. We've avoided a congregational meeting so far, and our attendance is about the same. What will happen during the building-fund campaign we've just started for a church addition I don't know. I get the normal abusive letters and phone calls. Or I suppose they're normal—I'll never look at it that way." He showed me an unsigned letter about the perils of intermarriage; it was written on the program of the previous Sunday's service. It surprised me that some members of First Church, all of whom appeared relatively



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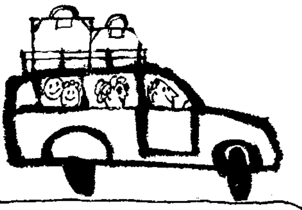

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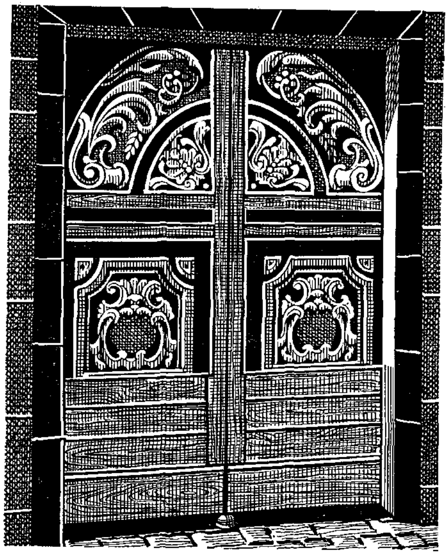

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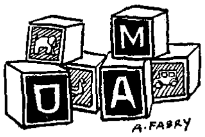
enlightened, having been well brought up and having long been publicly Christian, should be so strongly opposed to a Negro's attending services that they would write abusive letters to their own minister. "A majority of the people have accepted it but are not happy about it," said Adams. "Only a small percentage of the people believe that this is good or right. I'm only the eighth minister First Church has had, in a hundred and forty-three years. It wouldn't be easy to bring *any* strange element into this church. The people here tend to think in terms of what's coming next. Who else will come? Will there be a Negro member? Each step will present more complications. I did think they were making an adjustment, but last Sunday, when Harold sat next to a white girl from Westminster for the first time, it all started up again. By and large, though, I'm proud of our church and proud of our people. Even those who have argued in the Session against letting Harold come here have done so on the basis that it will hurt the church—that we'll lose donations, for instance. It's an argument among people whose first concern is for the church. Of course, the whole *purpose* of the church is to get people to come. But this thing is something we hadn't looked for. We've been caught, and it hasn't been easy. Still, everybody in the South is going to get caught sooner or later, and maybe they'll be able to see from our experience that things can be worked out."

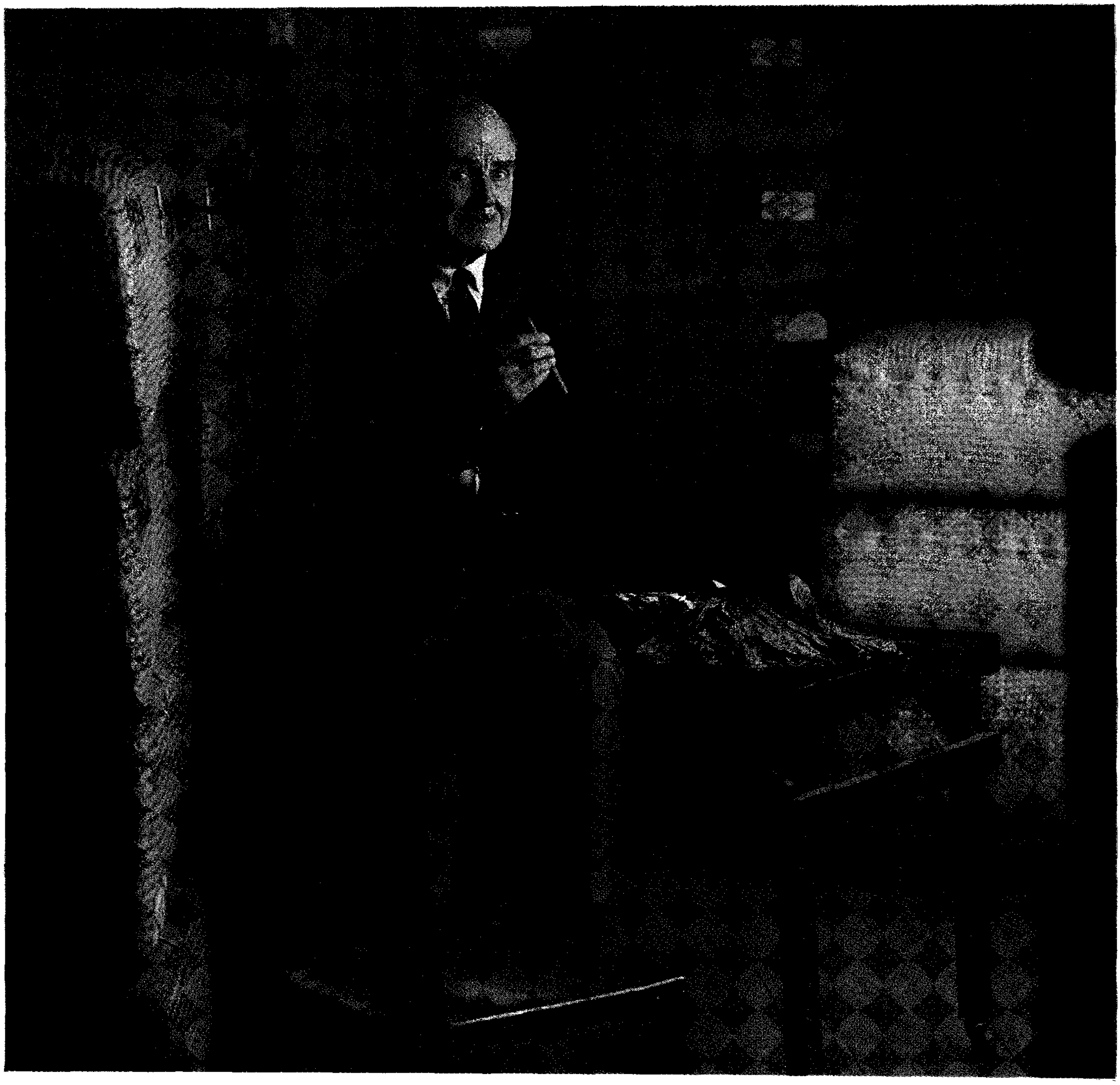


As it happened, things had not been worked out when I spoke to Adams. A few weeks later, I learned after I left Athens, Adams met with Harold Black and, explaining that First Church would continue to seat all visitors, outlined to Harold the possibility of violence and the damage to the church that might be caused by his presence. Harold decided not to return. When I phoned Adams from New York, he told me that pressure had increased since the Sunday Harold sat next to the white girl and the Sunday, a couple of weeks later, when he brought one of the Negro freshman girls with him. Harold had not been forbidden to come, Adams emphasized, and might return in the fall. "I think we did pretty well, considering all things," he said. "We've managed to maintain the official church policy of everybody being welcome. I think we'll do better next time."

THE other Negro students I had talked with disagreed about just how much trouble Harold Black was having as the first Negro in a men's dormitory, but they were unanimous in declaring that he would be the last one to admit that anything was bothering him. "That Harold is some boy," I was told by Mattie Jo Arnold, a Negro graduate student in the Music Department, who often gave him a ride back to Atlanta on weekends. "He and Charlayne are more forward than the rest of us. Charlayne has formed her own friends on campus; they eat together and study together. And so has Harold. I think it's a matter of personality. And I think it's fine. Somebody should go there and show them—well, that we're O.K. But that Harold has his own ways, there's no doubt about that. One thing, when somebody is giving him trouble, Harold will wait until the guy is with some of his own crowd and then give him a big hello. It just embarrasses the guy to pieces. I used to think Harold was conceited—well, he is—but now that I've got to know him, I think he's real swinging."

I finally caught up with Harold Black, and, as everybody had predicted, it was at Westminster House, where he was studying. He turned out to be a tall, thin boy with very thick hair and a mustache. Roland Perdue lent us his office to talk in, and I asked Harold why he had insisted on living in the dormitory and which of the many accounts of his life there was accurate.

"I had to find out for myself," he said. "I figured I could always move out, but it would be hard to move in. I didn't want to have any regrets. I'm real pleased with it. Hamp's said a number of times he's lonely for friends. I'm not lonely for friends. Plenty of times, people ask me, 'Is Hamilton Holmes still at Georgia?' Not one of my friends has ever seen him. You can't find people who are going to go clear over to his neighborhood and say, 'Come over to the room.' Hamilton and I are different people, and I have a lot of respect for him, but I have to do this my own way. Of course, Hamp probably couldn't have done it my way, being the first. But the dorm is the best thing that's happened to me in this university. I came to *this* place with one of my friends from the dorm. I've met every one of my best friends in the dorm. We sit around each other's room and play chess and bridge—I'm teaching them another game, bid whist—and sometimes they say, 'Hey, Harold, let's go down to the Old South for a couple of beers,' or 'Hey, Harold, let's go to the movies.' We have some jokes, but you know



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they're your friends because they meet some opposition for knowing you, so they have to be your friends. These are my friends. I know them and I trust them, and they trust me."

Harold smiled when he talked about "opposition"—his word for the harassment he had had to put up with in the dormitory. He seemed to treat the trouble as a game between pals trying to outwit each other, and seemed to enjoy telling the stories, often ending them on a humorous note. "There are pranks," he admitted. "I won't deny that. For instance, they put chewing gum in my lock. But now I'm prepared." He pulled a nail file and an eye dropper out of his pocket. "I always carry these. One or the other will take care of anything they put in there. I either dig it out with the file or melt it with hot water. So it takes me another thirty seconds to get into my room—I don't mind. We had a little trouble with the vent. They used to drop firecrackers through it. Of course, I'm a very heavy sleeper, and sometimes I didn't even wake up; I moved my bed away from the door right away. Once, they strapped a cherry bomb to the vent and blew it out completely. The proctor came and woke me up, and I asked him what was the matter. He said, 'The vent,' and I said, 'What vent?' He said that was the point. But, really, it wasn't that bad. I figured what could they think of next. And they thought of a few things. They were pretty ingenious. One day, my room was almost flooded; they had put a balloon full of water through the vent." As he talked, Black seemed to find flooding even more entertaining than the cherry bomb. "I thought all that stuff was funny," he went on. "And it wasn't only me. Like, I had three windows broken out, but the first one was in the winter quarter, not the fall, and a proctor down the hall had every window broken. If somebody upstairs had a window broken, I didn't think they were probably aiming for mine and missed. Nobody could miss one of those big windows. They used to write on the door, but usually the janitor would wipe it off before I saw it, or one of my friends would wipe it off. We did have some trouble with that vent. Somebody scratched 'Nigger Nest' on it. But, you know, I'm glad they did. This way, it's there, and after the first couple of days nobody even noticed it any more. It's better than worrying every time if something is there. The dorm's O.K. The only thing is—the next Negro boy in there, they ought to give him a room-

Wear, oh, where is Pickfair Place?

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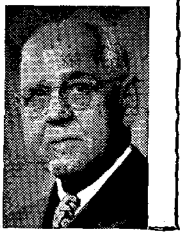

Lo and behold, Johnny's report card listed him as the Number 2 student in his High School class.

"Congratulations, Son!" said his father. "But why not Number 1?"

"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this girl* . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere girl* get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as *mere* as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

And across the land the cocktail hour is happily shared, as a pleasant respite from the cares of the day, by *both* man and wife.

At such times of wholesome renewal, our OLD FITZGERALD has special appeal.

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mate. He ought to have somebody in there to talk to.

"I don't get much opposition on the campus. I eat at Memorial Hall, and they look up and look back down. Tonight, when I went in with my brother Charles, who is visiting me, they kept looking. They thought, My God, he's got a roommate! Plenty of times, when I'm with my friends, if somebody says something, we'll go over there and see what he wants. Plenty of times, I'll say something back. I don't believe in turning the other cheek. I've been to two pep rallies. I went to the intersquad game. I went to the freshman football game—at night. I cheered for our team. I didn't stand up when they played 'Dixie,' of course. I got a little opposition for that, but most people thought it was funny. I play clarinet in the Air Force R.O.T.C. band, and if I join the Dixie Red Coats, the school band, I'll have to play 'Dixie.' I don't care; let them have their fun. Once, Mattie Jo Arnold said, 'That's good. You're taking one more step.' But I can't swallow that. What I'm doing is just floating along naturally with my friends. Now, the church, that was a step—and the first couple of times after Sunday school here when they asked me to go, I said to myself, 'No, Harold, that's off campus. They might think you're crusading.' But finally I decided my friends wanted me to go and I wanted to go, so we went. But I don't consider the rest of this a step."

Harold, like Charlayne, disliked admitting that anything he did at Georgia, including his decision to come in the first place, had any connection with the Cause. He said, at one point, "Maybe being brought up with the thought 'We pay taxes, too, and we can't go down there and that's not right' might have had some influence," but he preferred to talk about academic challenge and financial advantages. Like all the other Negro students, he particularly resented the belief, held by so many of the people around him, that he was at Georgia as somebody else's tool, incapable of making up his own mind about where he wanted to go to college. "A lot of the attention is gone," Harold went on. "You're the first person who has ever interviewed me. People in Atlanta, boys I went to high school with, still ask me where I'm going to school. My preacher in Atlanta, Sam Williams, was president of the N.A.A.C.P. branch last year, and one Sunday this fall he said, 'Well, haven't you gone to college yet, Harold?' And I said I was going the next week. He said, 'Where are you

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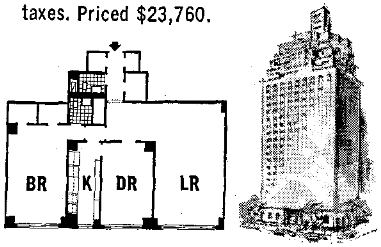

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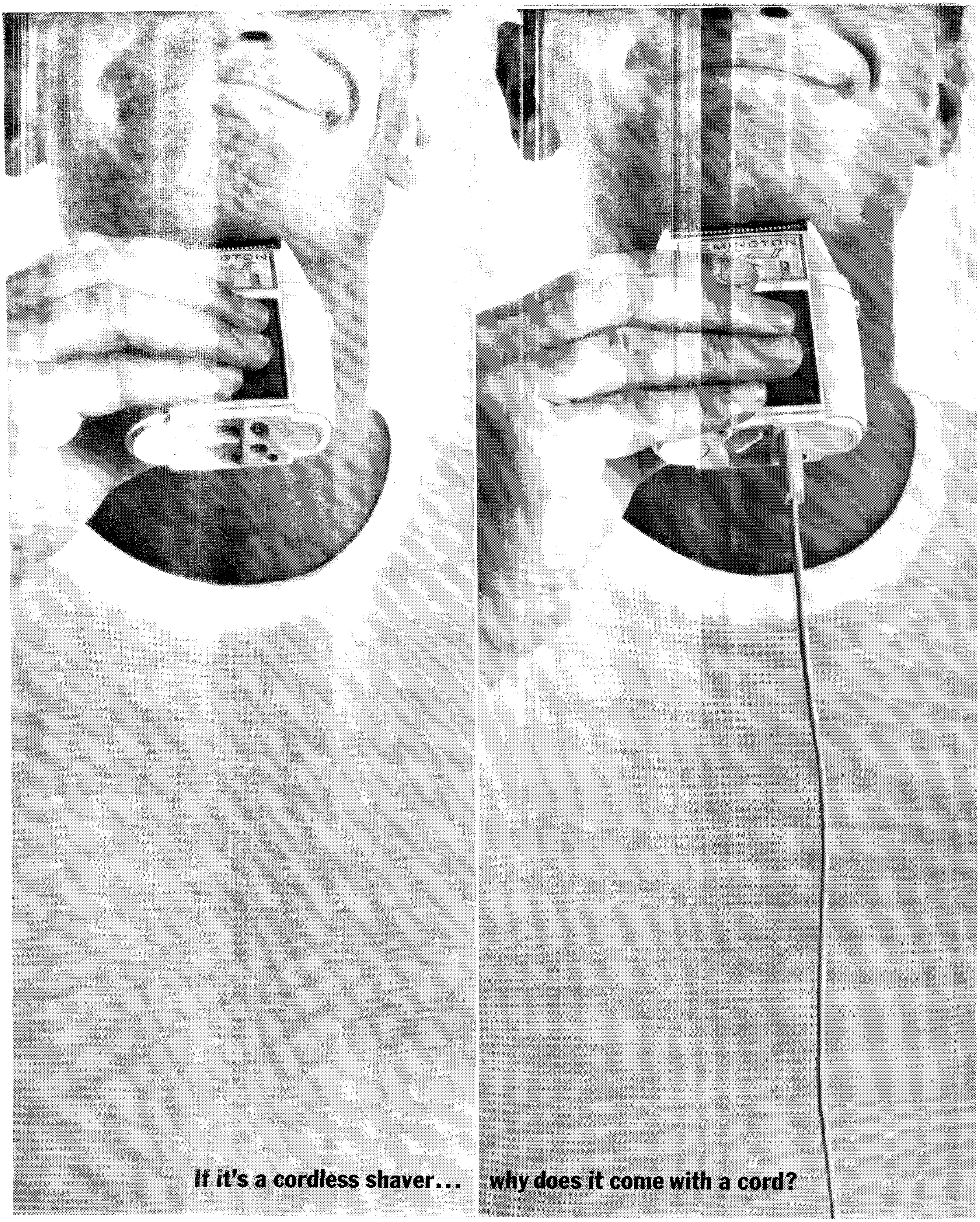

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going?' I told him the University of Georgia, and he almost fell over."

ONE afternoon, I arranged to have a talk with Kerry Rushin and Alice Henderson, two Negro freshmen whom the other Negro students always called "the girls," and when we met, I was impressed, as I had been before, by how small they were. They both looked too young to be involved in anything like being among the first Negroes at the University of Georgia—too young, really, even to be in college. We met at the Continuing Education Center, and, suddenly finding myself in what must have been a familiar situation to them, I suggested that we seek the sanctuary of Westminster House, the one place on campus where I knew we would not be stared at as we talked. Alice had occasionally attended a Sunday-evening program there with Harold Black, but it was Kerry's first visit to Westminster. From hearing them nearly always spoken of together, I had thought of them at first as being alike. Now I saw that Kerry had a round face and a cheery look, while Alice, who was light-skinned and very thin, had a long, sad face, which always seemed to reflect thoughts of some vague misfortune. They explained to me that much of their isolation had to do with the lack of a base. Harold had his dormitory; Charlayne was in a small school, where people had a chance to get used to her. But both Kerry and Alice, who, like Harold, had been outstanding students in their high schools in Atlanta, were planning to major in zoology, and they wandered in and out of the same large, impersonal classes that Hamilton did, returning to the dormitory—or, occasionally, to the library—to study, and eating at the dining hall either alone or with each other. They were not close to Charlayne, although they shared the same suite; she had little more in common with them than with any other freshmen. All in all, they seemed the most isolated of the Negro students. In some ways, they were treated more naturally than the first students. But what little improvement they had noticed in their reception by other students was, they believed, not lasting. "What we went through, the next Negroes who come will have to go through the same thing," Alice said.

Since the number of invidious remarks directed at the Negro students on the campus was in almost precisely inverse proportion to the students' size, Kerry and Alice heard the most.

"A lot of times, people make remarks in the dining-hall lines," Alice said. "Like 'I thought I smelled something,' or 'I'm not standing in front of a nigger.' "

"There's a difference between us in how much we hear," Kerry interjected, smiling. "Alice hears some things that I don't."

"There's, say, five a day I hear," Alice said. "Sometimes I don't hear them, but a lot of times it's pretty obvious."

I asked if they thought the situation would always remain the same.

"Until one of us makes an attempt to enter some social activity, it will be the same," Alice said. "Take Harold, for instance. He's in the R.O.T.C. and the R.O.T.C. band. It's a small step, but it's a step. It's up to us to try to enter everything that we have an opportunity to enter and that we want to do. You come back in a couple of years. Everything won't be perfect, but we'll have integrated more activities, Harold and us. I think we have to. If we didn't, there wouldn't be any use in our being here, the way I look at it."

ALICE's willingness to make an estimate of what had to be done was not characteristic. Harold and the girls, eager to be accepted as normal students, usually avoided talking about having a mission at Georgia. But Charlayne and Hamilton, the Student Heroes, had been expected to do a certain amount of talking about it in public from the start. Their attitudes toward public speaking had gradually shifted. As Hamilton became more willing to give up his textbooks and his weekend basketball occasionally for speaking engagements, Charlayne became less interested in speaking at all. During their last few months at Georgia, Hamilton spoke fairly often, usually before church groups around the state or at meetings of the fraternity he had joined at Morehouse. After a speech I had heard Hamilton make at Emmanuel Baptist Church in Atlanta, early in my visit this spring, he said, "I tell you how I feel about it. Three years ago, if I got up to say something, it was just a young boy talking. Now we have some respect; people listen because of the situation here. I figure now we can do our people some good. I don't mean go around advocating taking over everything. I'm no radical. But like that speech I made Sunday about going after education."

As one of the outstanding students at Georgia, Hamilton was in a good position to encourage other Negroes to go

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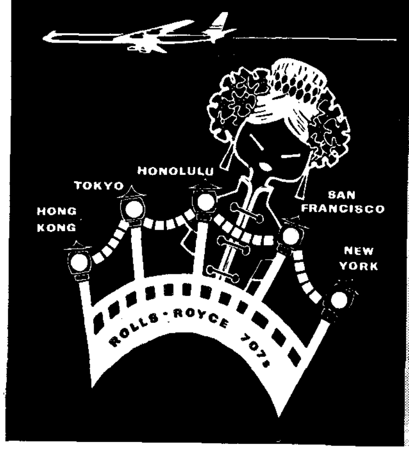

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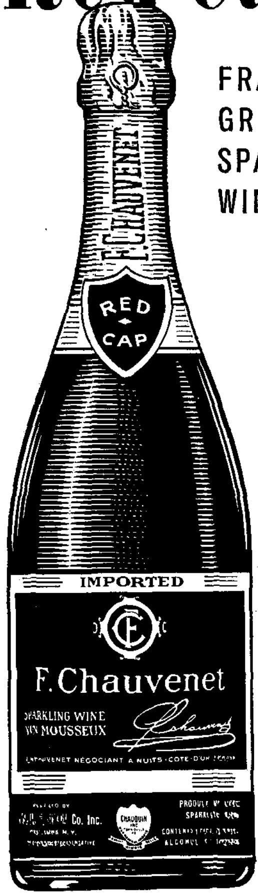

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there and to other white schools as a matter of self-improvement—for while the University of Georgia may not be a distinguished university, it seems that way to anybody who has ever seen the three state colleges for Negroes. In fact, after a speech Hamilton gave this spring at the Phyllis Wheatley Branch of the Y.W.C.A., in Atlanta, it occurred to me that he was in the extraordinarily fortunate position of having personal goals that both served and were served by the Cause. Hamilton told the Wheatley audience that the two-and-a-half-year ordeal at Georgia had been worthwhile, because without it he would probably have been unable to get into Emory Medical School. He apparently meant exactly that; the best medical education in the state was his goal, and if he had not gone to Georgia, his acceptance by Emory would have been very unlikely. But it was also true that if he, or somebody like him, had not gone to Georgia, the acceptance of *any* Negro by Emory would have been very unlikely. In that sense, Hamilton was, as Charlayne had told me at the beginning of my visit, a more consistent study than she was. He was a Student Hero who was, in his specific collegiate achievements (apart from his willingness to attend Georgia in the first place), a hero. He had satisfied himself and his family and the Cause, even if he was sick of the whole business and was just waiting for the first of June.

During most of the time Charlayne and Hamilton were at Georgia, Charlayne, outgoing, articulate, and seemingly comfortable in any surroundings, did most of the speaking for both of them. She was much better known than Hamilton, and, unlike Hamilton, who looked forward to weekends in Atlanta, she didn't mind travelling around on weekends. She flew to New York several times to speak before such groups as the N.A.A.C.P. and the Catholic Interracial Council. She went to Pittsburgh for another Catholic Interracial Council conference and to Boston for an N.A.A.C.P. meeting. She participated in a meeting at Skidmore College, in a civil-rights program sponsored by the Methodist Church in Washington, in a Southern Regional Council conference in Nashville. She received an award from the Association of Negro Business & Professional Women at its state convention in Macon, and one from a Negro fraternity at Wayne in Detroit. But, more and more, Charlayne had come to recognize the irony of spending a weekend in New York, where everybody found her charming, and then returning for a long week in Athens, where she

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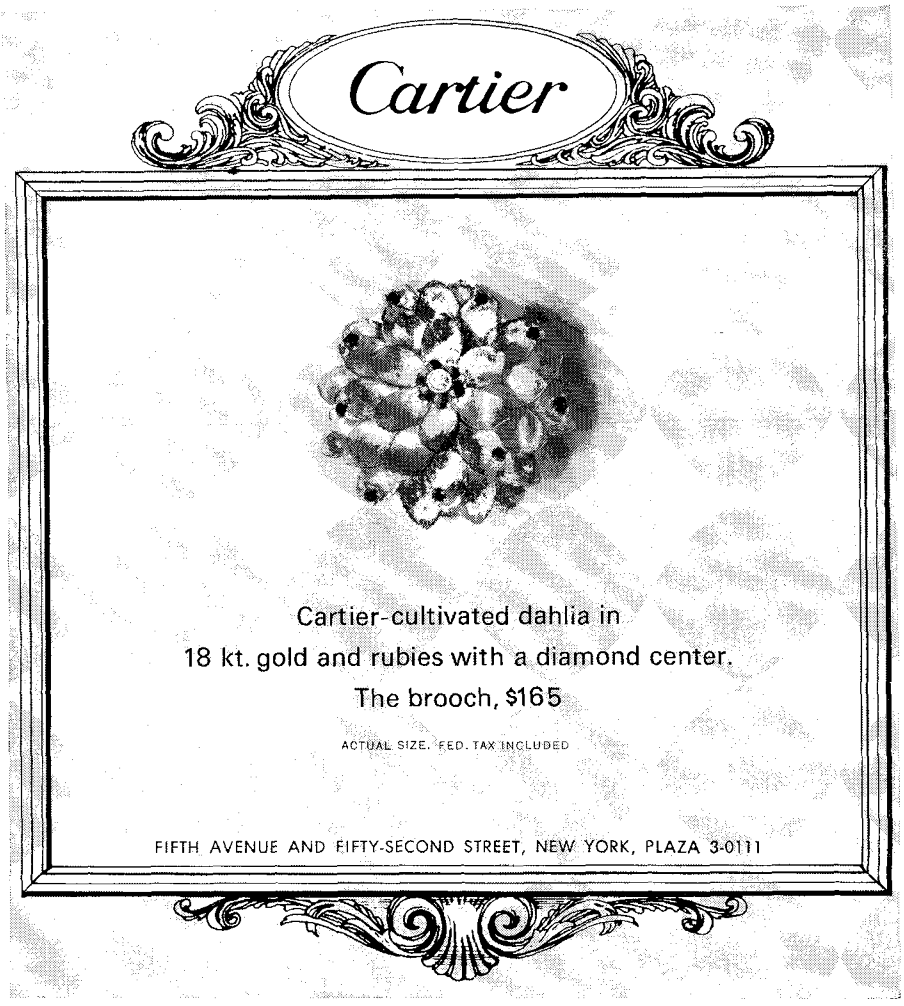
was likely to be sneered at when she went to the Co-op for a cup of coffee. There was a special kind of loneliness, she discovered, in being the best-known student on campus and a social undesirable at the same time. Moreover, her ambitions were not as easily related to the Cause as Hamilton's—she had no desire to be the No. 1 student at Georgia or to be admitted to Emory Medical School—and she felt a certain hollowness in being honored as a Student Hero without having done anything that was, by the ordinary standards of collegiate success, heroic. Once, discussing a professor who had "made a big thing" out of his role in the integration crisis, Charlayne said, "I just don't think it should be the biggest thing in his life. He's sixty years old. If my experiences here were all I could talk about, I would get really worried. I'd just be a record-player. I'm too young to have already done the most important thing in my life. Look, it may be the most exciting or dramatic thing I'll ever do, but I can't think that it's all I'll ever talk about. It doesn't *take* anything. It doesn't take brains, or anything. It just can't be the biggest thing in my life. When I go to those meetings, people try to make me feel that I'm representing the whole Negro race, and that's not right. I'm not representing anybody. I'm not an ideal girl or the perfect student. I don't want to be an ideal girl—just a girl." And what would the ideal be, Charlayne wondered. What was it that she was being honored for? What connection did the honors have with the number of friends she had or the number of professors who thought she was bright or the number of young men who thought she was pretty? In addition, Charlayne, as it happens, is of the age and turn of mind to greet any grandiloquent cliché with a shudder—a characteristic that would make her uncomfortable on any banquet circuit. She has the disquieting habit of juxtaposing an idealistic generalization and one of her own specific experiences. What did "the fight for full emancipation" have to do with driving around Athens because there was no place to stop, or waiting around in the *Red and Black* office while everybody else was asked to do something? If everybody was so interested in "the cause of freedom," why didn't anybody do anything about encouraging more Negro high-school seniors to go to Georgia? And why did she have to scratch around before every quarter to get enough money to go back to school?

Early in my stay in Georgia this spring, I had a chance to accompany Charlayne on one of her last speaking



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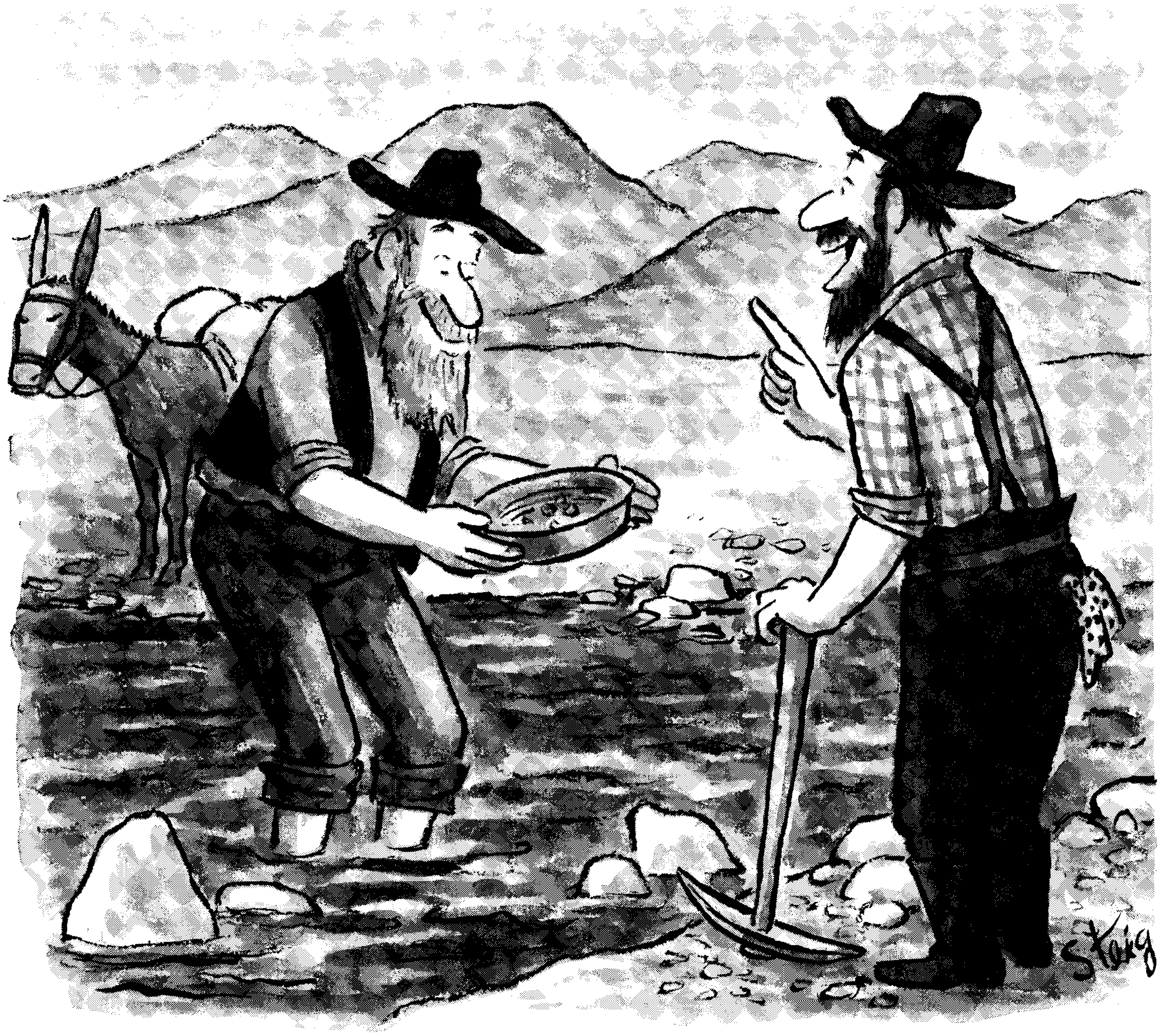
engagements—or, more accurately, one of her last public appearances. She warned me ahead of time that she would have little to say. The occasion was the Freedom Awards Dinner of the N.A.A.C.P. Southeastern Regional Conference, in Tampa. According to the original plans, Charlayne, Hamilton, James Meredith, and Harvey Gantt were all supposed to receive plaques at the dinner, but Hamilton was unable to go, having already promised his fraternity he would give a speech in Cincinnati, and by the time the week of the dinner arrived, Harvey Gantt had also sent word that he would not be able to make it, because he was in the middle of exams at Clemson. Charlayne herself was not eager to go, though her father, now retired from the Army, and her grandfather live in Tampa. “I feel like a hypocrite, giving those speeches,” she told me. “All that We Shall Overcome business. I believe in it, sure. But there are some things I believe that I just don’t believe in talking about. And I have to break away from that image business sooner or later. I can’t spend my life being an image.” But Charlayne decided that she would be an image for one more evening, at least, mainly because she had promised Vernon Jordan, then the Georgia field secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., that she would be there. Jordan was a good friend of Charlayne’s. Before joining the N.A.A.C.P. staff, he had worked in the office of Donald Hollowell, the Negro attorney who handled Charlayne’s and Hamilton’s case when they were applying for admission to Georgia, and had helped plow through the admission records of the university in preparation for the Athens trial.

James Meredith, too, was definitely attending the dinner. I had met him almost exactly two years before, in Jackson, when Mrs. Motley was in Mississippi to file the first motion in the case to get him admitted to the University of Mississippi. At the time, he seemed to me to be about what it would take to battle the Mississippi monolith. Before leaving for Georgia this spring, I said something of the sort to Mrs. Motley, and she agreed. “In Harlem, they would say Charlayne and Hamilton are ‘white,’ ” she told me. “In other words, they don’t have any of the disadvantages of a sharecropper background. But Meredith is very bitter, a real crusader. He wants to get back at society.” While Charlayne and Hamilton were interested only in getting something approaching a normal education, Mrs. Motley said, Meredith was consciously out to start the breakdown of the system that had oppressed him so long, whatever the cost to him. Already twenty-seven when he applied for admission to the University of Mississippi, he had to slow down his courses at Jackson State to avoid earning his degree before he was accepted at Ole Miss. In the simplest terms, he differed from Charlayne and Hamilton as rural Mississippi differed from middle-class Atlanta, and some people who knew all the Student Heroes believed that even if a middle-class Negro community had existed in Mississippi, Ole Miss would have had to be left to James Meredith. “Meredith is real angry,” one of them told me in Atlanta. “He’s fighting the battle all the time—everything he says, everything he does. I’m not sure that Charlayne or Hamp could have stayed over there as long as he has.”

Before the flight to Tampa, while Charlayne and I were having a drink at the Atlanta airport (it was built in 1961, with all facilities desegregated), I asked her if she knew Meredith.

“You mean ‘I, James H. Meredith’?” she asked. Charlayne, it turned out, always called Meredith by his full name, sometimes even including the personal pronoun, in reference to the rather self-conscious press conferences he had held at Ole Miss. “He called me after the first few days there,” she said. “I had sent him a telegram wishing him luck, and all that. At first, I didn’t believe it was him when he called. It was kind of awkward, because we didn’t know what to say. I finally asked how things were going, and he said, ‘Listen,’ and I could hear the firecrackers. Then he came through Atlanta last Christmas; he and Hamp’s family and Hollowell and a couple of people came over to the house one night. He’s very defensive. We sure weren’t trying to trap him, but he never let down his guard. But James H. Meredith is O.K. Of course, he has about as much sense of humor as Martin Luther King.”

It was hot and sticky in Tampa. Vernon Jordan had driven to the airport to pick us up, and Charlayne greeted him by saying, “Only for you, buddy, only for you.” Jordan laughed and packed us into the car for a ride over the causeway to St. Petersburg, where he had to pick up the plaques that Charlayne and the others were going to receive that night. We drove from St. Petersburg to a Tampa church, where the business part of the conference was in progress, and Charlayne and I waited in the car while Jordan went in to look for her father. The dinner was



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to be held in the gymnasium of the Howard W. Blake Vocational School, a Negro high school in West Tampa, and Charlayne remarked, "I'm glad it's not at a church tonight. Meetings in churches always get too much like mass meetings. Like the meeting they had for Emancipation Day in Atlanta last month. Nobody's *ever* put on a display like that. They took the collection twice. First, they had all those thirty thousand people file up and put in a contribution, and then the chairman said, 'We know some of you are just too tired to walk up here' and passed around the basket. It started at eleven, and at three it still wasn't over. I mean, it makes you rather not be emancipated."

Charlayne's father was not at the church, nor was he at his house, where we drove next. By the time we had started back through downtown Tampa toward Charlayne's quarters for the night, conversation had languished, despite the efforts of the ebullient Jordan. Since hotel accommodations for Negroes in Tampa were practically nonexistent, most of the visitors to the convention had been assigned to private houses. Being an important visitor, Charlayne, who had decided not to stay with her father and grandfather, drew what was considered to be the best private house of all, that of Leon Claxon, who, as manager of a dance troupe known as Harlem in Havana, toured the fair circuit for six months a year and lived in a large, Florida-style pink brick house the other six. James Meredith, who was also staying with the Claxons, arrived shortly before the dinner was scheduled to start. Meredith, smiling and friendly, exchanged hearty greetings with Charlayne. He laughed easily, and seemed relieved to be among friends. Jordan told me that this was one of the first trips Meredith had made unescorted by marshals since he had been in Mississippi, although, Jordan added, the F.B.I. in Tampa had phoned to check his schedule. Shortly after he arrived, Meredith went into his room to change his clothes, and emerged looking much as he had before, like a small, neat, carefully dressed accountant.

Charlayne, who was in the living room, said, "Why, there's James H. Meredith, looking good."

"I thought nobody would ever say *that*," Meredith replied, and everybody laughed.

When we arrived at the gym, Charlayne's father, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Hunter, a handsome and impressive-looking man in full clerical dress, which included a large cross hanging from a heavy chain around his neck, was

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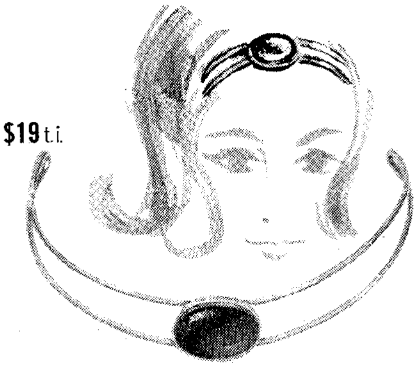

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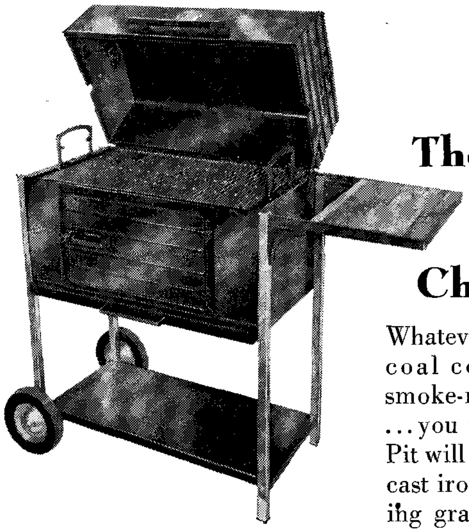
one of a group of people talking in the corridor outside. Colonel Hunter, who has a sonorous voice and a tendency to use phrases like "the essence of American democracy," immediately began introducing Charlayne around. James Popovich, who, as a speech professor at Georgia, had taken an interest in all of the university's first Negro students, was also there, having transferred to the University of South Florida, in Tampa, the previous fall.

The gymnasium was a large, plain room, its cinder-block walls painted two shades of green, and it was so jammed with long tables that, once seated, a guest was almost immobile. Charlayne and her father sat at the head table. Popovich and I managed to find two seats at the end of a table toward the back of the room. The dinner guests, some of them delegates to the three-day conference, others Tampa residents, were well dressed and in a convivial mood. Four or five white reporters leaned against one wall, looking uncomfortable. The master of ceremonies turned out to be Charlayne's host, Leon Claxon, a roly-poly man with a quick, state-fair delivery. He began the program immediately after the invocation, and at the same time the waiters began to squeeze up and down the tables serving dinner.

There was no public-address system, and the only person on the program who could be heard clearly through the clatter of silverware and conversation was the first speaker, Mrs. Ruby Hurley, the Southeastern regional director; she had a well-pitched voice and a clarity of diction that brought occasional nods of professional approval from Popovich. Mrs. Hurley began announcing branch contributions to the N.A.A.C.P. Freedom Fund, one of the main sources of the organization's operating expenses. Seventy-five dollars was reported from Jacksonville, a hundred dollars from Savannah, a hundred from Jackson, Mississippi. Mrs. Hurley expressed amazement at the generosity of little Perry, Florida, which presented fifty dollars from the main branch and thirty-five from its youth council. "You know what Perry is like?" she asked the audience. "It's a smaller city like Birmingham. And if you don't know what Birmingham is, it's like any place in Mississippi." The audience murmured agreement, and I could feel its comfort in being in the crowded but safe gymnasium of the Howard W. Blake Vocational School in West Tampa instead of in Perry or Birmingham or Mississippi.

Claxon took over from Mrs. Hurley to announce that he was the holder of



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five N.A.A.C.P. life memberships—two, at five hundred dollars apiece, for him and his wife, and three, at a hundred apiece, for his children. He said that a well-known businessman, a leading citizen named Lee, had confessed to him not long ago that he was not a life member, because nobody had ever asked him to be. "He's here tonight," Claxon said, "and I'm asking him to buy three life memberships." Lee stood up and said he would not be high-pressured; he had come intending to buy one life membership, and he would do that.

Following two vocal solos—"Temptation" and "September Song"—Aaron Henry, the Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. conference president, presented Meredith with his plaque for "furthering the cause of higher education in Mississippi." By that time, enough people had been served so that we had to lean forward to catch even an occasional phrase of Meredith's speech, which started out with "It is with deep honor and satisfaction" and included, toward the end, ". . . satisfying to see so many young people." The audience gave Meredith a standing ovation—quite a feat in that packed gymnasium. They did not try to duplicate it for Charlayne, who received only enthusiastic applause as she accepted her plaque and said, her soft voice even less audible than Meredith's, "You write me, 'We prayed for you.' I don't like that past tense. There's still a few months to go. So keep praying. And keep supporting the N.A.A.C.P. This fight is not going to end when Hamp and I graduate from Georgia and Meredith graduates from Mississippi."

Claxon introduced Charlayne's father and grandfather; a plaque was presented to George Allen, the first Negro to graduate from the University of Florida Law School; and then Mrs. Hurley rose again, to present branch awards for gains in membership. Jackson County, Florida, won the award in the under-two-hundred-quota category, having come up with two hundred and twenty-eight members in 1962; Coahoma County, Mississippi, Henry's local branch, won in the two-to-five-hundred-quota group, with four hundred and nineteen members; and Macon, which had had four hundred and twenty-nine members in 1961 and had been asked for five hundred in 1962, ended up with eight hundred and twenty, to win in the over-five-hundred category. Georgia won the Harry T. Moore award for state membership, and the Florida delegation got a mild chiding from Mrs. Hurley; the award was named for a Florida N.A.A.C.P. executive who was killed in the dynamiting of his house, she pointed out, but Florida had never won it. Since the N.A.A.C.P. is fundamentally a membership organization, what goes on at one of its dinners gives a first impression of being rather far removed from the basic problems of civil rights. The awards, even when they are given to branches that have made some real progress against segregation—in Macon, for instance, the parks and buses had been integrated, largely through the efforts of the local N.A.A.C.P. branch—are given for gains in membership and in fund-raising, with integration mentioned only in passing. It is true that the conference program included seminars on how to get voters registered as well as on how to get members for the local branch, and I knew that for the average Southern Negro merely becoming a member is an important step forward, reflecting a change in his attitude as well as providing financial support for a program that could eventually affect his life, yet it was difficult to escape the feeling during the dinner that the cycle of recruiting members in order to raise money in order to recruit members went on without anyone's ever coming to grips with the issues.

As Mrs. Hurley completed the branch awards, she asked if she had missed any branch donations, and a very small old man shuffled toward the front of the room. Mrs. Hurley, who seemed to know him well, introduced him as R. A. Reddick, who had been secretary of the Live Oak, Florida, branch for twenty years. "And I want to tell you what kind of place Live Oak is," she went on. "That's in Suwannee County, and every time I hear the song 'Swanee River' I think about Live Oak and the time I went to speak there a few years ago. When I got through with my speech, they were driving me back to the airport and they seemed anxious that I get out before nightfall. I asked why, and they told me this story—You correct me if I'm wrong, Mr. Reddick. There was a ten-year-old boy in Live Oak named James Howard. He worked around the general store there. One day, in about 1943, the storekeeper's daughter heard him whistling a tune and she asked him to write the words down for her on a piece of paper. Well, the storekeeper saw the piece of paper later, and he took it for a love letter and asked who had written it. The daughter told him it was James Howard. So the storekeeper and some of his friends got this boy—ten years old—

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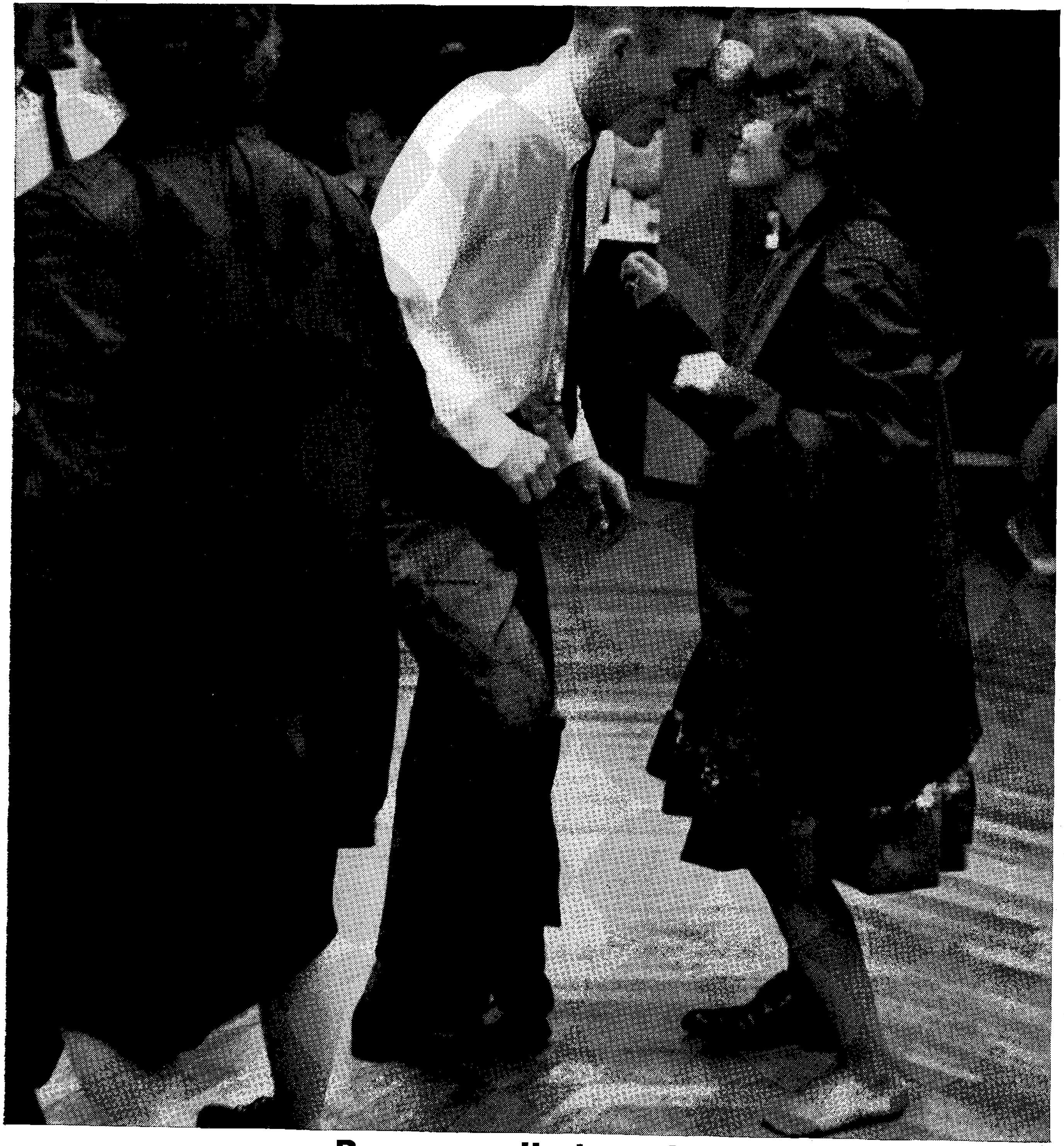

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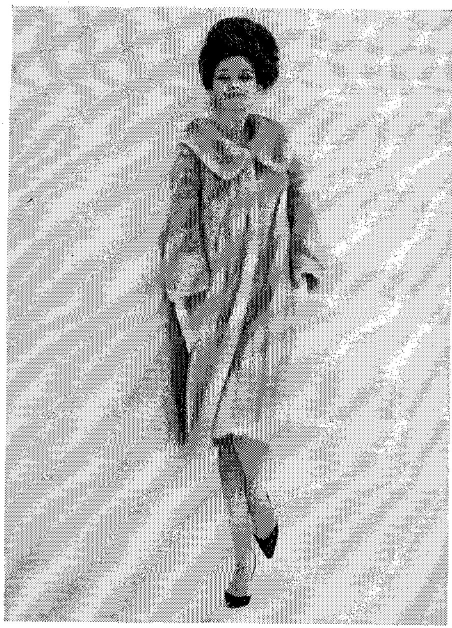

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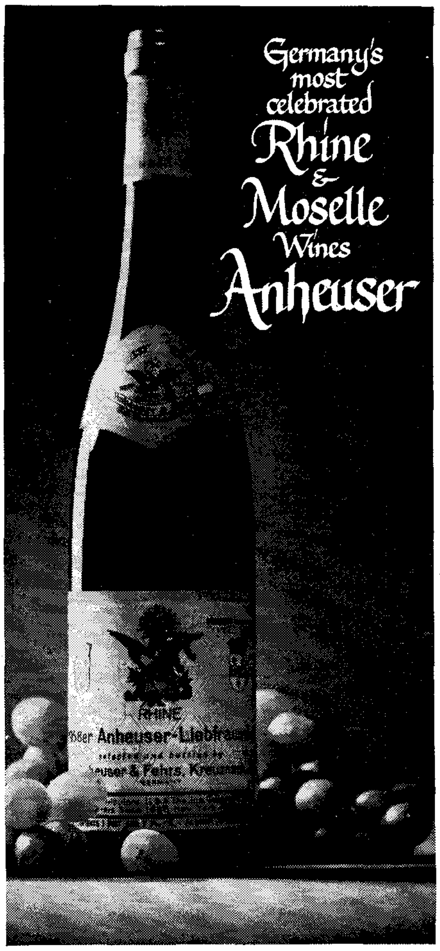

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and took him down by the Suwannee River and tied him up. Then some of them went to get the boy's father and brought him down to the river. Some of them held the father so he could see, and the others took this ten-year-old boy and threw him in the river. That's the kind of place Mr. Reddick lives in."

The audience looked at Reddick in silence. The old man had been nodding during the speech, as if he were recalling James Howard and his father and his neighbors. "Fifteen dollars from the Live Oak branch," Mrs. Hurley said. The audience applauded. As Mrs. Hurley thanked Reddick, he nodded again, and smiled, and shuffled back to his chair.

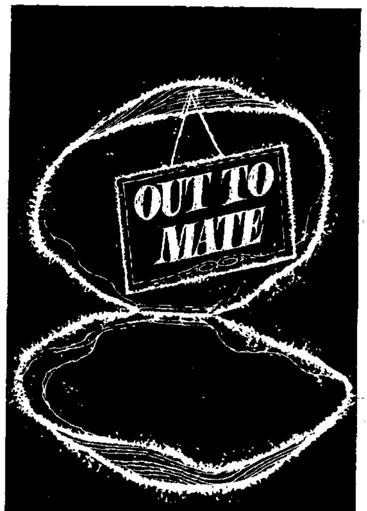
Next came more music, this time by the Youth Choir of Laurel, Mississippi—about thirty Negro children, of all sizes. Before they started to sing, Mrs. Hurley told of the sacrifices that Dr. B. E. Murph, a Laurel dentist, had made to keep the choir going and get it to a number of regional and national N.A.A.C.P. conventions. She asked for donations to help the singers get back to Laurel and to pay for their dinners.

When the choir sat down, after two spirituals, James Meredith stood up to make a surprise comment on the Laurel students. "People always ask me what keeps me going," he said. "Those people keep me going. I've had a choice in everything I've done. But they don't have a choice."

Then Claxon stood up for some more fund-raising. "I don't want to hear about that last five dollars for the choir," he said. "We're talking now about that second five dollars. Who in this row has five dollars for freedom?"

The meeting ended with a rousing chorus of "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" and a benediction by Charlayne's grandfather, who is also a minister. Charlayne and Meredith stayed on the dais autographing programs while, at a table below them, Mrs. Hurley and two or three helpers counted up the donations.

From the gym, I went back to Claxon's with Charlayne for a party in his downstairs recreation room, which was lined with pictures of his dance troupe. The party got off to a poor start for Popovich when he told Meredith that his experience at Georgia had been that the university theatre was a good place to begin integrating university events, since the Drama Department was generally coöperative. "It's not a matter of coöperation," Meredith told him. "I have a student-activity card, and I have a right to go." Charlayne and I were cornered for a while by a man from



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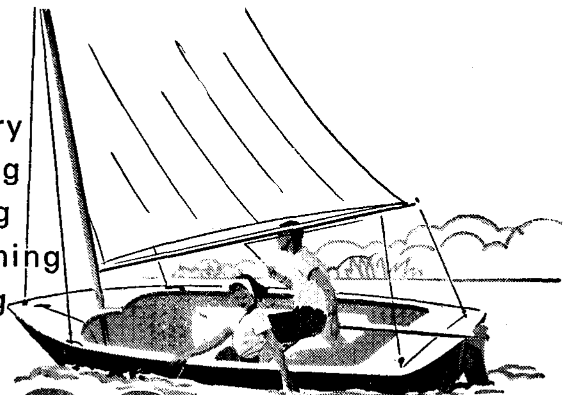
South Carolina, who told us that Harvey Gantt was his protégé. Soon, however, the individual conversations broke up, for Claxon began to tell some jokes. "You know, Ross Barnett said, 'This is the darkest day of my life' when you got into school there," Claxon said, pointing to Meredith. "But then some cat next to him said, 'That's not the darkest day. The darkest day is when you get to Heaven and a voice says, "Hello dere, Ah am de Lawd."' " It was an old joke, but it got a good laugh, especially from Meredith.

Later, Meredith remarked that the dinner had been too long. "We're going to have to think of a better way to keep up enthusiasm and morale," he said. "This is a drawn-out way." He also said he was sorry that Harvey Gantt and Hamilton had not been able to attend the meeting. "Did you see Hamp on TV a couple of months ago?" he asked, referring to Hamilton's account of how, once, he got away from a threatening group of boys in Athens by pretending that a flashlight he held in his pocket was a gun. "Hamp's my boy. He said that the time he made them think he had a gun was the first time he got any respect. He said he hated to do it that way; then he sat back and said, 'But I had to.' That's my kind of talk. Hamp's O.K."

After the party, Popovich and I left together, and he anticipated my first question by assuring me that his departure from the University of Georgia had nothing to do with his role in its integration. "The administration could have very easily got word to me to slow down, but they never did," he said. The members of the Georgia faculty, Popovich believed, treated all the Negro students fairly, but, except for the two or three who had invited Charlayne and Hamilton to dinner, few went out of their way to make them more comfortable. "They espouse integration after a couple of drinks, and then start talking about their mortgages," said Popovich. "Hamp, more than any other kid in that situation, was really interested in what the university could give him academically. But Hamp was also the first one to attend a university event. We had an arena theatre, and I arranged the audience so he was surrounded by reasonable people, and I was very careful about the people facing him. Close to a hundred people came up to me after the play, and the funny thing was that more of them mentioned how nice they thought it was that he was there than how they liked the play. Charlayne resented being managed. She wanted to do things her own way."

On the plane back to Atlanta the next



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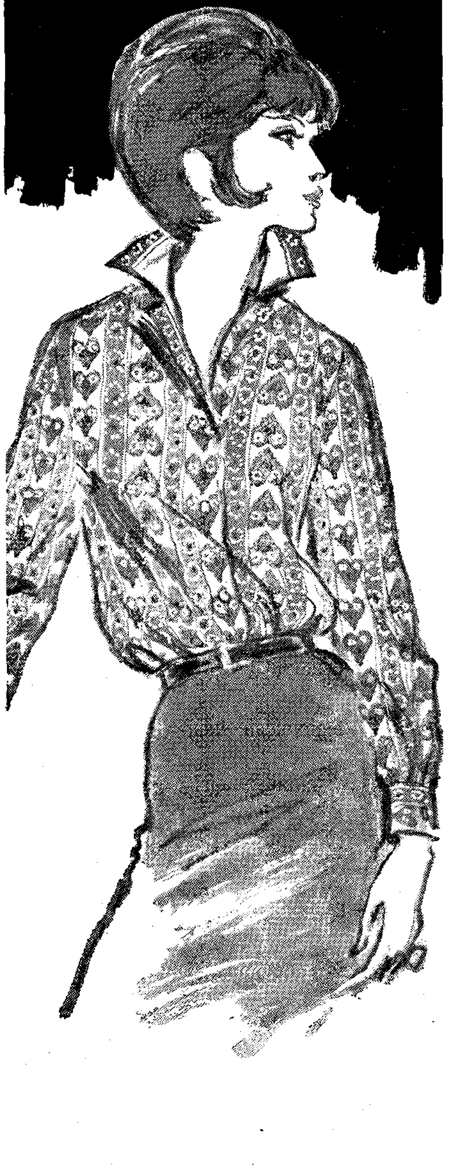

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morning, I asked Charlayne what she thought of James H. Meredith's unexpected speech about the Laurel Youth Choir. I was hoping, I think, for a bit of humor to lighten the journey, and her answer surprised me.

"You know, I almost cried when I heard those kids sing," she said. "Did you hear that first spiritual, 'I've Been 'Buked and I've Been Scorned'? You know, it's written 'buked instead of *re*buked because that's the way it was supposedly sung on the plantation. But I don't think those kids know the difference; they probably think that's the way it's pronounced. I remember, in Covington, when I was a little girl, even though my father had been to college, there were words I mispronounced for years. I'd leave the whole middle syllable out sometimes. And in some of those letters people sent me after the riot a lot of the words were spelled phonetically, with one or two syllables missing. Meredith is right. He's had a choice in everything he did, and those kids haven't. They were just pitiful."

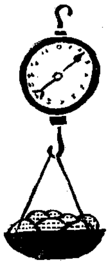
We talked about whether the money and energy spent on the choir might better be spent more directly in Laurel.

Charlayne thought that was possible. "I don't know how many people the choir reaches," she said. "Take last night—those people were convinced anyway."

I said maybe the choir was worthwhile just because it had moved both her and Meredith, who otherwise, as they went from meeting to meeting, might grow as cynical as she sometimes seemed to want me to believe she was.

"No. There's always something or somebody at those meetings that makes me want to cry," she said. "Like that little old man from Live Oaks. He didn't want to make a big thing of how much he's done. He just came up there with his fifteen dollars."

THE morale of both Charlayne and Hamilton had reached its low point during the spring of their junior year. "I guess my mother's right about last spring," Hamilton told me on my last visit to the campus. "I used to walk by those frat houses, and the boys would be out there playing ball, and I'd think, What is there for me to do except go home and sit? A thousand times, I wished I were back at Morehouse. But then I thought, Look, I wouldn't have been going to Emory Medical School, and I wouldn't have been able to travel around and meet all those people—I like that kind of thing—and I've matured a lot here. I had to mature or just die out. I might not have gone to medical school at all if I had stayed at Morehouse. My last semester there, I wasn't doing very well. I was playing football, and everything, and I got so I just didn't care. I guess I'm glad I came down here. I might have ended up a bum. Although I guess not. With my dad and mother right there, and my granddaddy, I guess I would have shaped up."



Charlayne insisted that her troubles that spring had nothing to do with the Issue but were simply the result of her trying to get her required courses in science and mathematics out of the way at the same time—an attempt that resulted in Charlayne's being put on academic probation and having to go to summer school. "I really *am* inferior when it comes to science and math," she said. "Those guys are right." In her two and a half years at Georgia, where even philosophy tests are usually made up of true-false and multiple-choice questions, Charlayne's grades fluctuated wildly; she eventually graduated with a B average, but her individual grades ran the gamut from honors to academic probation. Occasionally, she became really interested in a course, such as the honors seminar in the art, music, and drama of the twentieth century (Joseph Schwartz, one of the instructors in the course, had helped her get permission to take it, even though she was not in the honors program), but ordinarily, I was told by a professor who knew both Hamilton and Charlayne, Hamilton was not only more likely to remember what he read in the textbooks but also more likely to be reading them. Charlayne could wander off into a flirtation with Yevtushenko ("I love it; it doesn't seem like poetry"), or end up driving around Athens. Her initial reaction to the journalism courses that made up twenty-five per cent of her schedule was to accept the advice of reporters covering the integration that she consider switching to English. She changed her mind when two or three professors warned her that the Georgia English Department still reflected the influence of the Southern Agrarians, a group of Vanderbilt University English professors and writers who believed for a while in the twenties that everything would be all right in the South if the cultured benevolence they attached to plantation days could just be brought back.

"Some of the professors think the only way I can succeed around here is academic," said Charlayne. "A couple

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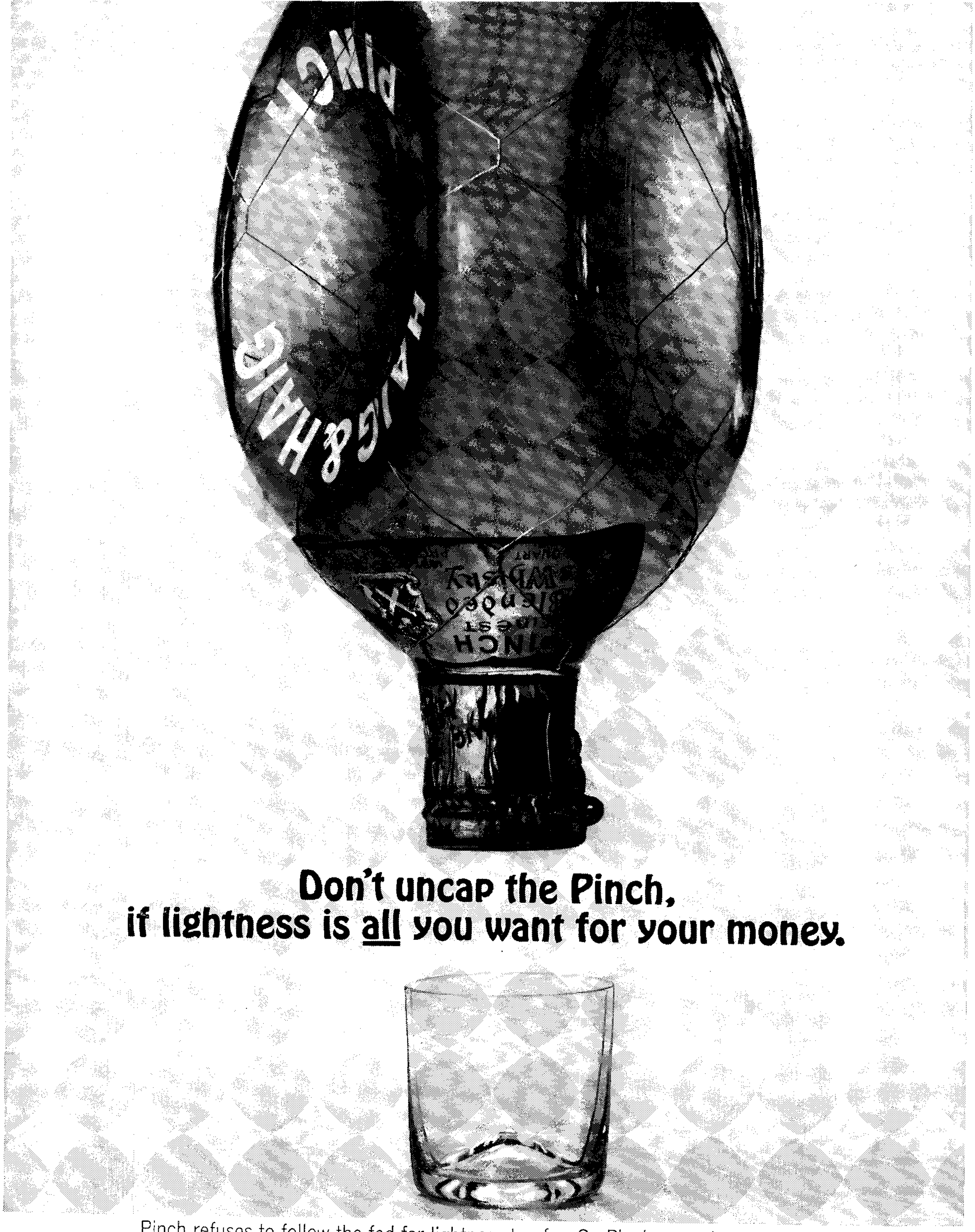
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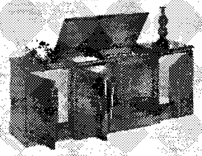

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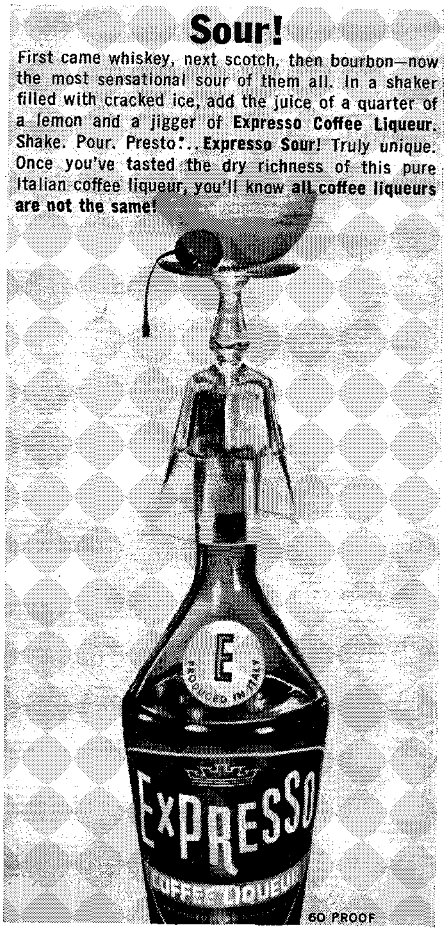
of them like to have had a heart attack when I went on probation. One of them told me he thought Negroes should be screened carefully, so only the best students would come. I think we ought to have all kinds. Hamp tells me I'm not serious enough, because I don't want to make Phi Beta Kappa. I didn't really have any philosophy when I came about how I would approach it, but sooner or later I figured the only way I could benefit from this was to get personally involved." Personal involvement proved to be a trickier battlefield for Charlayne than the straight academic contest was for Hamilton. She was in the infirmary off and on throughout her stay—mainly with stomach trouble. After two years of weekly arguments with her Atlanta doctor, Clinton Warner, whose wife had attended the graduate schools of both Georgia (as a commuter) and Georgia State, Charlayne finally admitted that her stomach trouble might be psychosomatic. Dr. Warner, who was one of the group of young Negroes who had originally encouraged Charlayne and Hamilton in their applications—but no goody-goody—says that Charlayne would have had a nervous stomach wherever she went to school but that the additional strain of Georgia almost certainly made it worse.

Charlayne also had problems in Atlanta. Unlike Hamilton, who had never really left the Negro community, she sometimes felt that she was living in limbo. "It's disillusioning that we still have this conscious barrier of color in our own people," she said. "You should see the way they treat any white I bring back to Atlanta." She was further disillusioned to discover that the Atlanta Negro community contained quite a few people who liked to play one of the pioneers off against the other, handing out the plaques and money to whichever of them seemed to be in the lead. Some people were even called "pro-Hamp" or "pro-Charlayne," and being pro one usually meant being anti the other. A Hamilton partisan might point to Hamilton's extraordinary academic performance as the proper goal of the first Negro at Georgia and complain that Charlayne did not meet her responsibilities, or might accuse Charlayne of snubbing the Athens Negro community and, occasionally, the Atlanta Negro community as well. A Charlayne fan might say that Charlayne was really bearing the brunt of the integration, since she lived on campus and maintained contact with white students rather than with Athens Negroes. Most Atlanta Negroes were genuinely proud of both pioneers, but



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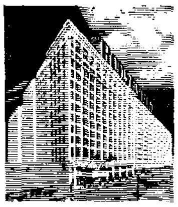

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some—so Charlayne and Hamilton were now and then informed—were tired of hearing about either of them. Charlayne and Hamilton, who had not been close friends in high school, often seemed to have been driven farther apart by the tensions of Athens and Atlanta. Hamilton sometimes regarded Charlayne as snobbish, irresponsible, and spoiled, and Charlayne sometimes regarded Hamilton as imperceptive, self-satisfied, and ever so slightly square. Weeks passed when they didn't see each other, and now and then they were formally not speaking. Still, like the only two high-school classmates in any big university, they sought each other out in time of trouble or celebration.

As Charlayne and Hamilton began their final quarter, they were agreed on one thing, at least—they were glad that the end was in sight. Although Hamilton would be the first Negro in Emory Medical School, he expected no trouble, and he would be living with his family in Atlanta. Charlayne planned to work for a magazine in New York after graduation, and had no desire to return to the South. "This hasn't really been a bad experience," she told me the night before I left Athens. "I've benefited from it, and I think everybody ought to try to be a bit selfish about these things. I'm not bitter. But," she added, "I'm sick of Negroes and sick of white people. I just want to be obscure."

"EVERYBODY here is just delighted to be over the hill," a Georgia professor told me one day at lunch just before I left Georgia, and that summed up the attitude of most of the faculty and administration as Charlayne and Hamilton approached Commencement. Everybody seemed happy at having weathered a crisis that could have meant violence and educational chaos. Even those few whose behavior at the time had been far from praiseworthy remarked on how well Georgia had come out of it, especially compared to Mississippi. Occasionally, a university official who was talking about Charlayne and Hamilton would note with some gratitude that neither had been a troublemaker, as if, in the back of his mind, he was as thankful that Georgia had not drawn James H. Meredith as Charlayne and Hamilton were that they had not drawn Ole Miss. The remark was often made with a slight smile, as if of secret understanding—a smile that I had seen on the faces of admissions officials testifying during the trial. Its apparent purpose was to inform the listener that the speaker knew perfectly well that it was all part of the plot—that the

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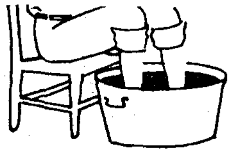

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N.A.A.C.P. had conspired to thrust upon the University of Georgia two particularly bright and attractive Negroes, and that, as part of the conspiracy, the two Negroes had reacted to a difficult situation with remarkable poise and maturity. It was just what one might have expected of them. "They have both been very coöperative," William Simpson, the university public-relations man, told me, smiling. "They haven't stirred anything up; they haven't tried to antagonize anybody. It's been to their advantage, of course. They've had good legal advice all the way."

The behavior that evoked expressions of relief from the administration seemed to evoke a detached respect from some of the students. Both responses were complicated by what Carl Holman, formerly Charlayne's editor at the Atlanta *Inquirer*, calls "the anomalous feeling of whites who are against that Negro who has broken the taboo but are drawn by the natural American interest in a celebrity." Holman first became aware of the phenomenon when he and Charlayne were representing the *Inquirer* at a press conference held at the close of the day on which the Atlanta public schools were peacefully desegregated; the police chief of Atlanta informed Holman that he had never talked to Charlayne and would be very much interested in meeting her. I had noticed a less friendly but still genuine interest and curiosity on the part of even the most abusive fraternity members I talked with about Charlayne and Hamilton. The two of them were, after all, the most famous students on the campus, and, in fact, had to be included among the most famous people who had ever gone to Georgia.

One day during my visit, I went to see John Drewry, who has been dean of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at Georgia since 1940. Like most journalism schools, the University of Georgia's school is conscious of its image. It administers the Peabody Radio and Television Awards in a dignified manner every year, invites important guests to press institutes, and is proud to give any visitor a list of its successful alumni. Dean Drewry is a dapper, penguinish man with courtly manners and a soporific Southern drawl. He assured me that Charlayne's stay in the Journalism School had been "perfectly normal," and that he had been most happy to see her "make that connection" in New York. He explained that he had attended Columbia University, in New York, with Chinese, Japanese, and all sorts of other exotic students (not to speak of the broadening experience of having attended the Peabody Awards dinners at

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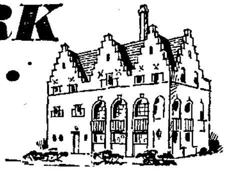

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such places as the Hotel Astor). The journalism students, he said, had consistently made the highest scores on the university's intelligence test ever since 1928, and he suggested that "there may be some correlation between intelligence and behavior." The Dean went on to say, of Charlayne, "I see her out in the hall talking to other students. She has attended classes like all the others, completely free of incident. I believe she'll tell you that she's been treated just like any other student in the school. I've been just as kind and considerate, just as detached and formal. She has conducted herself very well. I don't think they would have sent anyone but a person of more than average intelligence to be the first. She has travelled a lot. I believe she had some previous connections, and then the N.A.C.C.—you know what I'm talking about—arranged some speaking engagements, I'm sure." It seemed to me that the Dean's courtliness was slipping; white Southerners often have difficulty with the names of Negro organizations, presumably on the theory that if they are mispronounced often enough they will go away.

A moment later, Dean Drewry said, "Here, look—here's something very interesting." Coming out from behind his desk, he reached into a bookshelf, and then sat down on a chair beside me, holding a large, elaborately designed, expensively printed book called "Milestones to American Liberty: The Foundations of the Republic." He read the title aloud, formally, and told me that the book was a recent one and a very good one. "Look here," he said, riffling through the pages. "Here's Thomas Paine, John Peter Zenger, Thomas Jefferson. See, here's some of Jefferson's writing. And Woodrow Wilson, you remember him. Here's a picture of Wilson. And look here, on page two hundred and nine." After a brief glance at the table of contents, he had turned to a chapter on school desegregation, which included a photograph of Charlayne and Hamilton. "And here, by golly," the Dean said proudly, pointing at the picture of Charlayne, "here is a graduate of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism."

—Calvin Trillin

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

•

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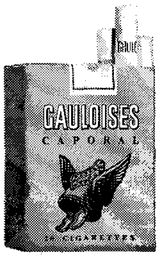

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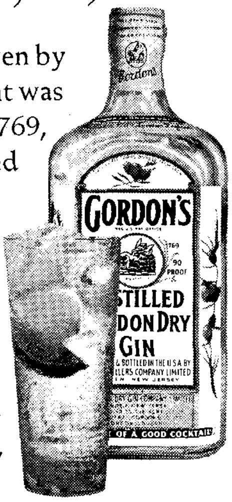

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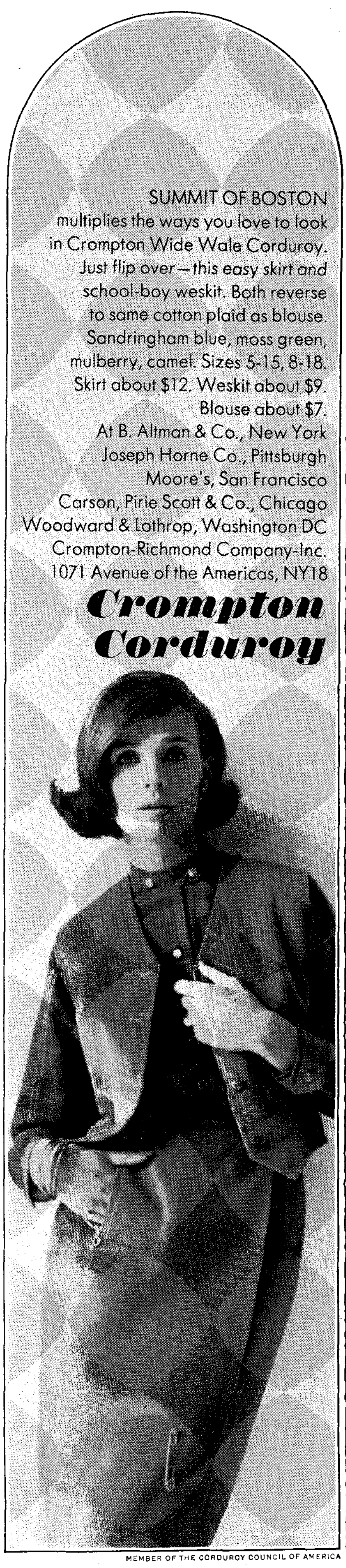

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THE RACE TRACK

Cyrano and His Nose Again

Cyrano won the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, and the race, true to its tradition, was a thriller. I don't believe there ever was a dull Brooklyn Handicap. The horses that run in it are not always topnotchers, but the event seems to bring out the best in them. Ten paraded to the post for this running—the seventy-fifth—and I must say they weren't impressive on looks. One of the lightly regarded starters, to judge from the betting (he paid $19), was Cyrano, who had led from beginning to end of the Metropolitan but had tired after setting the pace for a mile in the Suburban, which was at a mile and a quarter—the same distance as the Brooklyn. As expected, Cyrano was first to show in front last Saturday, and, under a hustling ride by Ussery, who is especially good at that sort of thing, continued to lead, fighting off the challenges of Saidam, who was the closest to him until the turn for home, and then Sunrise County, who came up so strong in the stretch that I didn't think Cyrano could stave him off, though he did, by a nose. Lanvin finished fast to be third, a length and a quarter behind. Cyrano's time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01⅗, the same as Kelso's the year before last. The disappointments were Saidam, who looked lighter in flesh than he had for the Suburban, in which he finished second, and Mongo, who got into close quarters on the turn into the stretch and finished fifth. (I think Mongo runs better on grass.) Cyrano is owned by the Greentree Stable, which was winning the Brooklyn for the fifth time; he is a son of Tom Fool, the hero of the race in 1953. Greentree also won a division of the Hollywood Juvenile Championship last Saturday, with a colt named Malicious. For the record, the second division was won by something named Nevada Bin, who beat something named Nevada P. J. by a neck. Come to think of it, there was another Malicious on the Coast a quarter of a century ago, whose spectacular finishes foreshadowed those of Silky Sullivan.

Readers of these pastoral notes may recall that after Raise a Native won the Juvenile Stakes at Aqueduct two months ago, I put him at the top of my list of two-year-olds. Well, he added the Great American Stakes to his score the other day, doing the five and a half furlongs in 1:02⅗, which is only a fifth of a second off the world's record. Dominating the running from the start, he was an easy winner by two lengths from Mr. Brick, to whom he gave seven pounds. Chieftain, who galloped off with the Tremont a week before, was third. Raise a Native, who is by Native Dancer out of Raise You, is a most attractive colt—tall, powerfully built, and with good length for his height. If I should fault him, it would be for his color, which is chestnut. He should be a gray, like his daddy. His next start will be in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth Park a week from Saturday. I expect he'll win that one, too.

I am sure that those who have been following the travels and the efforts of Get Around gave a sigh of relief when his number went up first in the Choice Stakes, for three-year-olds, at Monmouth Park last weekend. Watching the race on television, I thought the best he could get was a dead heat with Hot Dust, but the official pictures showed that he'd won by inches. Crewman, who was third, ran better than he did in the Dwyer at Aqueduct the previous Saturday, but Choker seemed to have trained off. No doubt, however, they'll all be ready for the Travers Stakes at Saratoga next month.

Table Mate, a nimble filly from California, was an easy winner of the New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park last Saturday, rolling home by more than three lengths ahead of Nubile. La Verde was third and Firm Policy, the 7–10 favorite, was fourth. The race was the second of a series for fillies and mares, the climax of which will be the Delaware Handicap, with a purse of $165,000, this weekend. Among the probable starters—including, of course, the first four in the New Castle—will be Cicada, who lost the big pot last year by a head to Seven Thirty. First money would put Cicada a long jump closer to the million she's after.

—Audax Minor

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL SCENE

[*Headline in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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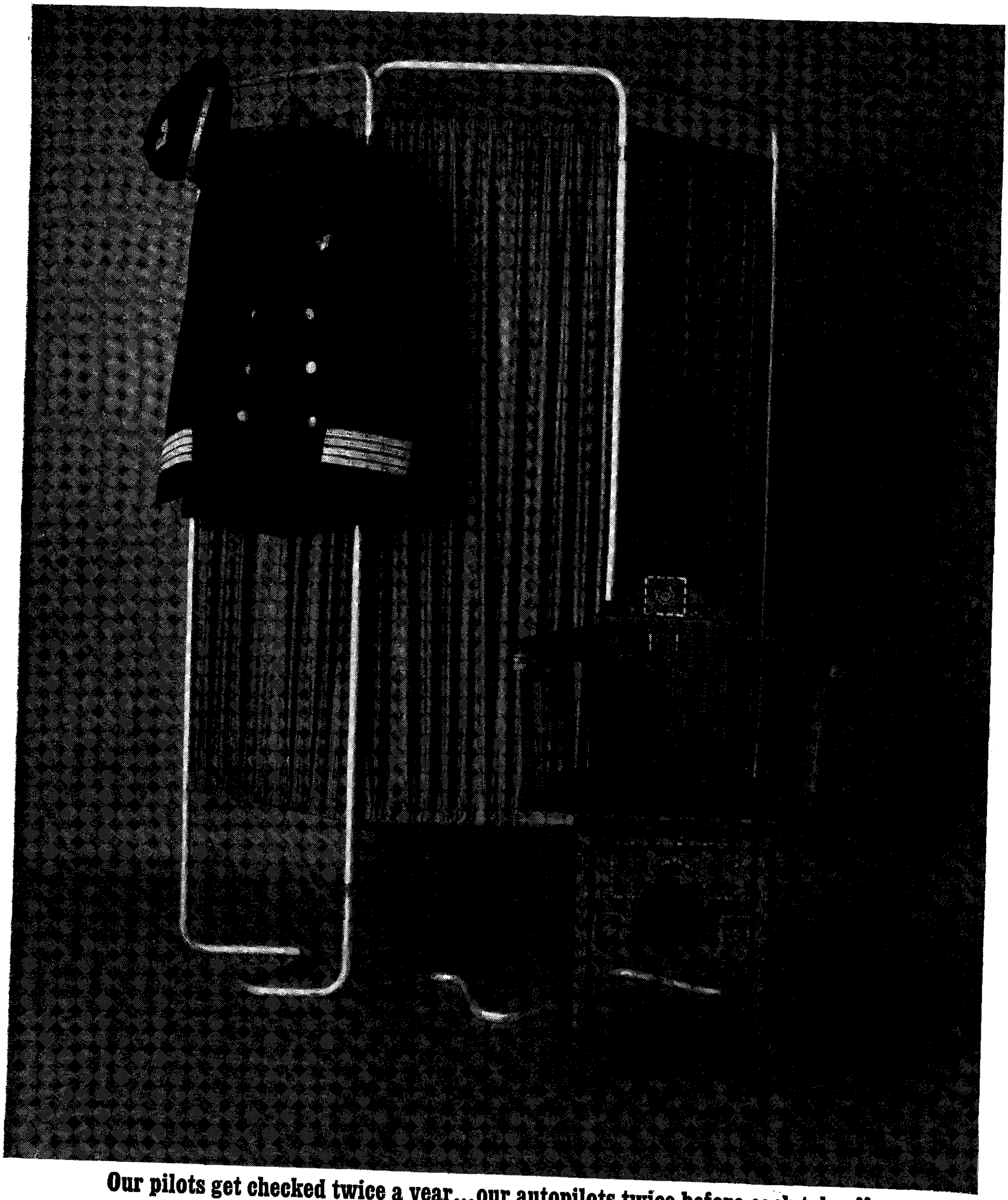

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IN A WORD

"WELL! How have *you* been?" I said to the blond graduate student, female, with whom I had got jammed cheek by jowl in a corner at an English Department cocktail party a couple of months ago. I had come alone, my husband having gone to a Raven Society banquet, and I needed to get away to go to dinner with my old Aunt Ethel, who lives out in the country.

"Just *fine*," the graduate student said, her mouth not six inches from mine.

"Family all well?" I asked cautiously. I was not sure whether she was one of the married ones or not.

"Just *fine!*" she replied. "Did you by any chance listen to the coverage of the space flight?"

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"The space flight. Astronaut Gordon Cooper's," she shouted, nevertheless managing to convey overtones of patience. "The other day. Over all channels."

"Yes, yes," I said. "Only on the radio. We haven't got a television."

"He was on radio, too," she said.

"Who was? Cooper?" I said.

"No," she said. "Look: Do you happen to remember—it came on the Chevy program, here—a guest speaker they introduced? Representing the McDonnell Company? Just after the commercial about the new Chevy coupes?"

"I'm not sure what—"

"The McDonnell Company. That manufactured the space craft," she shouted.

"Oh, yes. I do remember that man," I said. "He was talking about the changes they had been making in the capsule since Schirra's flight. He said they had improved the instrumentality."

"*That's* right," she said.

"And made changes in the toiletry," I said.

"Now you've got it," she said. "Well. How did you think he sounded?"

"I thought he sounded like a minstrel show," I said. "Instrumentality! Toiletry!"

A pause ensued. "He happened to be my brother," the graduate student said. "Speaking for the McDonnell Company."

It is difficult to make amends gracefully, at close quarters. "I suppose he had to say what he did," I said. "They probably *made* him call it the toiletry."

"But that's what he was talking about," the blonde said firmly. "The toiletry in the space craft."

"You mean he really meant the soap, powder, cologne, comb, et cetera, used in making one's toilet?" I said.

"He meant the facilities," she said. "That's what they're called. The toiletry."

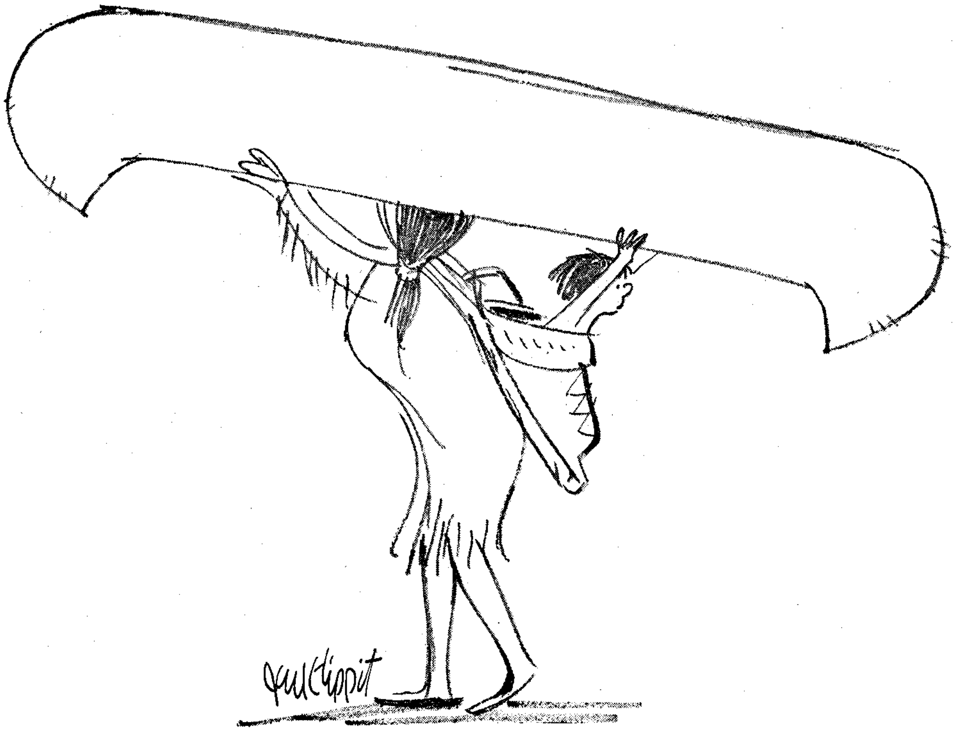
"Not by me they're not," I said.

"I meant today. In aviation. By normal people," she said.

We were transfixed. There was no chance of escape—professors and their wives kept backing into us from every side.

"*Tell* me about your brother," I said, deciding to be magnanimous. "What's he interested in?"

"Space craft," she said, still glaring.



"Well, before that," I said. "When he was a little boy, what was he interested in?"

I could feel her relax, because when she did we bumped.

"Souped-up cars," she said. "He was a hot-rod driver."

"How nice!" I said.

" 'Hot rod,' " she said, "means an automobile, usually a jalopy, whose motor has been supercharged for—"

"I know what hot rod means," I interrupted. "I had a cousin with a souped-up Marmon."

She smiled, as at a liar. "They used to play a thing called 'Chicken,' out on the road," she said. "They—"

"I know what 'Chicken' means, too," I said.

"There *have* been a lot of editorials about it," she said. "Older people just can't seem to understand what could motivate such a thing."

"Rubbish," I said. "Same thing used to motivate me."

She smiled politely.

"I had a Stutz when I was about seventeen," I said. "I was fond of—"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I've read about those. A Stutz Bearcat."

"No, *not* a Bearcat," I said. "A seven-passenger touring car with an H-shift and a right-hand drive. It was so enormous and heavy it felt like driving a Mack truck. I used to have fun passing cars and cutting in so close to their left front fenders they had to get over into the ditch. I suppose it *was* awful. I was betting on their not arguing with me, but I never thought about what might have happened if they had."

"I guess the weight made you perfectly safe," she said. "And at the low speeds people drove in those days . . ."

"I went eighty-four when I was fourteen, with a beau, in his red Jordan roadster," I said.

"Why, wonderful!" she said maddeningly. "Did you go that fast in your Bearcat, ever?"

"It wasn't a Bearcat. . . . I went faster," I said. "A boy friend of mine was driving it once, and a cop started to follow us, but we outdistanced him. The speedometer hit eighty, which was the highest mark on the dial, and then just flickered."

A young man, holding a drink up over his head, shoehorned himself past two fat faculty wives, under the arm of Mr. Barker, the tall university promotion man, and pierced our solitude.

"Hi," he said to the girl. "I've been trying to make contact, but you can see how I was blocked." He regarded me.

"This is Mrs., uh, Mrs.," the blond girl said. "We've been having a fas-

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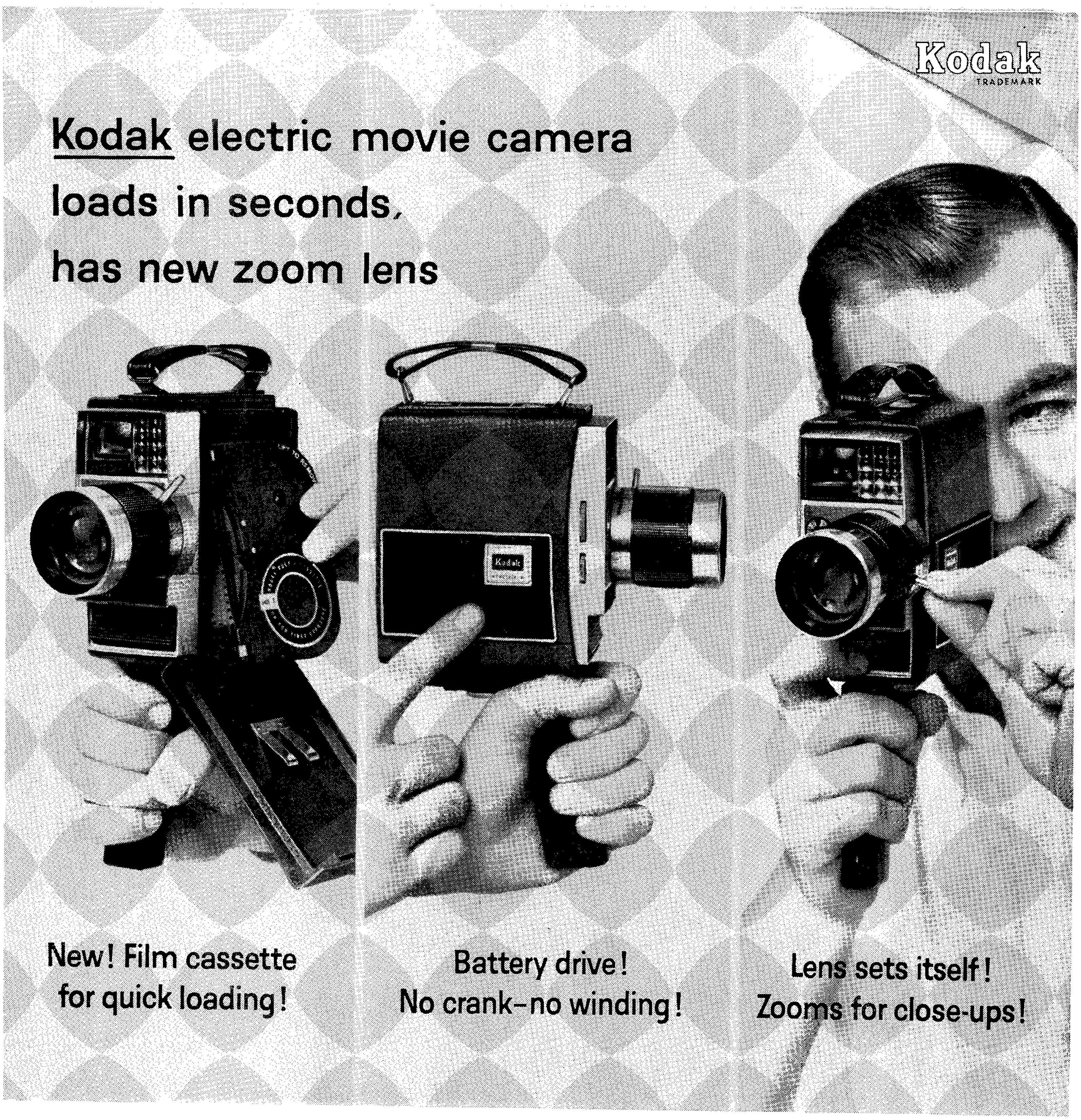

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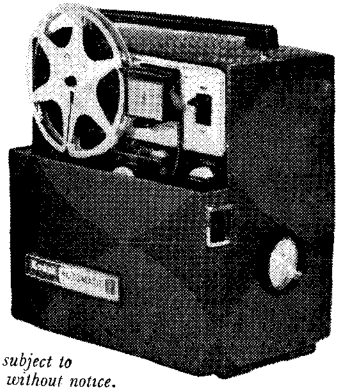

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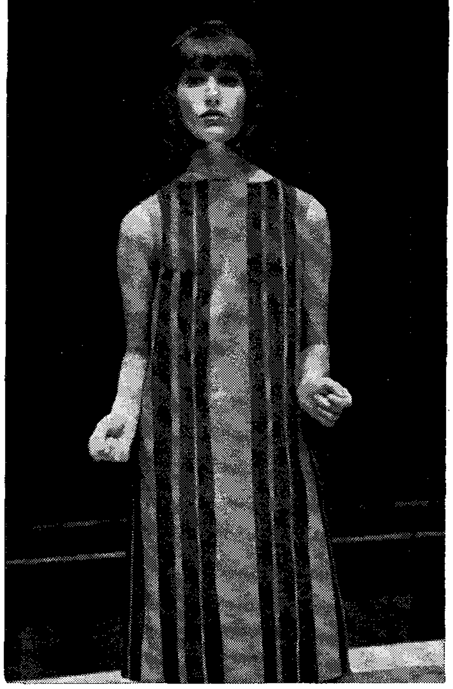

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cinating conversation about antique cars. It seems Mrs., uh, had a Stutz Bearcat back when she was young. Isn't that the most?" she said to the young man, with a dazzling smile.

"That's just *fine*," he agreed heartily.

"If you'd lean back, hard, on Mr. Barker," I said, "I think I could get out of here and leave you two alone."

"Oh, that's all right," the young man said. "We don't mind."

"I do," I said.

He was so startled that he did lean back on Mr. Barker, and I did squeeze out of the corner.

"And it wasn't a Bearcat," I said as I went. "It was a seven-passenger touring car."

They only stared.

"Furthermore," I continued to exhort them angrily, as I drove out toward Aunt Ethel's, "though the generations are every bit as different as you think they are, it's not for the reasons you think. You never even notice the things that really have changed, like . . . like . . ."

I had been standing, stopped by a red light at a crossroads, and now traffic started up again. A young man in a white Dodge on my right attempted to zoom ahead of me, but by clutching more smoothly than he knew how to I got ahead of him and then moved over on the right myself. I relaxed and let him pass me as he pleased. I watched as his car sped down into the distance where the limit is forty-five and checked by radar, hoping the worst for him.

At Aunt Ethel's I let myself in at the front door. She called to me from the top of the stairs.

"Come up," she said. "I was just packing."

When I entered her big, square bedroom, I saw a suitcase lying open on the chaise longue.

"I didn't realize you were going away," I said.

"I'm paying a visit to Laura Hammond, in Philadelphia. I plan to take a night train. You remember Laura," she said. "She came to your father's college commencement. In those days he was courting Laura—before he met your dear mother."

"I can't say I remember," I said patiently. "Are you leaving tonight?"

"Mercy, no," she said. "Or I wouldn't be so calm. Monday night."

"But, darling," I said. "Monday is four whole days off. You've got oodles of time before you need to get ready."

"If you are referring to my suitcase,"

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Aunt Ethel said, following my eyes, "I always like to get started early with my packing."

"Nobody thinks in terms of 'packing,' these days," I pointed out. "People just put a few things in a bag and go."

"*I* think in terms of packing," Aunt Ethel said. "Actually, I prefer to allow a week. It takes me that long to think of all the things I might be called on to do. Even so, I generally find, when I get where I'm going, that I've forgotten something."

"But a whole week!" I said. "There's a limit to how much one needs on any visit."

"I'm not so sure," she said. "Once when I visited your Uncle Charles Fotheringay, I was asked to judge a dog show."

"Any nice, simple dress would have been appropriate," I said.

"I don't care! I enjoy thinking ahead about the possibilities," she said, "and I hate to feel rushed, and I don't see what harm it does you."

I sat down on a small chair.

"It's not that," I said. "I'm just trying to make things easier for you. It worries me to think of you with your bag open and your trip weighing on your mind all that time. It's perfectly simple to do the whole thing in an hour. You could have a peaceful dinner Monday, pack your clothes during the evening, and then do your hair. I find if one puts a net over it one can sleep on it and it will look all right next morning without doing it over. Last thing of all, put your toiletry in your bag and then simply go."

"Put my *what* did you say?" Aunt Ethel said.

"Toiletry. I don't know why I used the word. It sort of came up earlier, today."

"I haven't the faintest idea what it means," she said.

"Oh, you know. Your comb, and brush, and cologne, and powder, and—"

"I refuse to know what it means," Aunt Ethel said. "Some words are too despicable to understand."

I looked at her, and at the suitcase, and I had to laugh. "You pack any way you feel like," I said.

—NANCY HALE

•

Arriving by plane near midnight last night, the Golden Bears went out for their first spin this morning. They are among the most impressive physical specimens on the scene, averaging 64 inches in height and 190 pounds.—*The Times.*

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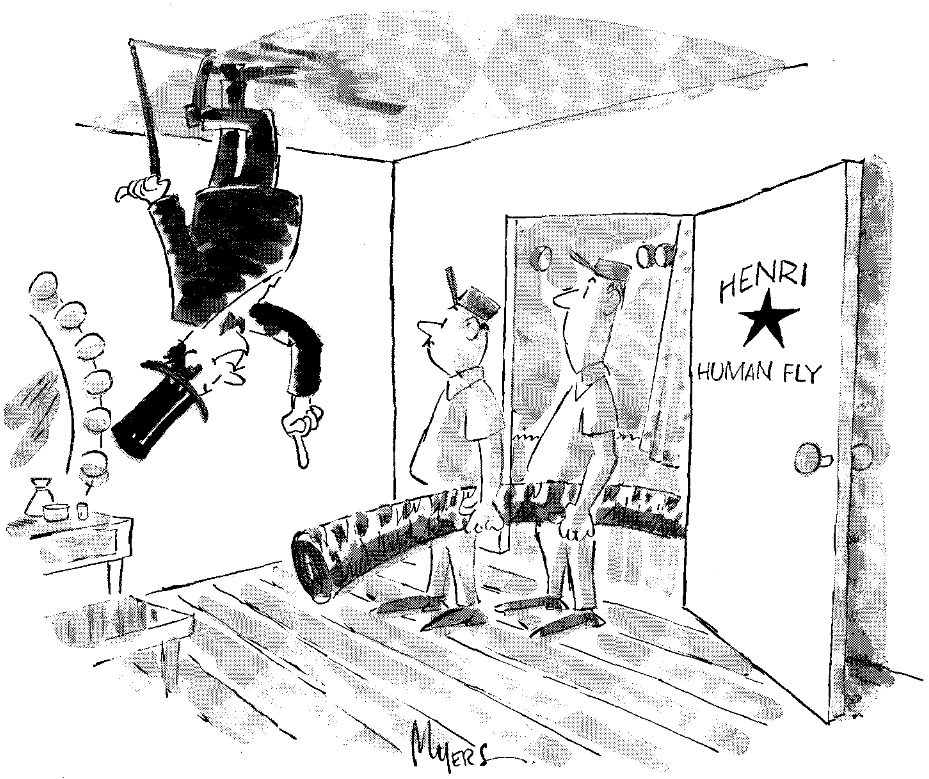

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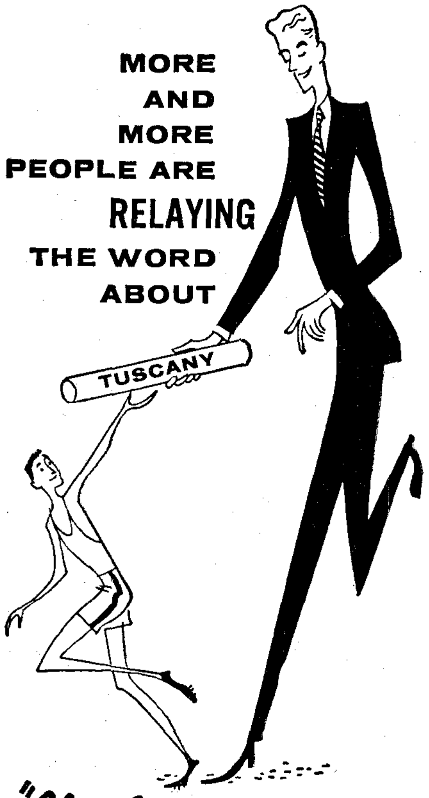

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 18

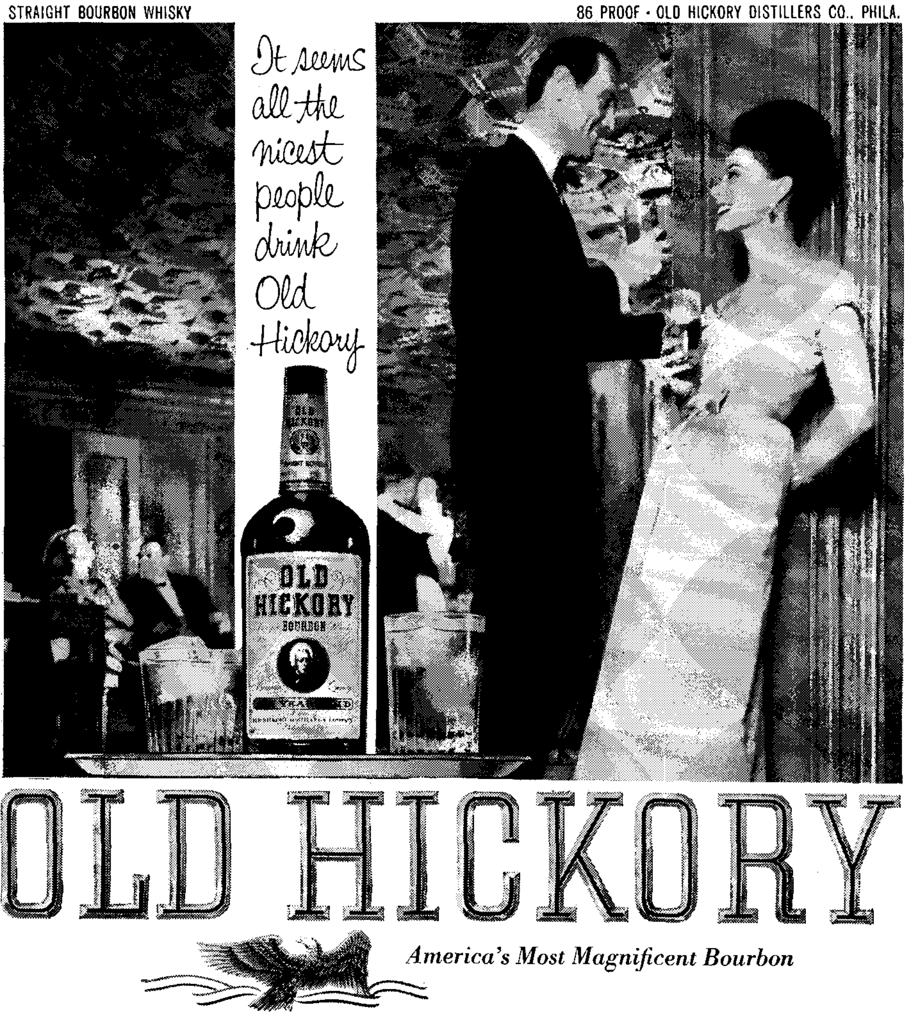
THE Bastille fell a hundred and seventy-four years ago last Sunday. The traditional Bastille Day early-morning military parade down the Champs-Elysées, under the rare bright Sunday sunshine, drew the largest crowd since the frenzied July 14th victory parade of 1945, reviewed by General de Gaulle, then late of the French Resistance. Now President of his Fifth Republic, he was cheered with marked moderation by Sunday's sidewalk crowds as he stood like an impressive statue in uniform in his open car, en route to the official tribune—not far from the Place de la Concorde—which was garnished with golden chairs. But here again he stood, august and motionless, throughout the hour and a half of the parade's passage before him. The fête began with twenty-one cannon shots fired from the riverside below the Tour Eiffel. Punctually at nine-thirty, the leader of six Mystère-IV jet fighter planes roared low above the Champs-Elysées, over the Concorde obelisk, and above the carved roofs of the Louvre, and disappeared beyond, emitting streams of red, white, and blue smoke, like an endlessly floating tricolor banner—a tasteful, theatrical French touch always added to a gala flypast, and one that the populace always cheers. However, the crowd packed between the Arc de Triomphe and the Rond-Point soon began to show displeasure and started shouting for the military bands to strike up a tune, instead of marching by to the mere rattle and boom of their drums, obviously saving their breath to blow their horns a little farther on for General de Gaulle and his guests (including African and Malagasy Negro notables garbed in startling embroidered robes). As *Figaro* acidly commented on Monday, what a July 14th crowd wants above all is "a great parade of military bands playing, of flags, of uniforms that everybody knows by sight and can cheer as they pass by in a long shimmer of sabres and bayonets, to the sound of the 'Sambre et Meuse' "—one of the French Army's most popular old military marches. "How did it happen that Sunday's parade was the dreariest in years?" *Figaro* asked, and then answered. It was dreary because the regiments were all dressed alike in their new homogeneous international summer khaki and looked modern and indistinguishable, and no longer French, historic, and colorful. The Chasseurs Alpins no longer trotted along in blue at the double-quick; the paratroopers no longer wore their leopard-spot camouflage suits, or even their distinguishing red or blue berets. Of all the nearly nine thousand marching soldiers, the most acclaimed by bravos and handclapping was the company from the Foreign Legion (who, it is true, as regimented adventurers, have always occupied a soft spot in the French crowd's affections), whose traditional appearance had not been altered. There they were with their familiar white-banded high kepis, their long, slow-stepped desert stride, their well-known sand-colored uniforms, and their beards—the famous Legionnaires who backed the subversive O.A.S. in the 1961 Algiers insurrection against de Gaulle and have not been permitted to parade here ever since, until Sunday. On Sunday, they stole the Bastille Day show—almost like another form of disloyalty.

HOTEL DU TERTRE

THE worthiest new summer *son-et-lumière* creation in France is right here in Paris, mounted in connection with the eighth centenary of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. Described as "*l'évocation dramatique et lumineuse des grandes heures de Notre-Dame, dont l'histoire se confond avec celle de la France et de Paris*," this half-hour event will be repeated twice nightly, at nine-thirty and at ten-thirty, from now until September 8th, and it is something not to miss. Your ticket entitles you to be crowded down onto the Quai de Montebello riverside, where the Seine serves you as a mirror, showing in reflection the colored lights and the church's south portal, which you are facing and gazing up at, so that you see them in duplicate. Aside from the singing by the choir of Notre-Dame—as affecting as if the Cathedral stones had suddenly taken voice—the sights before your eyes are far more memorable than any of the spoken words (great as they are), recited by some of the best actors of France, with Suzanne Flon as Jeanne d'Arc, Jean Marchat as the prelate Bossuet, and Pierre Brasseur as Victor Hugo. It is the colored lights accompanying and illuminating these words that touch one's imagination, such as the golden color covering the church walls to gild the spoken text on Napoleon, and the deepening blues or scarlets that bring a new melancholy and glory to the church's stone carvings and statues. There is also, at one moment, the illumination from the inside of the great South Window, with its standing figures of the Wise and Foolish Virgins and its massed colors of the *rosace* that they seem to be upholding. These are all artificial new ways of looking at this old, great cathedral by night. They are like visions.

THIRTY-EIGHT Paris theatres are now closed for the summer season, which still leaves twenty-six Paris theatres open for the summer season, if only to demonstrate how oversupplied this city is with dramatic entertainment and how the whole thing has lately become a farcical financial muddle. The first half of the 1963 theatre year has already been marked by worse attendance than even that of the year before, when the theatres made money on people staying home. The 1962 theatre season had a quarter-million fewer spectators than the year before that, but took in nearly six per cent more at the box office, because ticket prices had suddenly gone up, like everything else in prosperous France. The cost of living (which to the French mostly means the cost of eating), according to government figures, has gone up a little more than five per cent over the past twelve months, which means that basic minimum French salaries will, by law, be raised in September by a bit more than four per cent—not quite fair play but certainly better than nothing. Theatre tickets for orchestra seats, which were eighteen francs in 1961, rose to twenty francs last year, and are still there—after all, only about four dollars, or half the price of a seat for a show on Broadway.

What the French call *les pièces gaies* are the only ones that have had any box-office popularity so far in 1963, and, even when popular, they have been dependent on star comedians, who have pulled these rather silly vehicles along. This dependence on actors has been true, too, for the serious plays. It has been an actor's year, with success built entirely around an actor's name. Without Pierre Dux, for instance, the recent brilliant Molière cycle at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre would not have survived, since adult Parisians today can easily forgo the immortal classics that they were brought up on as children. It took Pierre Fresnay himself to swing the box office for "Le Neveu de Rameau;" it took Ingrid Bergman and her internationally famous name to make a hit of her "Hedda Gabler;" and it took the actor-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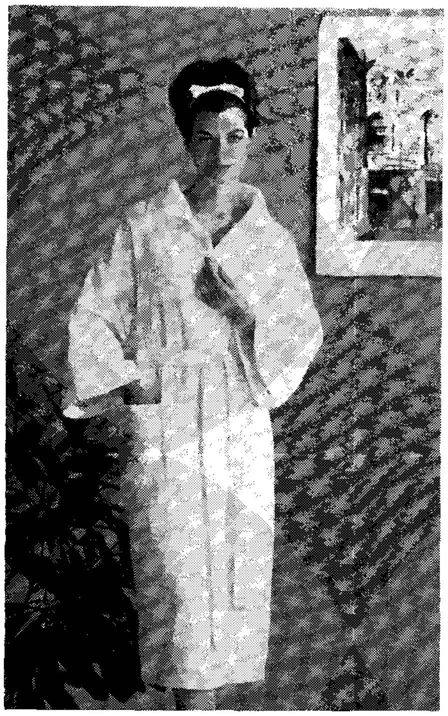

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manager Jean Vilar to produce and play in and make a hit of "Thomas More" at the leftist state theatre, the Théâtre National Populaire. So shrunken are French audiences even in the provinces, where the competition from television is less acute than in Paris, that the china-manufacturing city of Limoges has just opened a new Grand Théâtre with a trick movable ceiling; by pressing a button, the ceiling descends to block off the top balcony, thus reducing the seating capacity by a third, to an intimate theatre of only nine hundred and sixty-one seats. Here in Paris, theatre managers have been looking in vain for new young gifted French playwrights. Not one has been discovered or heard from so far this year. Apparently such playwrights failed to be born about twenty or thirty years ago. Now they constitute a missing French generation.

As for the summer film fare, half of the movies now being shown in Paris are old ones—some of them very old ones in the original version, like "Hellzapoppin;" the Marx Brothers in "Love Happy;" Chaplin's "The Gold Rush;" Gene Kelly's "Singin' in the Rain;" four démodé Brigitte Bardots; early Jeanne Moreaus; Orson Welles in "The Third Man;" a sidesplitting Laurel and Hardy festival, showing at three boulevard houses; the late, gifted Gérard Philipe in René Clair's "La Beauté du Diable;" and, at the Napoléon neighborhood movie house, a different wonderful old American Western every day until August. All these famous films of yesteryear are the present passion of the *lycée* generation of the young French, who have almost a collector's instinct to miss none of them, as a form of their ripening cinematographic culture.

THOUGH the summer-vacation months are now half over, the French Parliament is still patiently sitting. Yesterday it housed the opening of what may be the most important debate of the year so far—that on the hurried new government bill that makes a five-day strike notice obligatory for employees in public services, this being the government's reaction to the devastating surprise Métro strike three weeks ago, which paralyzed Paris aboveground in the rain. To show how the labor unions and their members feel about this bill, they struck some more on Wednesday in Paris, in big towns, and in public-transport facilities pretty well all over France. The Communist-led and dominant French labor union, the Confédération Générale du Travail, and the weakest union, the Catholic-

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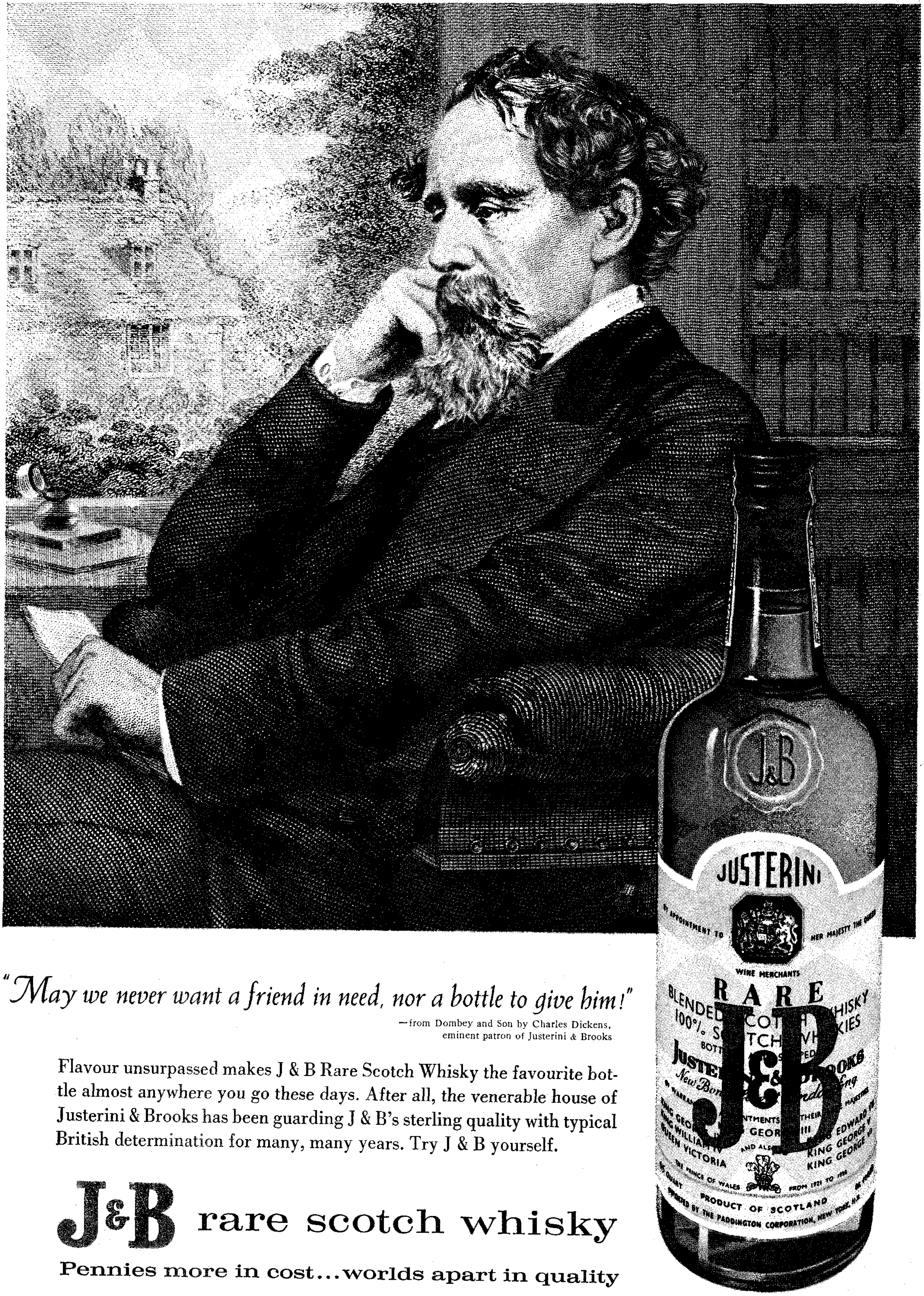
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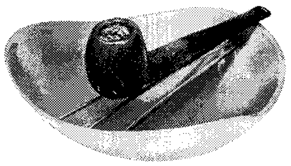

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led Christian Workers Group, made a joint appeal for an hour-long strike in all their cadres, which the middling-strong Socialist labor union had to sidestep. Its strongest membership is among small civil servants, who, by a much earlier strike law, lose a whole day's pay if they strike for a full hour, so the Socialists called only for a fifteen-minute strike, rather like a coffee break. However, ninety per cent of the nation's electrical workers made up for this by a generous two-hour morning strike, from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty, which closed factories and offices all over France and, here in Paris, stopped the Métro again, along with commuter-train service, hotel and business-office elevators, and so on. The Paris radio and television also struck—and for the whole day, at that—cancelling all emissions except the 8 A.M., the 1 P.M., and the 10 P.M. newscasts, and running nothing in between except recorded music. The mailmen struck hard, the so-called *ambulant* postmen having started the midnight before by not sorting the mail in the train postal vans. And the Paris garbage collectors struck, as did the municipal street-sweepers with the long twig brooms.

It must be realized that the long-smoldering importance of France's strike problem—of the long-awaited strike-regulation bill and all the Left and Right political implications involved—lies partly in the following facts: that this week's bill is the fourteenth proposal for such legislation to be set before Parliament since the Liberation; that the only previous bill that came anywhere near being considered was written by a Socialist; and, as was remarked by State Minister Louis Joxe, who led the debate for the Gaullist side, that the first of such strike-regulation bills was attempted in 1894 by the great Communard Socialist Jules Guesde, confrere of Karl Marx and editor of the paper *Les Droits de l'Homme*, and by the martyr Socialist deputy Jean Jaurès, assassinated shortly before the First World War broke out, whose name still appears today as founder of the Communists' Paris newspaper *Humanité*. In view of all this, it was ironic that both the Communist and Socialist parties publicly blasted the government's bill as "constituting an unprecedented attack against the means of defense and the rights acquired by the working class."

However, what apparently mattered most to Joxe were the recent French strike figures that he read off: In the seven months of the present year, there have already been seven Air France

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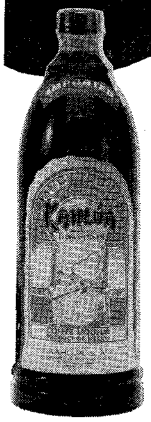

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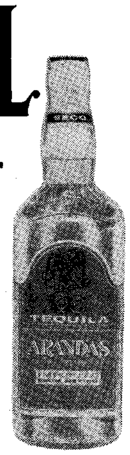

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strikes, seventeen railroad strikes, and fifty-four Paris transport strikes, of which a large proportion were surprise affairs. He increased the conviction of those deputies fighting the bill—who also included excellent liberal democrats like René Pleven and François Mitterrand—that this Gaullist measure is really a covert attack on the ancient French right to strike in any way when he said, "A right is never absolute." The parliamentary debate was frequently stormy, with deputies shouting and banging their desk tops off and on all through the night until five-thirty in the morning, after dawn, when the vote, which was close, passed the bill by a narrow margin. It includes an amendment stating that the strikers' having given the legal five-day warning was no obstacle to trying to settle the conflict by talking things over, and so not strike at all. The worst moment for the government side came when it had thrown at it a quotation straight from the horse's mouth—a statement previously made by François Missoffe, de Gaulle's Minister for Repatriation. What he had said was, "The labor unions will undergo the same fate as the political parties" in France under the Fifth Republic. —GENÊT

•

Now we define a *statement form* to be any sequence of symbols containing statement variables, such that when statements are substituted for the statement variables—the same statement replacing the same statement variable throughout—the result is a statement.—*From "Symbolic Logic," by Irving M. Copi.*

We have no statement today. We'll go right to questioning.

•

Nine members of the Homewood public schools faculty will head for summer sessions at various colleges and universities this year.

Three of them will attend the university of Chicago. Mrs. Elinore Engelmann is enrolled in a mathematics worship and a philosophy of education course.—*Homewood-Flossmoor (Ill.) Star.*

That's carrying the New Math a bit far.

•

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[*From the Albuquerque Tribune*]

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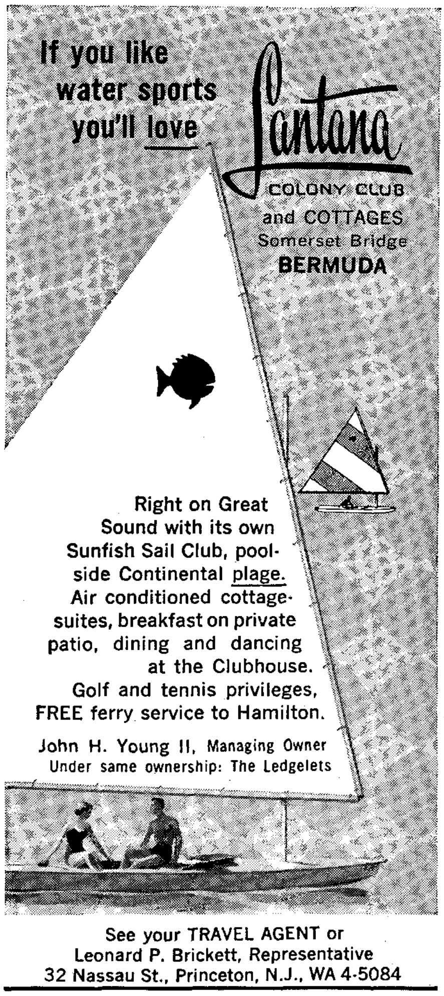
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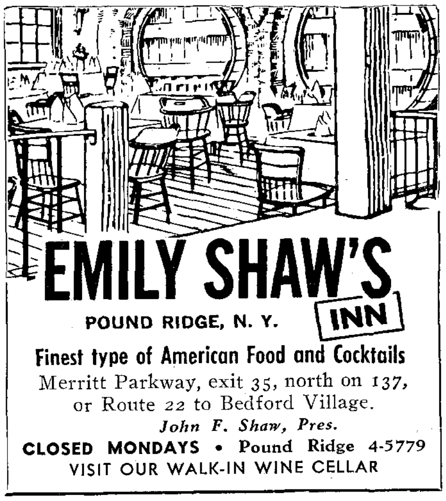
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THE SPORTING SCENE

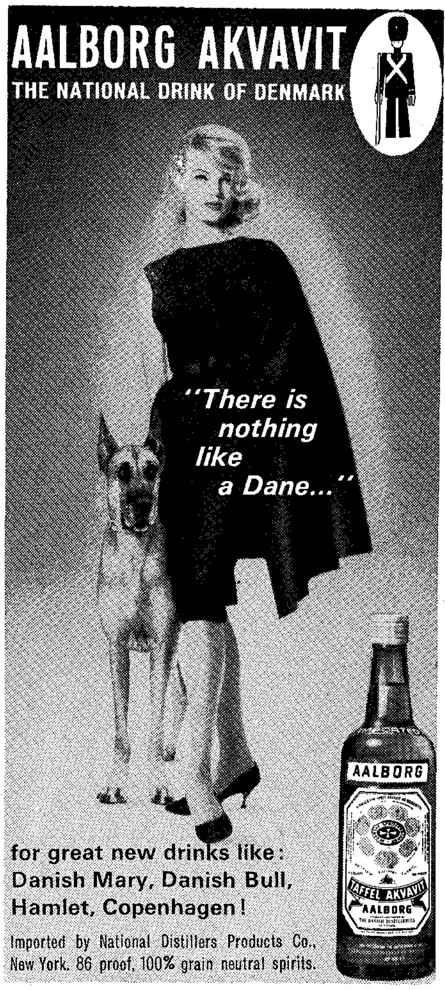
ALL HOT AND BOTHERED

SINCE the war, the famous old amateur tennis tournaments have considerably resembled undergraduate conferences on world disarmament. The participants—the youthful, hot-eyed debaters and the tweedy, benevolent faculty sponsors—meet in an atmosphere of virtue and intelligence and unanimously resolve to do away with all nasty explosions, and everyone pretends not to know that the bright young scholar who presided over the previous year's meeting has since gone to work for the Hercules Powder Company. For the past four or five years, it has appeared that the conferees were experiencing more and more difficulty in sustaining their innocent and attractive illusions. All the best tennis players in the world had turned professional, and it was generally acknowledged that the remaining undergraduates, or amateurs, were able to pursue their studies and maintain their ideals only because they received regular checks from home. It seemed only a matter of time before open pro-amateur tennis would be permitted, thus enabling the young grinds to meet and exchange ideas with some graduates of the School of Hard Knocks. All this, however, has been reversed, or at least appreciably checked, by the events of the past month. This summer, the community of amateur tennis has displayed a new righteous vigor and glow of health, while the professionals have publicly fallen victim to ineffectuality, bickering, self-doubt, and bad nerves. It's almost as if General LeMay had suddenly appeared on the platform in tears and asked Bertrand Russell's forgiveness.

The decisive and largely unexpected victory of Chuck McKinley at Wimbledon has raised hopes for this country's chances in Davis Cup competition this year, and has added anticipatory zest to the amateur grass-court tournament season that began this week at the Merion Cricket Club and will conclude with the Nationals, at Forest Hills, in late August and early September. McKinley is the first American to win the Wimbledon title since Tony Trabert in 1955, and in view of the fact that he went through the tournament without the loss of a set, he must be conceded an excellent chance to become the first American finalist at Forest Hills since Trabert won there that same year. Whatever McKinley accomplishes in the next six weeks, he has already taken amateur tennis out of the lingering Ozymandian shadow left by Rod Laver, the Australian left-hander who won the grand slam of tennis last year by capturing the Australian, French, English, and American championships, and who led his country to its fourth straight Davis Cup before he turned professional. McKinley, who is five feet eight inches tall and whose tennis style and temperament is early James Cagney, will be a gallery favorite this summer, but he is no Laver; before Wimbledon, he was rated no better than fourth or fifth among the current internationalists. Fortunately, however, amateur tennis is so invigorated at present that it appears in no immediate need of a successor to the title of "World's Best." Since the war, a player of the very first rank has appeared about twice every decade, and the years of sifting and waiting have often been more interesting than the season or two in which a star like Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzales, Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad, or Laver was spread-eagling the sport. Now, with Laver gone, it is possible to appreciate the sizable pack of somewhat less godlike amateurs, all young and on the rise, who will scramble for dominance this summer. In addition to McKinley, this group includes Roy Emerson, the Australian who holds the French and Australian championships, and who won both the American and Australian titles in 1961; Manuel Santana, of Spain; and Rafael Osuna, the Mexican who helped eliminate the United States from Davis Cup competition last year at an embarrassingly early stage. Just behind these are Fred Stolle, the tall Australian whom McKinley defeated in the Wimbledon final; Mike Sangster, of England; Wilhelm Bungert, of Germany; and the Americans Frank Froehling and Dennis Ralston. Most of these players will turn up at the Nationals and at one or more of the Eastern tournaments that precede Forest Hills, and so, in all likelihood, will such eager, newly fledged Americans as Charles Pasarell, Marty Riessen, Gene Scott, and Arthur Ashe (who is the first Negro who appears likely to rise to international stature among male players). Moreover, a group of tennis enthusiasts operating under the People-to-People program has already chartered a plane that will bring as many likely European players as possible to Forest Hills, thus continuing the plan, inaugurated last season, to make our championships truly international.

Just after McKinley accepted the cup at Wimbledon, Tony Trabert, the promoter and chief executive of the professional troupe, offered him fifty thousand dollars to turn pro. McKinley said he would defer decision until January; if he should win at Forest Hills, the offer will probably be raised. If Emerson wins at Forest Hills, he, too, may well leave the amateurs, although the professional repertory company is heavily overstocked with Australian leading men at the moment and is badly in need of a young American hero. The professional offer has become almost reflexive; of the ten players who have won the men's singles at Wimbledon or Forest Hills since 1955, only McKinley, Emerson, and Neale Fraser are still amateurs. McKinley and Emerson, however, may find the decision about their tennis future a good deal pricklier than some of their predecessors did, for professional tennis is in a state of near apoplexy because of its compulsive devouring of young tennis talent. The highly successful tours developed by Jack Kramer, and managed by him until last year, have been built on a star system that has required a new challenger almost every year to meet the reigning professional champion in head-to-head competition or to play against the three top pros in continuous round-robin affairs. Almost invariably, the challenger has fallen victim to the much higher standard of play among the pros. He has been slaughtered on his first tour, and within a year or two his initial contract has been played out and he finds himself scrambling to remain among the cast as a supporting player or character actor, at much lower remuneration. His only recourse then is to so improve his game in the cutthroat, brutally demanding competition of the pros that he himself rises to the very top, and so qualifies to meet the newest recruit from the amateurs; even in that position, he may find that he is earning less than the celebrated newcomer whose ears he is pinning back. Obviously, then, this is a profession with plenty of room at the bottom. In the process of instantly overmatching its brilliant young men in front of the biggest and most widespread audiences that tennis has ever known, it has damaged their reputations and sent a good number of them into nervous semi-obscurity.

All the anxieties, ironies, confusion, and bitterness of this shabby system were painfully evident in the four-day pro-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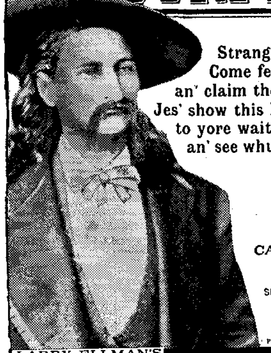
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fessional tournament that was played at Forest Hills late last month. The event had looked wonderfully promising. For one thing, it was to be a tournament—not a one-day stopover—and most experts in the tennis world, and most of the professionals themselves, are now agreed that a series of eight-man or sixteen-man tournaments, complete with seedings, draws, and eliminations, is the only plan that can provide a living for an almost unlimited number of professionals, instead of the present handful, and can simultaneously protect young recruits from the discouragements of continuous overmatching. For another, the eight participants included five of the very best players in the world—Ken Rosewall, who is now virtually unbeatable, Laver, Lew Hoad, Alex Olmedo, and young Butch Buchholz. Trabert and Pancho Segura would at least put up some reminiscent moments of competition, and Pancho Gonzales, the most powerful and perhaps the most formidable professional champion of all time, was returning to action after twenty-one months of semi-retirement, still bitterly unwilling to concede that he was anything less than the best. Even now, with the benefit of a month's hindsight, it is almost impossible to believe that this tournament, featuring such a cast of nobles, and played in the august, evocative setting of the West Side Tennis Club, could have turned out to be the embarrassing, near-total fiasco that it did.

I must add at once that the promoters and players suffered a stroke of immense bad luck in the weather. The tournament coincided with the worst span of the soggy, almost endless heat wave that afflicted the last days of June. The temperature in the stadium was rarely below ninety during the four afternoons of play, and Saturday's crowd was further reduced and disheartened by showers that delayed play and then returned to sprinkle contestants and spectators. But I cannot believe that unfavorable weather alone can account for the fact that the world's greatest tennis players, playing wonderfully well—there was never anything wrong with the *tennis* in the tournament—in the heart of this rich, sports-besotted city, drew a total four-day audience that would have dismayed the promoters of a high-school track meet.

THE trouble began long before the tournament. Some of the players at a press luncheon at Toots Shor's early that week had come straight from Federal Court in Los Angeles, where a judge had just refused a preliminary injunction in a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar restraint-of-trade lawsuit filed by Pancho Gonzales against most of his fellow-pros. All the playing professionals are members of the International Professional Tennis Players' Association, a loose federation formed in 1960 largely as a father-substitute for Jack Kramer, who had done most of the planning and almost all the thinking for the pros for the previous decade. Early in June, this body, which is now captained by Trabert, suspended Gonzales and Pancho Segura from all I.P.T.P.A.-sponsored tournaments because the two had contracted to appear in a television spectacular that might conflict with a tennis television show being produced by Kramer and featuring several of the other players. The suspension could not affect the Forest Hills tournament, which was not sponsored by the Players' Association, but it did set the mood of pettiness and vituperation that hung over the entire event. At cocktails before the press lunch, the dining room looked like a domestic-relations court during a recessed hearing as the various litigants presented their grievances to anyone who would listen. In the tournament draw that had been released to the press earlier in the week, Gonzales was seeded second to Rosewall and was scheduled to play Trabert in the first round—a position that would have almost surely guaranteed his survival into Saturday's semifinals, where he would probably have met Laver. Now, as lunch began, Trabert huddled at one end of the head table with the tournament promoters (two young men named Don Good and Bill Gruman, whose previous experience in tennis had consisted of staging evening musicals in Forest Hills Stadium) and with Daniel S. Johnson, the referee, and there and then imposed a new draw, which seeded Gonzales fourth and matched him against the much more formidable Olmedo on the first day. When Trabert announced this draw, he said blandly that it represented the wishes of the players, and Gonzales, who had refused to sit at the head table, shouted from his corner that it didn't represent *his* wishes and that he had not been consulted. Trabert later stated that the new draw, which did not protect the tournament's top gate attraction, demonstrated the integrity of professional tennis as a sport. This might be true, but the circumstances and timing of the new draw were, if not purely vindictive, purely bush league. Further events of the lunch were equally embarrassing. The tournament was announced as the

"United States Professional Tennis Championship," when in fact it was merely an eight-man invitational affair. The prize money was announced as ten thousand dollars, when in fact it totalled seventy-five hundred; the Players' Association was to receive the missing twenty-five hundred dollars for expenses. And, finally, after a former tennis champion had bored and irritated the assembled reporters with his endless and inane introductions of the players, the luncheon trailed off into more muttered little conferences, at which the younger players expressed their resentment over the fact (never publicly announced) that Gonzales was receiving a five-thousand-dollar fee from the promoters for his appearance in the tournament. Evasiveness, pettiness, and personalities had dominated this press preview; almost no one had bothered to talk about tennis.

Any hopes of the sponsors that the tournament would succeed as a public vendetta and a display of great names, rather than as a sporting event, was almost instantly destroyed on Thursday, the first day, when Butch Buchholz demolished Lew Hoad in straight sets, and Alex Olmedo then eliminated Gonzales, 10–8, 2–6, 6–0, 6–1. Buchholz, who has improved his game enormously since he turned professional two years ago, showed the full power and razor-like reflexes of a player who has just come off a long tour; Hoad, who had been inactive this year and had only just recovered from a shoulder injury, simply did not have the touch to oppose Buchholz's bombardment. The Gonzales-Olmedo affair was longer and more interesting, and immensely sad. Pancho is thirty-five, but he had trained hard for this comeback, and his lean, intent face, his feline shoulders, and his familiar oiled, sweeping strokes made him look as fit and menacing as ever. The tiny, sun-dazed audience studied the first few games in absorbed silence, watching for omens. These appeared early. In the sixth game, Gonzales was a trifle slow going back for a lob, and he looked troubled about his first serve, which wasn't getting in. I could hear him grunt as he bent back to lace into his second serves. Each man was holding service, but Olmedo was winning his games easily, while Gonzales was struggling and lunging and fighting back game points. In the long thirteenth game, Olmedo fell behind at love–30 and again after a deuce, but he pulled the game out without effort. He did not appear in the least tired. He was hitting his full service only when behind, and he was still outserving Gonzales; I suddenly knew he would win. The

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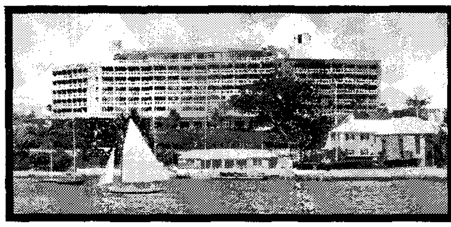

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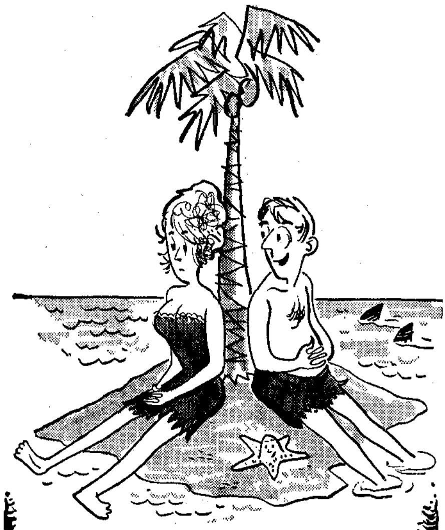

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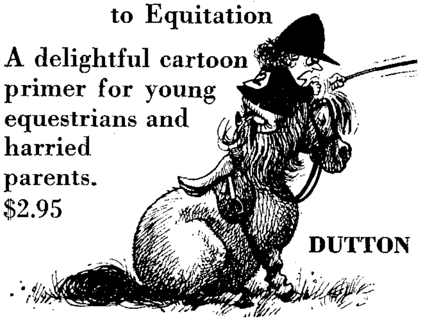

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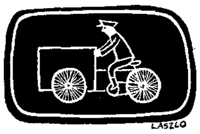
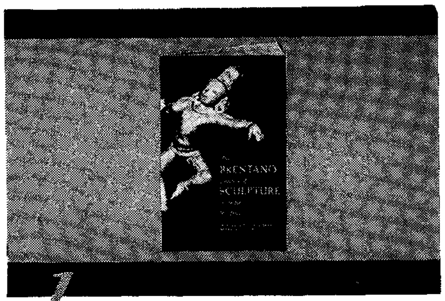
break came in the seventeenth game, when Olmedo twice passed Gonzales at mid-court off his backhand. As the second set began, Gonzales appeared exhausted. He was hesitating on big, obvious shots that he once would have swept away, and his forehand volley was failing him. He seemed unable to bend for low returns. The crowd, which had been pulling for him hopefully in the first set, was now sympathetic and consolatory with its applause. Then, in the middle of the set, Gonzales displayed a last burst of courage and pride. He broke Olmedo with a banging backhand volley, and, rejuvenated, broke him again in the seventh, winning the set, 6–2. The crowd loved it, but Gonzales was finished. Serving in the second game of the third set, he managed an ace to pull up to deuce, but a moment later he had to stand flatfooted and watch an easy return from Olmedo drop in for the game. His legs were gone; he was old and haggard. He threw the rest of the set as quickly as possible, but the intermission brought him no relief. Weak, almost tottering, he won only four points in the first five games of the fourth set. When the match was over, moments later, everyone in the stands was looking distressed. Well, almost everyone; as Gonzales came off the court, perhaps for the last time as a serious competitor, I saw Tony Trabert lean over in his field box to exchange a joke with one of his companions. Trabert laughed, a sleek pussycat.

THE remainder of the doomed, scorched tournament was less emotional but apparently no less absorbing to the tiny band of pilgrims who managed to make the trip out to Forest Hills. The only total mismatch of the affair was the Rosewall-Trabert pairing on Friday, when Rosewall defeated his boss (who was clearly not in shape to come to the net) entirely from the baseline, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2. The same day, the audience had a marvellous time watching Pancho Segura, who is forty-two, sprinting about on those legs shaped like old carrots and restoring his game to the pitch where he could capture one set from Rod Laver. He climbed an invisible stepladder to pound his serve, shouted to himself and hit his head with a ball when he did badly, swelled his chest and grinned at the crowd after a winning point, and bit by bit increased the angle and delicacy of his volleys and drop shots to work out the opening that would yield a winner. Even Laver seemed to enjoy that half hour when the most subtle and charming player of our time cleanly took the play away from him.

The Laver-Buchholz semifinal on Saturday was a lesson in tennis nerves. Buchholz, who found Laver a little off his game, won an exciting, banging, error-filled first set, 7–5, lost the second, at 4–6, and then broke Laver for a 4–3 lead in the third. But even at this juncture it seemed almost certain that Laver would win, if only because he appeared totally confident. Buchholz, by contrast, constantly anticipates disaster; his anxiety appears greatest just when his game is at its peak, and he frequently attempts, and just misses, an almost impossible shot at precisely the wrong moment. Laver's indomitable return of service and increasing speed unstrung Buchholz in the middle of the excellent third set, and the Australian ran out the match at 6–4, 6–3. Rain and wet grass damaged Olmedo's chances against Rosewall in the other semifinal, for it kept him from the net, and no one in the world can duel with Rosewall at baseline distance. Rosewall outslid and outshot him, 6–3, 6–3, 11–9.

Few among the somewhat larger crowd that turned out for Sunday's final could have come expecting an upset by Laver. Although the earnest new pro has steadied and strengthened every part of his game since last fall (when he was considered by a good many seasoned observers to possess the finest game of any amateur player in the past quarter century), and although he finished second in the pro round robin this winter, he has been unable to discompose the pro champion. Rosewall trounced Laver thirty-two times, including twice in Madison Square Garden, in the forty matches they played during the tour this year. Even so, no one at the stadium was prepared for what we saw that Sunday, when Rosewall totally demolished every part of Laver's punishing, fluent, wonderfully polished game, utterly destroyed his confidence, and won an astonishing 6–4, 6–2, 6–2 victory. The triumph was unflawed. Laver was not off his form; he was simply beaten by a player who surpassed him in every aspect of the game. By the middle of the match, Rosewall was returning Laver's violent spin services, which had been a torment to Buchholz, with such power and deceit and accuracy that he was scoring clean winners against the quickest volleyer of recent times. Rosewall simply did not make errors. He never hit out for the difficult shot when a safer return was possible, but his brilliance and power and depth had Laver sprinting and diving for his returns. His backhand—hit way out in





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front, with the elbow and powerful wrist uncocking at the last instant, and the arm and racket following through to thread the ball to its target—is the best shot in tennis, but his flat forehand volleys were just as destructive. Rosewall's serve had less speed and spin than Laver's, but he moved it about with such dexterity and hit it with such depth that Laver's returns were invariably defensive. In the second set, Rosewall broke Laver at 15 and then at love, and with an extraordinary flow of shots, including running lobs and fluttering, angled drop shots, won ten out of the next thirteen games. And during one point in the sixth game in the third set, with the match already in his pocket, he kept the crowd shouting with a succession of scrambling returns and impossible defensive lobs from deep behind his baseline; this, in a burning sun that had the temperature well over ninety, was pure noblesse oblige—the mark of a champion. When the match was over, I thought back over all the brilliant players and all the remarkable tennis I have seen in the past twenty-five years and was unable to recall a single player I would have bet on against Rosewall on this particular day.

When I left the stadium, I was depressed by the ironic contrast between the brilliance of the tennis I had just seen and the shabbiness and obscurity of the unfortunate sporting event in which it had taken place. But then it occurred to me that the sad week had provided some lessons after all. The miserable wrangling of the players, the deceitfulness of the draw, the limited size of the field of players and the resultant gap left by the departure of Gonzales, all seemed to me to be traumatic symptoms of a sport that has concentrated too long on personalities rather than on the game itself. Ken Rosewall is not a tennis "personality"—he is quiet and almost dourly businesslike on court—but he has become one of the finest tennis players of all time, a fact that the pros' small cast of performers and endless, nearly meaningless tours have almost contrived to hide. More publicity and a new one-sided tour against some fresh names from the amateurs will not help him or his sport toward the riches and recognition they deserve. Only a full season of better endowed, much larger tournaments can help the pros now. Perhaps the amateurs, without a star at present but never healthier, can invigorate the professionals in a different way this year—by demonstrating again that it is tournaments rather than tours, the play rather than the player, that keep tennis the youthful and ever-pleasing sport that it is.

—ROGER ANGELL

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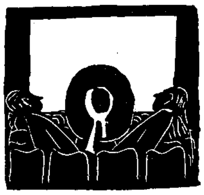
THERE are two kinds of painters and writers and musicians. The first works. He has discovered that talent, which he has, exacts arduous care and feeding from its legatee, who will be damned as a wastrel if he falters. Since this process consumes untold time and energy, he shuns publicity and whatever form generally bohemia happens to be taking at the moment. The second kind of artist is a poseur. He perfects the appearance of doing what he will never be up to. This pseudo artist courts fame (a dilettante is a pseudo artist of means), and in the last century or so he has been the romantic hero of countless imaginative works. Unlike most romantic heroes, though, this one is interchangeable with his model, and he has become even more realistic—particularly in films—now being usually depicted as an utter failure. (In the old days, the bohemian hero somehow got his novel published. More than that, it was often both a *succès d'estime* and a *succès de fric*.) "Greenwich Village Story" and "Run with the Devil" support these thoughts—and dismayingly at that. Not only do they deal with failures, they are failures.

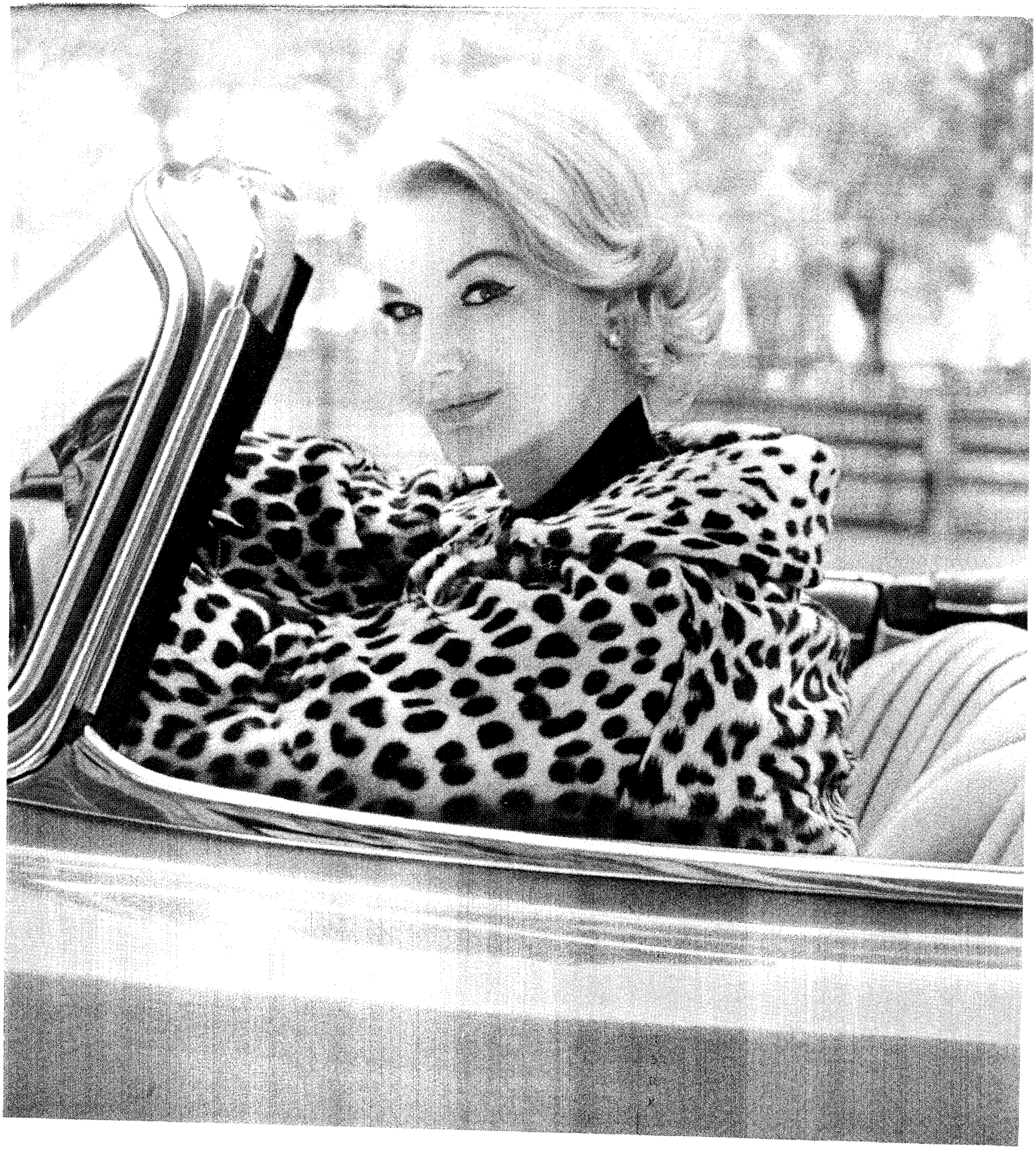


"Greenwich Village Story" was written, directed, and produced by Jack O'Connell, a former advertising executive who quit a twenty-five-thousand-dollar job to make Serious Films. This root-pulling was a mistake. The picture, which bears a watery resemblance to Fellini, under whom O'Connell studied, is a static affair that never decides whose side it is on. Sometimes it seems about to have fun with its willing subject matter, sometimes it approaches this material with holy seriousness, and sometimes it goes soft and sentimental. The casting is especially inept. The hero, a young writer who has won an O. Henry Prize Award and is completing his first novel, which is rejected, is played by Robert Hogan, a handsome, empty-faced man with excellent teeth. He looks like an advertising man, while the actor in the picture who portrays an advertising man looks like the popular image of a writer (hawk features, small eyes, invisible teeth). The hero lives with a ballet dancer (Melinda Plank), who becomes pregnant and dies of an abortion just when the writer is about to finally marry her. Miss Plank—milk-fed and sensible-looking—is no more convincing than the part. Nor are the many on-location shots much relief. We recognize Washington Square and the Gaslight Café and Waverly Place not with a shock but with a small o.k. The acting, in the same way, never even gets as far as the actors' faces, which is where that art generally begins.

"Run with the Devil," an Italian picture directed by Mario Camerini, is set in the Via Margutta, in Rome, and centers on half a dozen third-rate painters, one of them an American called Beell Rogers (Alex Nicol). Though pompous and perspiring, "Greenwich Village Story" tries. "Run with the Devil," however, is cheap tomfoolery, in which the cast seems perpetually ready to drop its straight face and burst into laughter.

"MARILYN" consists of an hour and twenty-three minutes of offhandedly chosen clips from fifteen of Marilyn Monroe's pictures (unfortunately, Twentieth Century-Fox only), and it suggests that, part by part, there is rarely anything prepossessing about a beautiful woman. Marilyn Monroe had manufactured hair; a baby face with a round forehead, sad eyes, a button nose, a shapeless mouth, and an imperfect smile; an overripe bosom; a Betty Boop alto; knock-knees; and an ocean motion rather than a walk. But even through the distortion of film it is clear how these irregularities almost always corrected each other. (Elizabeth Taylor is the reverse of Marilyn Monroe; her near-perfect attributes invariably seem at war with one another.) Hollywood never learned how to use Miss Monroe (nor did she quite learn how to handle herself), but there is one surprising and bewitching exception here—a brief sequence from her last and unfinished picture, "Something's Got to Give," in which, thinned down, her feather-cut hair bleached almost white, and dressed in a strapless flowered black-and-white dress, she moves restlessly around an empty drawing room, smiling, talking inaudibly to herself (the whole sequence has the air of a run-through), and giving off a wholly composed radiance. The collection ("All About Eve," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "The Seven Year Itch," and "Bus Stop" are among the other entries) should be seen for these moments alone.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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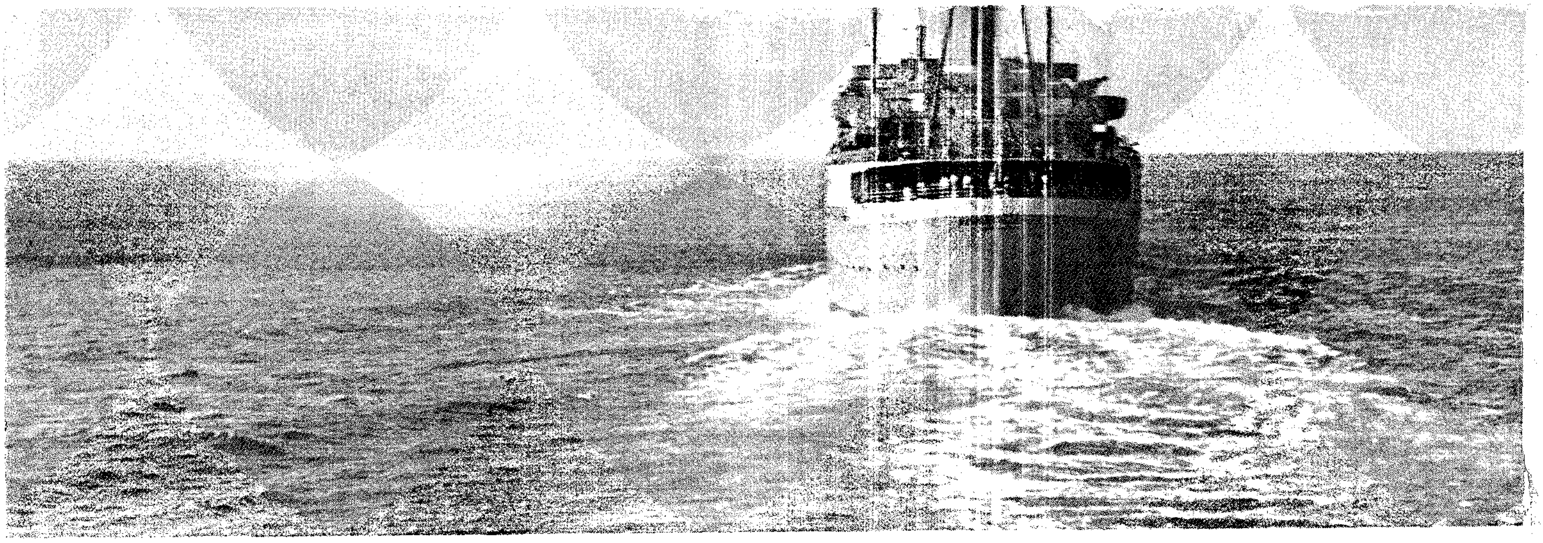

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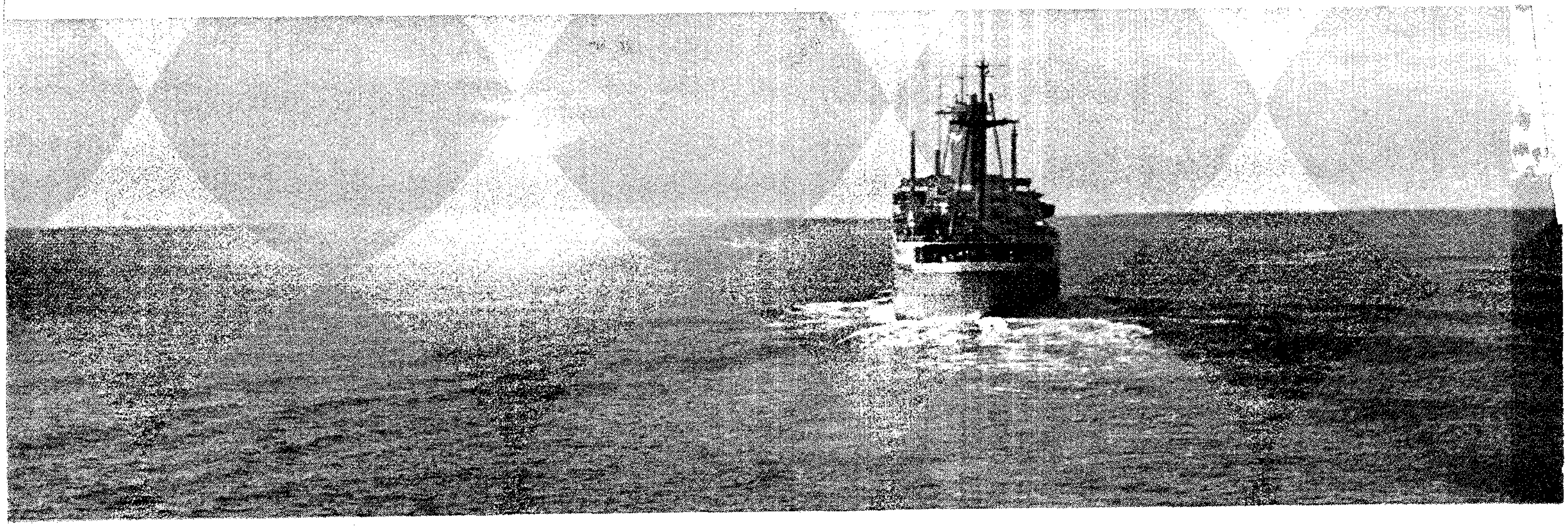

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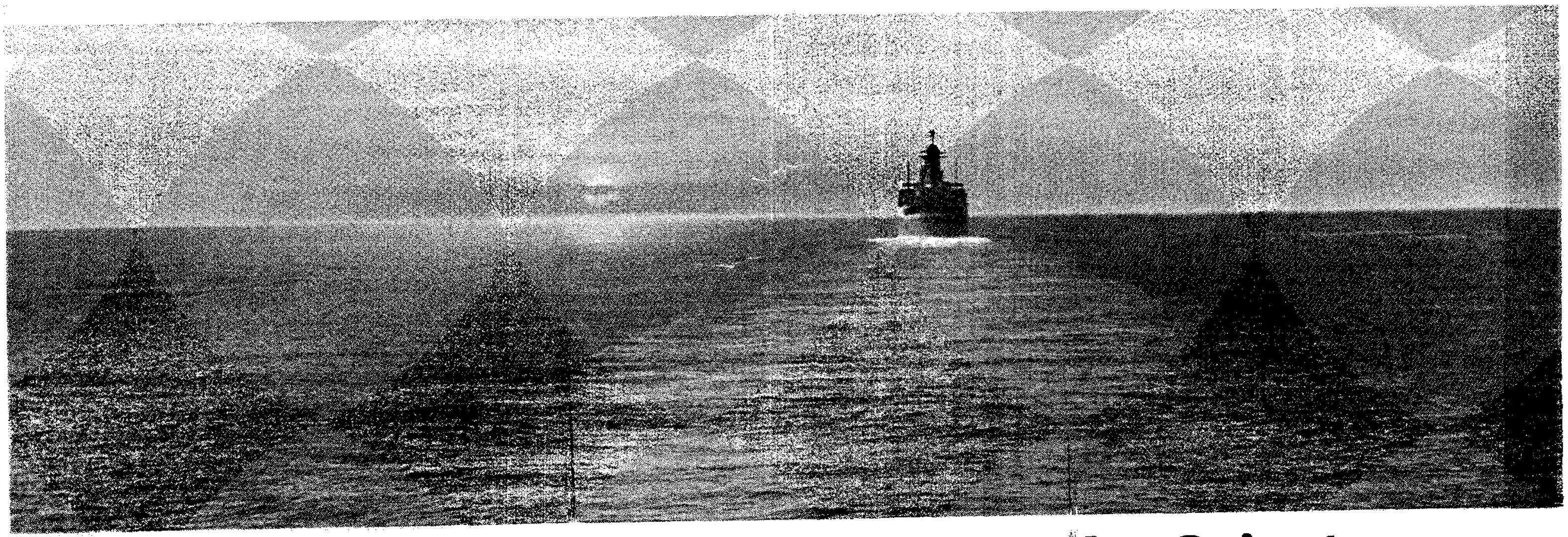

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